

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

25 CENTS

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**Could You Love, Honor
and Obey These Men? See Page 30**

SHIRLEY
TEMPLE



BILLIE SEWARD, vivacious ingenue, intends to *stay* as charming and beautiful as she is in the Columbia picture, "Among the Missing", in which she is now playing opposite Richard Cromwell. You, too, can keep your figure slim and youthful — the Hollywood way! *Eat Ry-Krisp with every meal.* The loveliest movie stars have learned that Ry-Krisp is a real beauty aid—*because it's filling but not fattening.* At meals and between meals you'll find these crisp, delicious wafers are the perfect thing to serve—because they taste so good.

June In! Mme. SYLVIA
of Hollywood

World famous authority on the feminine figure — and Hollywood masseuse. Intimate stories about Hollywood — valuable beauty advice. Hear how *you* can win duplicates of gowns worn by famous stars — FREE. Every Wednesday night — NBC Blue Network — 10:15 EST 9:15 CST 8:15 MT 7:15 PCT



STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus



and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. PU-1, St. Louis, Missouri.

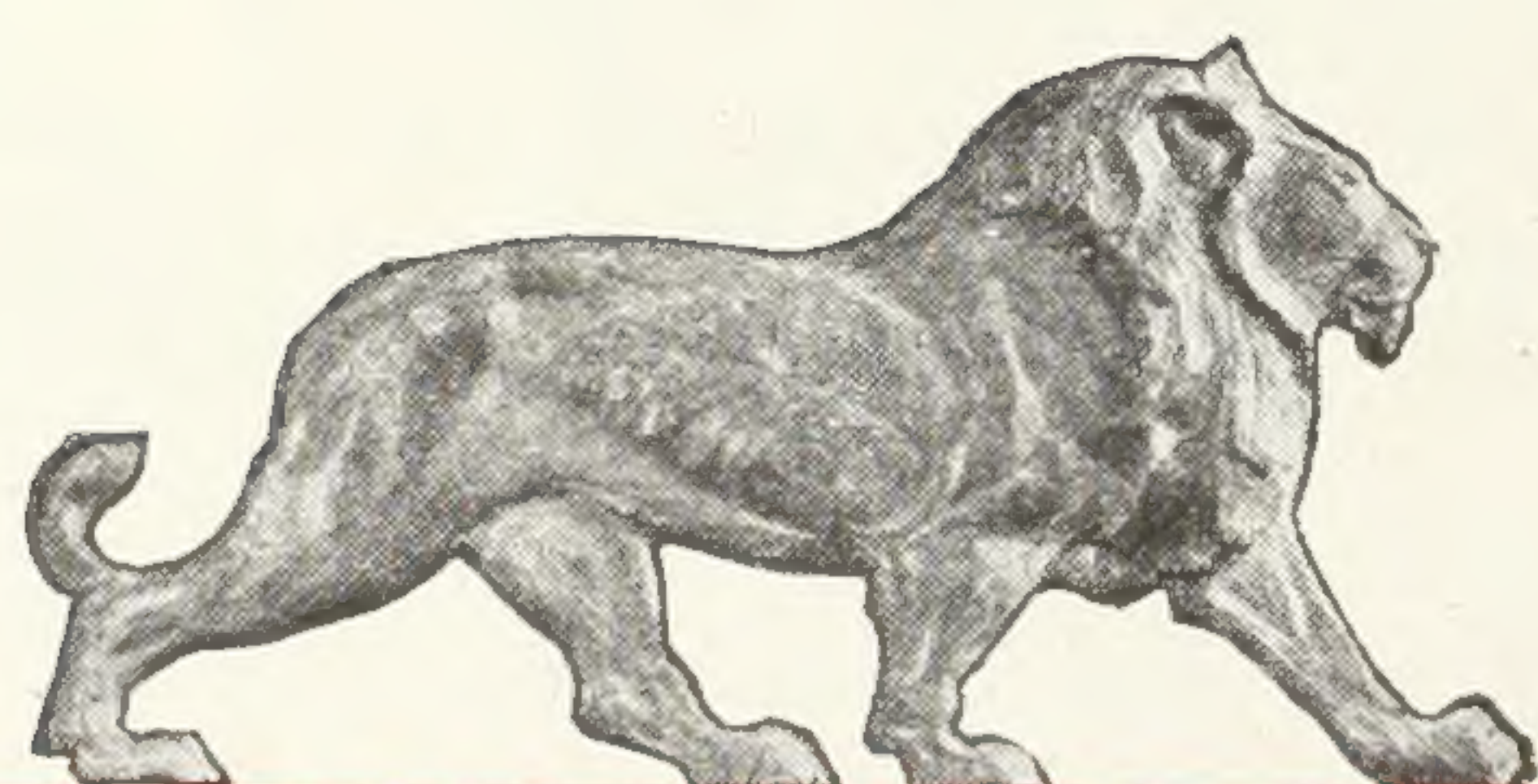
For Colds and Sore Throat... **LISTERINE**... The Safe Antiseptic

DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO - Goldwyn - MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Editor

William T. Walsh, Managing Editor

Ivan St. Johns, Western Editor

Vol. XLVII No. 2

January, 1935



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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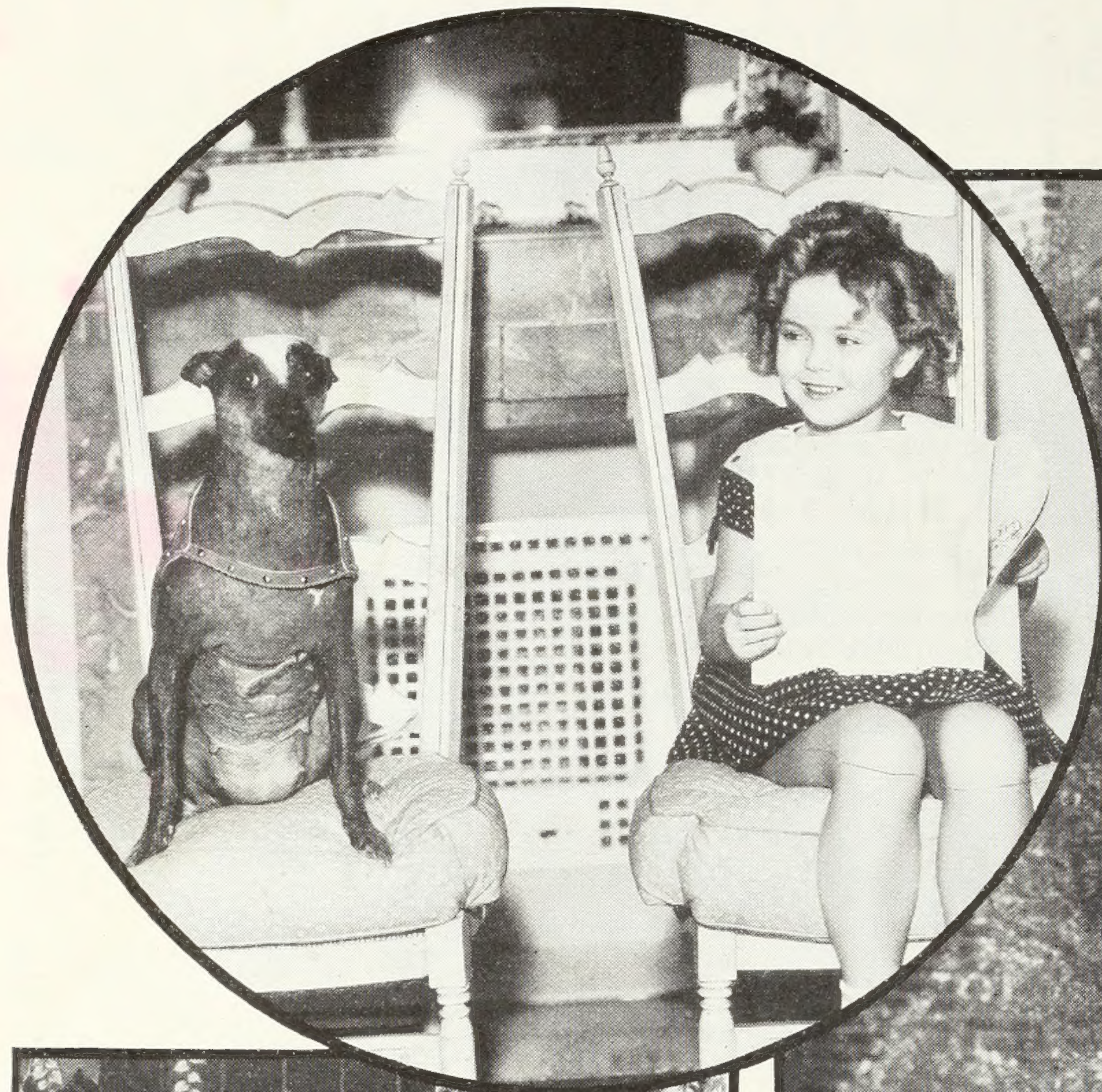
Charles H. Shattuck, Manager Chicago Office

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Me and My Pal



That cute little trick, Shirley Temple, tells her Mexican pooch Poncho to "sparkle." But Poncho looks as though she's about to do a running leap away from the staring glass eye of the camera. It may be true that English bulldogs are gentle creatures, but would you want to be the first to try and get by George Brent's prize winning pug, Whiskey? And he's George's constant companion. Jean Muir is asking her favorite canine chum to come take a walk. He is tagged Shandygaff, which is a drink consisting of beer and ginger ale!

THE PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

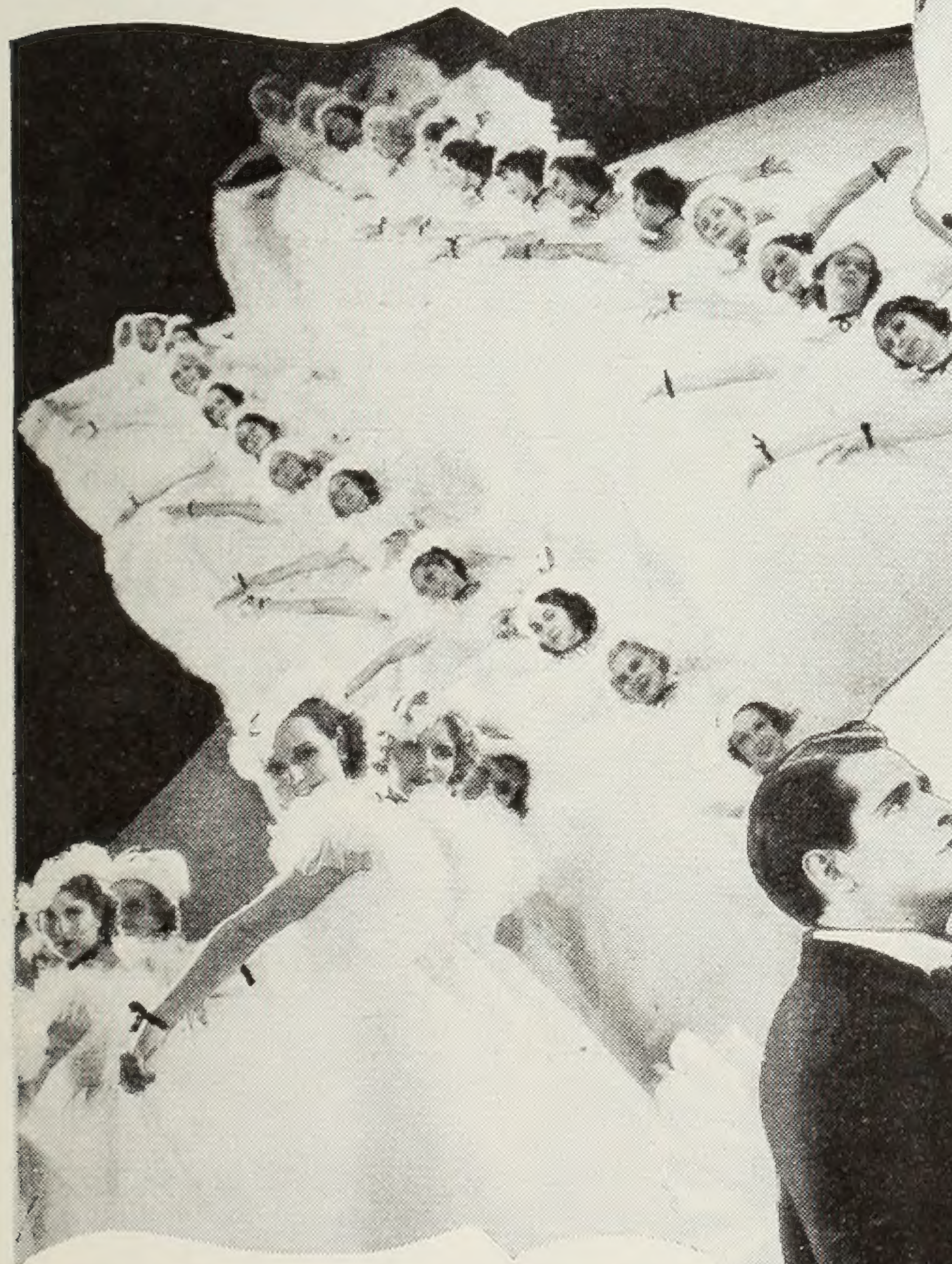


Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?

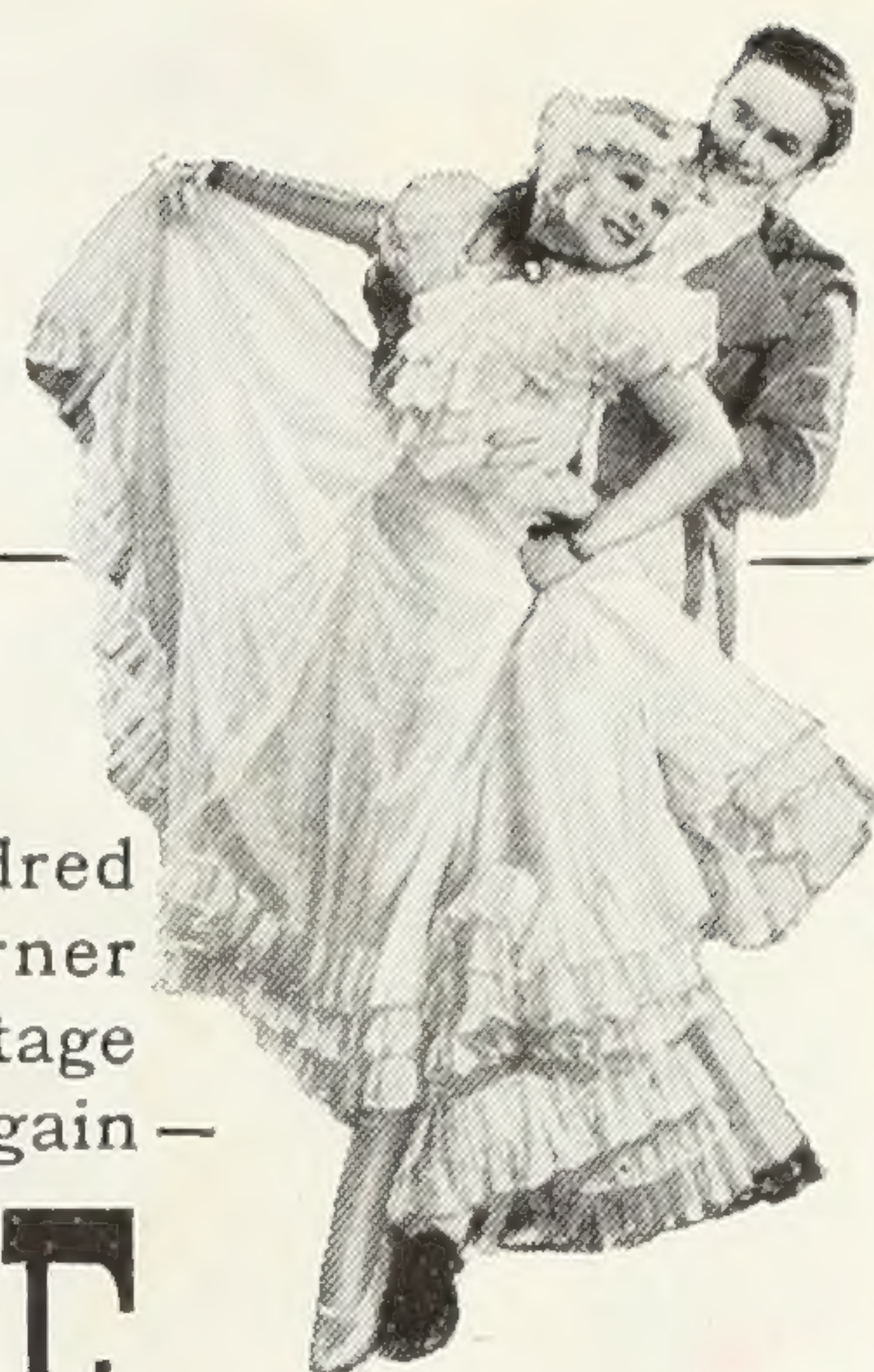


We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet not to mention.

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.



And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!



For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

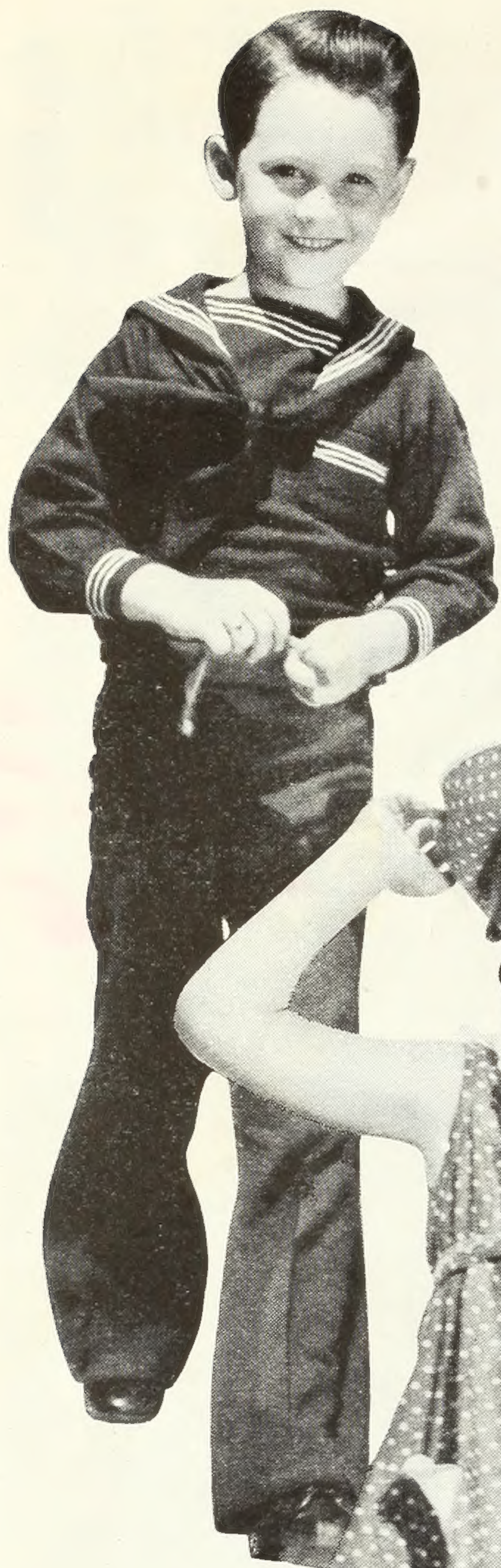
IRENE DUNNE in

"SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63—on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashinglly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY



A Quartet Of Big Pay Babies



This manly little lad, David Holt, went into his eighth year a few months ago. Now he's into high gear in his screen work, for which he gets a neat one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Because he knows just what to do when he goes before the camera

Virginia Weidler, the petite miss above in her after-school play dress, has also passed her seventh birthday. Like David Holt, she is under a Paramount contract. And since her outstanding work in "Mrs. Wiggs," she is viewed as a big bet at the box-office



Cherubic June Preston is about to make her screen bow under the optimistic eyes of RKO-Radio in "Anne of Green Gables." June was snapped up when she paid a visit to the studio. A keen-eyed executive saw her and forthwith called for a screen test. Result, a contract



He's known as Baby (The Scene Stealer) LeRoy. Old and young stars watch him as he comes on the set. It is said he rates seventy-five dollars a week. And when the actual time he works is figured out, it puts him just about at the top of the pay-roll, he's that big a draw

Bigger than THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

is the amazing story of Barnum! His audacious humbuggery... his hilarious family uprisings... the beautiful women who came in — and out — of his life! Not even Barnum himself could have conceived a more fascinating drama than this — the story he actually lived!



Joseph M. Schenck presents

WALLACE BEERY

in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

The **MIGHTY BARNUM**

WITH ADOLPHE MENJOU, ROCHELLE HUDSON, JANET BEECHER, VIRGINIA BRUCE

20TH
CENTURY
PICTURE

Written by
Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth
Directed by Walter Lang

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

By the producers of "THE BOWERY" and "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

★ **BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothorn going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (Dec.)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is *Dantes*; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Fill-in Contest Winners!

A complete list of the lucky ones will be found on page 116—this issue of PHOTOPLAY

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (Oct.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney caddy characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)



Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the

fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

YOU'D almost think this was a lovelorn column or cupid's headquarters these days! Letters on Charles Boyer's sex-appeal, and advice to dissatisfied wives, and one on harems—my, my! We got so steamed up we even gave a prize to a letter that mentioned sex twenty-two times. It must be that love's in bloom. And it's nice to have a good crop of bouquets floating in for a change

THE \$25 LETTER

It was not until I married that I ever attended the movies.

When a child I longed with a passion that became an obsession to go to the movies. But when I saved penny by penny till I had the fare my father wouldn't hear of my going. He was surprised that a child of his even thought of contaminating herself by going to "the devil's playhouse."

Since my marriage I'm thankful to say I've been a frequent attendant and I get more pleasure and relaxation from a good movie than from any form of recreation.

But somehow I can't forget that forlorn kid who was denied the supreme pleasure. So each week I pick two children from the poverty stricken district and take them with me to the movies. Their shining eyes and happy faces are all the thanks I need. And when I find a man or woman who is blue and burdened with troubles I press a quarter in his or her hand and tell them to go see a picture.

MRS. H. E. ADAM, Cedartown, Ga.

THE \$10 LETTER

Let's abolish sex! Make a law against it! Sexcommunicate everybody who breaks the law, no sexcuses, no sexceptions, no sexemp-tions, no sextenuating circumstances! Every sintelligent sindividual should sindorse it.

Let's have no more of Eddie Cantor's sinuendo, no more of Wheeler and Woolsey's sin-temperance, no more of Ann Harding's sin-timacies, nothing as sexotic as Kay Francis, no more of Jean Harlow's sexpositions, no more of the exquisite Garbo and the sinternational Sten; we must sexpurgate the sexhuberant Mae West, and alas, we must sexterminate the sex-pressive Harpo Marx.

Let's take the sin out of sinema! No more sextravaganzas like "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers." We will show only sexalted sex-amples like Mickey Mouse and Shirley Temple, who are surely sexempt from sexecration.

We'll give the sinsors a break!

But what of the sexchequer? Will we pay sexpenses? For sex is still spelled \$ex! Can we get a guarantee against sinsolvency?

Yours with much sinterest,
FRANCES M. STEPHENSON, Columbia, Tenn.

THE \$5 LETTER

Last Winter, I was very poor. I had a temporary job that paid me five dollars a week—barely enough for food and shelter. Christmas was coming. The Christmas trees, the tinsel shop windows, the "Silent Night, Holy Night" of the Salvation Army band, mocked me. I'd always loved Christmas so. This year, when I could neither go home nor send gifts, I hated it.

On Christmas Eve I couldn't go to church—

there would be old songs I loved, remem-brances, I couldn't stand it.

I had twenty cents in my purse—and that was all. I knew a girl who was penniless. "Come on, I'll take you to a show," I said.

We forgot there had been happier Christ-mases. We sat there and saw the picture through three times. Afterward, we ran



In 1928 Greta Garbo won honors as *Iris March* in "A Woman of Affairs," taken from "The Green Hat." John Gilbert was her screen lover



When Constance Bennett played *Iris* in the recent version of "The Green Hat," titled "Outcast Lady," comparisons with Garbo were inevitable. Male lead was Herbert Marshall

The lady reader who writes that George Bancroft is a member of her screen star harem should hear him play chopsticks with Roscoe Karns. Georgie's rendition is irresistible!

through the frosty night, and fell into our beds to get warm, re-living the picture until sleep brought us forgetfulness.

If I had my way, I'd give every poor person in the world a free ticket to a movie for a Christmas gift.

ANITA PINKHAM, Minneapolis, Minn.

GARBO VS. BENNETT

Having just come from a showing of "Out-cast Lady" I am impelled to compare it with "A Woman of Affairs" as played some years ago by Garbo. Both pictures, as you know, are made from the book "The Green Hat."

In "Outcast Lady" Miss Bennett gives a smooth, excellent performance. But never once does she make me feel like that *Iris* is an individual, a warm, living personality. It seems to me hers is a carefully studied technique. Polished, to be sure, but it leaves me cold.

In "A Woman of Affairs" Garbo created an *Iris* so vital, so alive that my heart ached with the poignancy of her suffering. While Miss Bennett's a clever young actress, Garbo is the rare genius who interprets with an almost divine understanding the souls of her char-acters.

NORA DEUPREE, Kiowa, Colo.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive sug-gestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

HAREM OF STARS

It's time we women admitted that we really are all polygamous at heart! When we see George Bancroft portray real he-man parts in which the heroine leads a tempestuous, here-today-gone-tomorrow existence, we thrill to it and vow that is the only life for us.

Until, we see Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall with their quiet sophisticated gentility. Then, just as suddenly, the old heart does a right-about-face, for handsome Gable is in the next movie we see!

Ah me! The Sultan of Turkey used to have his harem of women but we women secretly have our harem of stars.

EMMA EMMETT, Portland, Ore.

CROONERS' KITTY

Salvos of praise to a new sensation—Kitty Carlisle. She actually looks intelligent all the time that Bing is singing to her. This is refreshing after seeing other girls with an inane emptiness of expression while listening to the crooning of the male.

MARGUERITE VARNES, Denver, Colo.

THE COLONEL'S GREAT IN COURT!

Cheers! Cheers! Cheers!

For Henry B. Walthall, for his splendid performance in the picture "Judge Priest."

No other actor has ever come so near stealing a picture from Will Rogers as did Mr. Walthall in the courtroom scene.

I remember Mr. Walthall years ago as the *Little Colonel* in the picture "The Birth of a Nation." He was a great actor, then. He is great now.

T. MATTHEWS, Houston, Tex.

TEAM 'EM, STUDIOS

Here are some screen teams we fans would like to see together:

Ann Harding and Fredric March

Norma Shearer and Clive Brook

Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman

Carole Lombard and George Brent

Margaret Sullavan and Robert Montgomery

Madge Evans and Richard Arlen

Loretta Young and Joel McCrea

Frances Dee and Robert Young

Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres

B. HOLT, Fort Smith, Ark.

MORE—

And while you're on the subject of screen teams, how about Tom Brown and Anita Louise? On the screen, off the screen, they're my idea of a swell pair!

JUNE ELLIS, St. Louis, Mo.

NO GYP

Anna Sten cost Sam Goldwyn a million dollars. (So you said in a past issue of PHOTOPLAY.) Well, believe me! She's worth it! I've just seen Miss Sten in "We Live Again," and while it only cost me fifty-five cents to see the show, I think Goldwyn and I both got our money's worth.

J. M. P., New York City

For consistently fine performances over a long period of time I vote a gold medal to Lewis Stone. I do feel, however, that Mr. Stone's rôles recently haven't been quite as good as they have in the past. Please, Mr. Movie Executive, keep Stone in leading or strong supporting rôles.

R. L., Stamford, Conn.

You can just quote me as saying, "I have just seen 'The Gay Divorcee' with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and wish to say it is the most delightful picture I've seen for years"—and let it go at that. P. S.—I've seen it three times.

LILITH KITCHELL, Kansas City, Kans.

CHARLES HAS WHAT IT TAKES

Talk about sex-appeal! I didn't know the meaning of the word until a few days ago when I saw Charles Boyer in "Caravan." One day Boyer was only another obscure actor to me and the next I had him heading my list of favorites.

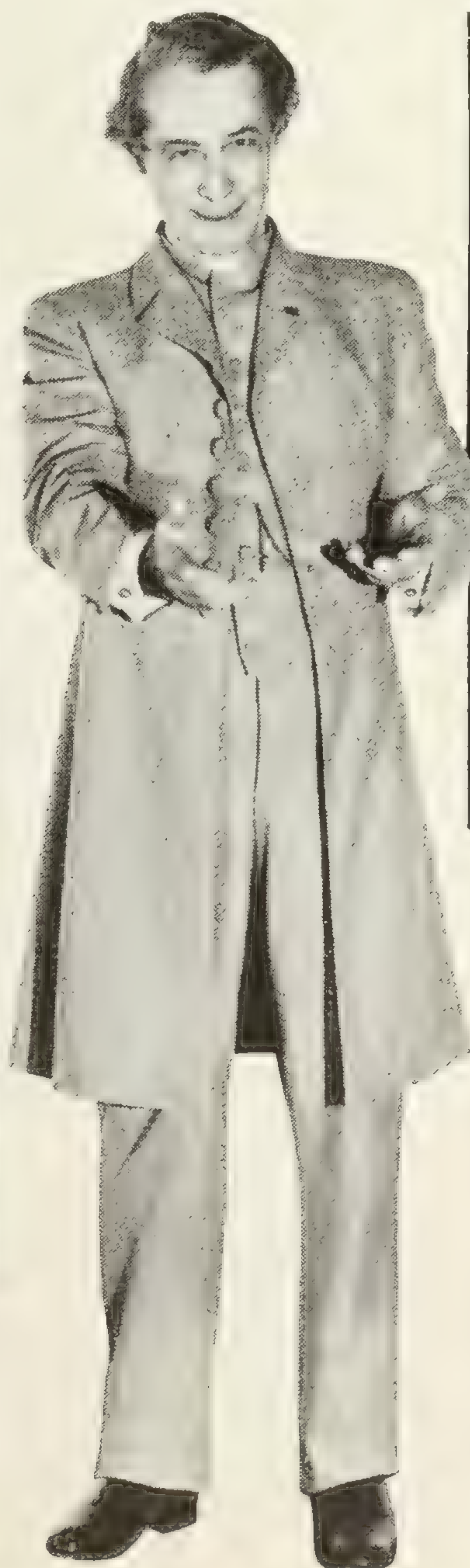
BERTHA SMITH, Mullins, S. C.

LONG A WINNER

She's been my favorite star for fifteen years. On the screen and in the public print, I've followed her through flops, tremendous successes, changing rôles, motherhood, four marriages. I'm glad now to see her back on the



Nearly nineteen years ago Henry B. Walthall (above) won movie fame for his fine portrayal of the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation." Today he's gathering laurels for a performance just as outstanding in the Fox production, "Judge Priest" (right)



On or off the screen, everybody loves this team. (They like each other, too.) The cameraman caught Tom Brown escorting Anita Louise to the preview of "The Firebird," in which she scores a hit

screen again, more beautiful than ever, in a smashing good picture. I'm talking about Gloria Swanson, star of "Music in the Air."

EVELYN ANDREWS, Des Moines, Iowa

SEALS FOR BABES?

I thoroughly enjoyed your article, "Robbing the Cradle for Stars," in the November PHOTOPLAY.

However, I think the sudden outcrop of child
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her step-mother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened and the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (Dec.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides. Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

★ **GAY DIVORCÉE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady pointed foils. (Dec.)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woolcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patrolter Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Oct.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer play-boy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

★ **JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

★ **LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Carole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

TWO BRILLIANT STARS BROUGHT TOGETHER IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE

*The producers of "It Happened One Night", "Lady For A Day"
and "One Night Of Love" Now Bring You The Greatest
Romantic Comedy Of All Time!*



Great Alone...
Perfect Together!

WARNER
BAXTER

MYRNA
LOY

" IN
Broadway
Bill "

A FRANK CAPRA

PRODUCTION

By
ROBERT RISKIN

Based on the story by
MARK HELLINGER

with WALTER CONNOLLY
HELEN VINSON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

Brickbats & Bouquets

.... DON'T SAY IT, WRITE IT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

talent on the screen is just a passing fancy. Today a cunning child tops handsome heroes and beautiful girls at the box-office any night in the week. But by tomorrow the pendulum of public favor may swing from babes to black-faced comedians or trained seals. Who knows?

GEORGE MACK, Omaha, Neb.

WANTED: A NETWORK

If I had a million I'd buy a radio station and give coast-to-coast broadcasts in praise of Helen Mack. As it is, I'll have to content myself with a twenty-five cent megaphone, which will serve the same purpose in a smaller way. I think she's one of the grandest little actresses on the screen, and certainly the prettiest.

A. R. L., Knoxville, Tenn.

AMEN!

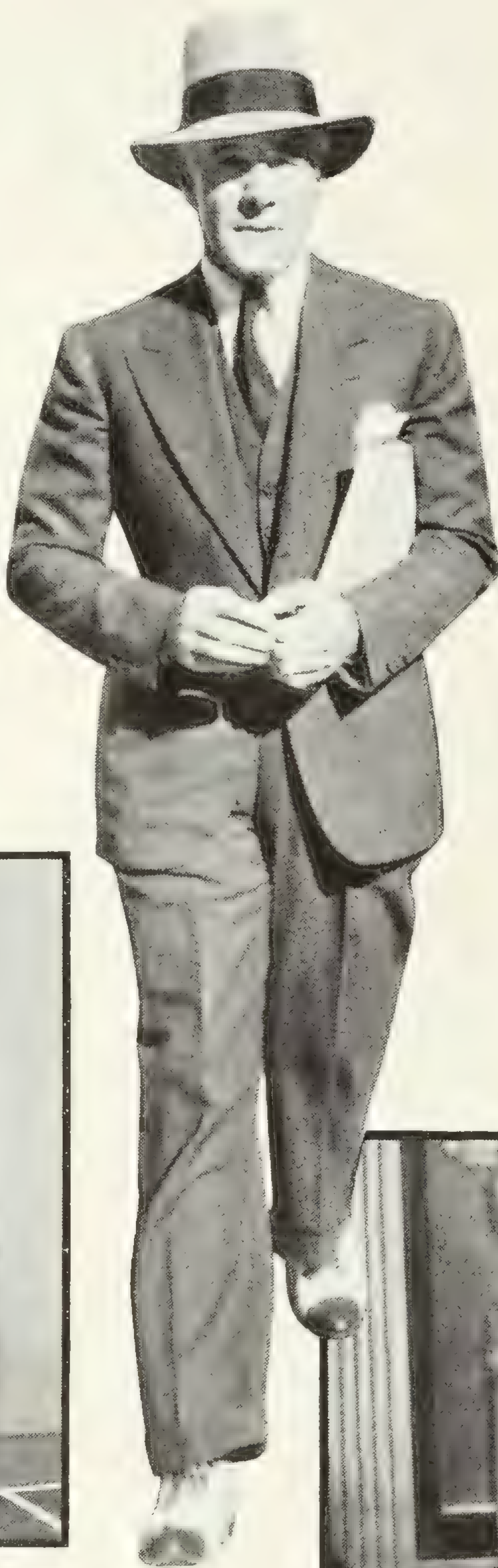
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," this very night, has taught me the difference between the Amen of a parent who breeds hate and fear in the souls of his children and the Amen of love, capable of destroying illness and the fear of death. No greater sermon has ever been preached than by this stirring drama. If I



We don't know whether or not Anna Sten can win at ping pong, but she certainly comes out on top with the movie audience! Latest fame-winner for Miss Sten is "We Live Again"

Lewis Stone is dashing over to the M-G-M lot to begin work on "David Copperfield." That should satisfy admirers who feel his recent rôles haven't been up to past standards

Call off the bloodhounds! Little man, you've had a busy day! Irvin S. Cobb is all worn out after his jail break. People have been hollering for funnier comedies, so Colonel Cobb is coming through with a series for Hal Roach, one of which is "The Ballad of Paducah Jail." Cobb says it isn't biographical, even if it is about Paducah



were given one wish, it would be that every mother and father who dominate their sons and daughters might see this picture.

MRS. HAROLD VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio

MRS. CUPID

I would like to say a word to all dissatisfied wives. Annex a movie hero!

The advantages are numerous:

No broken homes.

No lawyers' fees.

No half orphaned children.

No scandal.

No divorce.

When the world goes wrong just take the afternoon off and see your favorite movie star. For a blissful hour you will be the most desired of all women, your every wish granted by a handsome man who is always romantic (as our John never was), never forgets to be polite and never, never makes a scene over the bills.

You will return home from a movie with a veneer of well being that can withstand being blamed for everything, from junior's tummy ache to the rain's spoiling an afternoon of golf. And it costs so little!

MARY MIKSCH, Clovis, N. M.

MOVIE MIRACLE

The police department of a hamlet went to the home of a man upon being informed that contraband articles—machine guns, pistols, counterfeit money, etc.—were hidden there.

They surrounded the house, then the captain stole in quietly and covered the suspect. At the police station after the suspect was booked, the captain asked him why he had not tried to escape, and why he had not continued to keep the contraband hidden.

The man answered, "I saw a movie last night, 'The Defense Rests,' with Jack Holt. I've been thinking it over and decided to end my career of crime myself, before another ends it for me. I'm willing to take my punishment."

CHARLES ENIBINDER, Minneapolis, Minn.



HATS OFF, PLEASE

It ain't no sin to go to the movies, but it is a sin to lose one's temper and swear.

Along with the Mae West influence and the "Gay Nineties" styles, large hats have reappeared.

We sit behind them swearing to ourselves, missing half the picture, craning our necks.

Isn't it about time to display that old sign on the screen again, "Will the ladies please remove their hats?"

MRS. PAUL REDEKER, Springfield, Ill.

HAPPY ENDINGS?

There seems to be some timidity on the part of producers in making pictures with tragic endings.

I have noticed it in two recent productions, "Chained" and "British Agent."

Here were two fine pictures, yet I know I would remember them longer if in "British Agent" Leslie Howard and Kay Francis had died together as would have happened in real life, and if in "Chained" Joan Crawford had stayed chained and not given up at the last minute.

These and other productions have failed to reach top because of melodramatic, artificial endings which you feel are not real.

LENNOX ALLEN, Winter Park, Fla.

DIDN'T EVEN CHANGE THE TITLE!

My pet movie peeve recently is against producers for their ruthless distortion of stories in adapting books to the screen.

I salute, however, with a high hand RKO-Radio for its splendid production from Mrs. Wharton's charming book, "The Age of Innocence."

Its flawless photography, perfection of cast, fine fidelity to custom and costume of the period and the beautiful and accurate con-

tinuity of the text, places this movie in my gallery of exquisite picture memories.

A. WATSON, Oak Park, Ill.

STUPENDOUS PANCAKE

I've discovered when a picture is advertised as stupendous, colossal, dazzling, gigantic, thrilling, it usually is very disappointing and sometimes as flat as the proverbial pancake.

Why all the ado over so-called "big" pictures?

AGNUS McTAGUE, Colorado Springs, Colo.

POET'S PRAISE

After seeing "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" one can rightly agree with Robert Browning:

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Well, the cinema world, anyway.

M. McKEY, Dallas, Texas

NIGHTHOOD IS IN FLOWER

Surely a splendid production like "One Night of Love," featuring Grace Moore, could have had a more appropriate title. Not often are we given a superb picture like this one. But why the title?

I have seen seven pictures in recent months with the word "night" in the titles! Dawn (once a favorite word with title thinker-uppers) has apparently faded into night. Why not give dusk or evening a chance? Nice words, too.

And also made for love.

MRS. MARY R. BROOKE, Hollywood, Calif.

A news article never appears concerning a marriage, divorce, extravagance or scandal about an actor or actress that someone doesn't exclaim, "Those movie people! Isn't it terrible?" And a barrage of unkind criticism follows.

We put them in glass houses so we can watch their personal lives. Is it fair, then, to stand off and throw stones?

MRS. ALICE C. WOOD, Phoenix, Ariz.

CHILDISH AMERICANS?

Traveling about Australia I have often heard the cry, "We're tired of American movie nonsense. It's so childish. Why doesn't America grow up?" And any intelligent person can see this plea is justified!

America, look to your laurels! There are other countries making pictures now.

J. A. GLENNON, South Australia.

DODGE 'EM, HOLLYWOOD!

I'd like to know if the following "entertainment" doesn't rate a wagonload of brickbats: Two lugubrious comedies.

One pathetic imitation of a Walt Disney cartoon.

A news reel with only one bright spot—a passing shot of Will Rogers in Japan.

And "Chained," ill-starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, who, of course, couldn't help it if their vehicle had flat tires, a lungless motor and no particular design.

Please tell Hecht and MacArthur to hurry to the rescue!

MARIE BRENNAN, St. Louis, Mo.

I am a farmer boy—the old-fashioned, garden variety. I rise at 4:30 in the morning, bring the cows from the pasture, milk them, feed the horses, the pigs, the chickens, then begin on the real day's work. If it's July, I cut hay; if it's March, I make maple syrup. Summer, winter, spring and fall—there's always something to be done.

But in the evening I drive dull care away. Get my sweetheart and go into town to watch a love story on the screen. Whoopie! I even forget about the alarm clock!

ARCHIE R. ALBRO, Marathon, N. Y.

NO SALE ON SHORTS

Why the sudden hue and cry against double feature programs? I prefer two long features, even if one is inferior, to a lot of un-funny comedies, silly shorts, and news that often isn't news.

RUTH KING, CRANFORD, New Jersey.



Helen Mack comes in for a big bouquet this month. Here she is attending the preview of "The Lemon Drop Kid." Her escort is Charles Irwin, and he usually goes where Helen goes, making it a romance

Are children screen players just a fad? One reader says so. Baby Juanita Quigley and Marilyn Knowlden, on the set of "Imitation of Life," hope it isn't true. They're having too good a time

Be Moviedom's guest in your own easy chair!

Tune in on

'45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD'

EACH THURSDAY NIGHT AT 10:00, E. S. T.
OVER COLUMBIA NETWORK

Join Hollywood over its teacups—as you hear Cal York's newsy Hollywood talk. Attend a Hollywood "First Night" as we pre-view a thrilling new movie, enroute to your nearby theatres. Meet your best-liked screen stars—interviewed during each broadcast. Hear the latest successes from the studio music shops, brilliantly interpreted by Mark Warnow's Orchestra.

Here's Hollywood—the town, the people, the industry, transported to your loudspeaker. Swift-paced. Enthralling. *Grand entertainment* in "45 Minutes in Hollywood." Tune in *this* Thursday night.



Hollywood! . . . Elissa Landi and Cary Grant, caught by the camera in "Enter Madame," new Paramount production

Hollywood! . . . Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, in "Flirtation Walk," forthcoming Warner Bros. military musical.



Hollywood! . . . Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, in Columbia's new picture "Broadway Bill."



Hollywood! . . . Scene from Universal's Lowell Sherman production "Night Life Of The Gods," with Alan Mowbray and Florine McKinney

Presented by **BORDEN'S** distributors of **NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT**



Clarence Sinclair Bull

IS this outfit smart, girls? And is Gloria Swanson very smart looking in it! Certainly, it's something brand new in a woolen blouse and skirt effect, with the niftiest sort of touches. Incidentally, Gloria and John Boles are giving us all a vocal treat in the Fox film version of the stage hit, "Music in the Air"



STEFFI DUNA listens to Regis Toomey cooing sweet nothings in a scene from RKO's tale of the South Seas, "Kara." It's quite a change for Steffi from her many-flounced Spanish costumes of "La Cucaracha," sensational Technicolor short. The previous assignment for Regis was in Majestic's "She Had to Choose"



Elwood Bredell

SYLVIA SIDNEY looks to be a very pensive little Indian girl. But actually, she is enjoying herself immensely. Because Sylvia, in between her own scenes, likes nothing better than to sit on the sidelines and watch the work of the other players. She wears this lavish tribal garb in Paramount's "Behold My Wife"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

PATRICIAN ANN HARDING, cool and poised, as she appears in the M-G-M picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," in which she is co-starred with Bob Montgomery. Ann, a tennis addict, was compelled by the doctor to give up her racket during the filming of this production. It was sapping all of her vitality

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



WHEN, several years ago, I saw Helen Hayes on the New York stage in "What Every Woman Knows," I had a fleeting wish—which soon vanished as hopeless—that I might some day see this distinguished little lady on the screen in the same rôle.

Therefore, I was more than delighted when, a few months ago, M-G-M announced that Miss Hayes was on her way to Hollywood to bring to life once more the unmatched *Maggie* of Barrie's creation.

Miss Hayes, who never once in her whole career failed to portray splendidly any rôle she essayed, has, I believe, never surpassed, either on stage or screen, this latest production.

You have probably seen "What Every Woman Knows." If you haven't, it is likely there will be a later billing in your town. Everyone who has once seen it is eager to see it again. You'll be sorry if you miss it.

IT pays to screen a good story. Walter Wanger, who produced the sensational picture "The President Vanishes," estimates, it is said, that the studios' expenditure for indifferent material runs far ahead of that for really good stories.

Mr. Wanger's estimate is that of \$2,500,000 expended in five years for stories, only one quarter of that sum has purchased real quality. The rest may be classified as poor.

IN last month's PHOTOPLAY you read an article entitled "Let's Go To Tomorrow's Movies," in which the prediction was made that, by 1940, the screening of pictures by television in your home would be practicable. Now, M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, announces he believes this dream will come true, and that we can enjoy in our easy chairs current news features, instead of going to the theater to see them.

From this, it looks as though our news is going to be truly pictorial, and that the newspapers of the future may have strong competition.

Incidentally, Mr. Aylesworth allows five years for the consummation of this idea.

THOSE stinging little gnats, the "quickies," are annoying the major studios. A "quickie" manufacturer, you know, is usually an enterprising fellow who manages to get together enough cash to turn out a picture fast. He releases it through the lower priced theaters and often makes a neat profit on each production.

The big, well-established studios see no reason why they should not have some of this profit, too. Plans are being considered by them for this type of production. The major studios certainly will turn out as good, probably better films than these

little competitors. And, as an added advantage, these "quickies" could serve as a training school for many actors.

THE life of the late Lou Tellegen was really an epitome of a considerable period of motion picture history. It was romantic, dramatic, tragic.

About 1915 he entered into a contract with Famous Players, and for the next decade his star was in the ascendent. Tellegen was unique in the fact that he was representative of every phase of the motion picture colony.

Fame suddenly flamed before him when Sarah Bernhardt gave him a leading rôle in "Madame X" for her American tour. The stage was his by inheritance. His mother was a Dutch dancer. At the age of eighteen, he appeared as *Romeo*, and in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

After his appearance with Bernhardt, his career secure, he became a tremendous matinee idol.

Jesse Lasky gathered about him celebrated names, and Tellegen was one of them. His Broadway fame, through the medium of the screen, was reflected in every city and village.

Tellegen became a symbol for Hollywood. His charming personality, his good looks, his grace of manner, his appeal to women everywhere, his sensational marriages and divorces established in the public's mind a conception of a Hollywood that was really mythical.

No man could live at such a dazzling pace forever. When fortune turned, he fought bravely to keep up a front. Only an incurable illness finally conquered him. Though he could no longer stave off defeat, nevertheless, we must take off our hats to him.

THERE'S going to be more real music in the air than we ever dreamed of. Maybe the intelligence norm of the average person is low, as the abstruse psychologists say, but there is one thing certain, good music fills the theaters. "One Night of Love" has proved that.

Among other studios, Universal has caught the idea and Director Howard Hawks will work into the next Margaret Sullavan production, "The Good Fairy," a complete symphony.

Paramount's "Enter Madame" has several operatic selections in it. Of course, the initial big hit with classic music woven in was "Be Mine Tonight."

Welcome the movie all-year round opera season!

It'll be grand—but—will the men have to buy top hats and tails?

WHAT effect will the developed Technicolor process have on women's clothes? Off hand, I would say a lot, for it no longer takes an argument to prove that the screen fashions our garments, manners and ways of living.

"La Cucaracha" gave us the first of the new colorful splendor. In "Becky Sharp" and in "Peacock Feather" we shall see dazzling raiment surpassing even King Solomon's famed lilies of the field. I wish to go on record as making this forecast: Spring will witness the gayest adornment on ladies we have seen in many a season.

EVEN Mickey Mouse is to have a new paint job. Walt Disney has decided that the lovable little rodent is too anemic and is suffering in comparison with the gorgeous "Silly Symphonies." You will soon be seeing Mickey Mouse with a pink nose and a school girl complexion.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

HERE'S proof that all opera stars aren't fat and all movie songsters aren't crooners. For Nelson Eddy is tall and handsome, and a baritone. M-G-M has lured him from the operatic and concert stage. His small but successful rôle in "Student Tour" probably will be followed by the male lead in "Naughty Marietta"

Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color?

BLEACHED heads must go. No more platinums. No more artificial blondes. No more heavy make-up.

How many stars can survive these edicts?

Yet, according to Robert Edmond Jones, these rules must govern the choosing of stars in the future.

"Because," Jones says, "color has come to the screen to stay. And you can't fool the color camera! It catches the slightest artificiality, magnifying it, making it ridiculous. Bleached hair which may be beautiful on the shadow screen, in Technicolor looks like a straw wig."

Robert Edmond Jones, famous stage designer, designed the sets and worked out the color composition for "La Cucaracha," the first motion picture to be made entirely by the new Technicolor process. He is in Hollywood now working on "Becky Sharp," an all-color full length feature which RKO-Radio is producing.

The title rôle in "Becky Sharp" was, of course, a coveted one. It would be the first full-length feature picture filmed by the new process which photographs all the colors of the spectrum. It would attract tremendous attention and comment.

However, when Robert Edmond Jones looked over a list of all the eager applicants for the rôle, his answer to each name was "no." *Becky Sharp* must be blonde. But she had to be a natural blonde. The plum finally went to Miriam Hopkins, whose golden hair has never been touched by a bleach. It photographs beautifully, soft and silky, shining yellow.

You can't fool the color camera! It's going to set a new standard of beauty

By Mildred Mastin

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

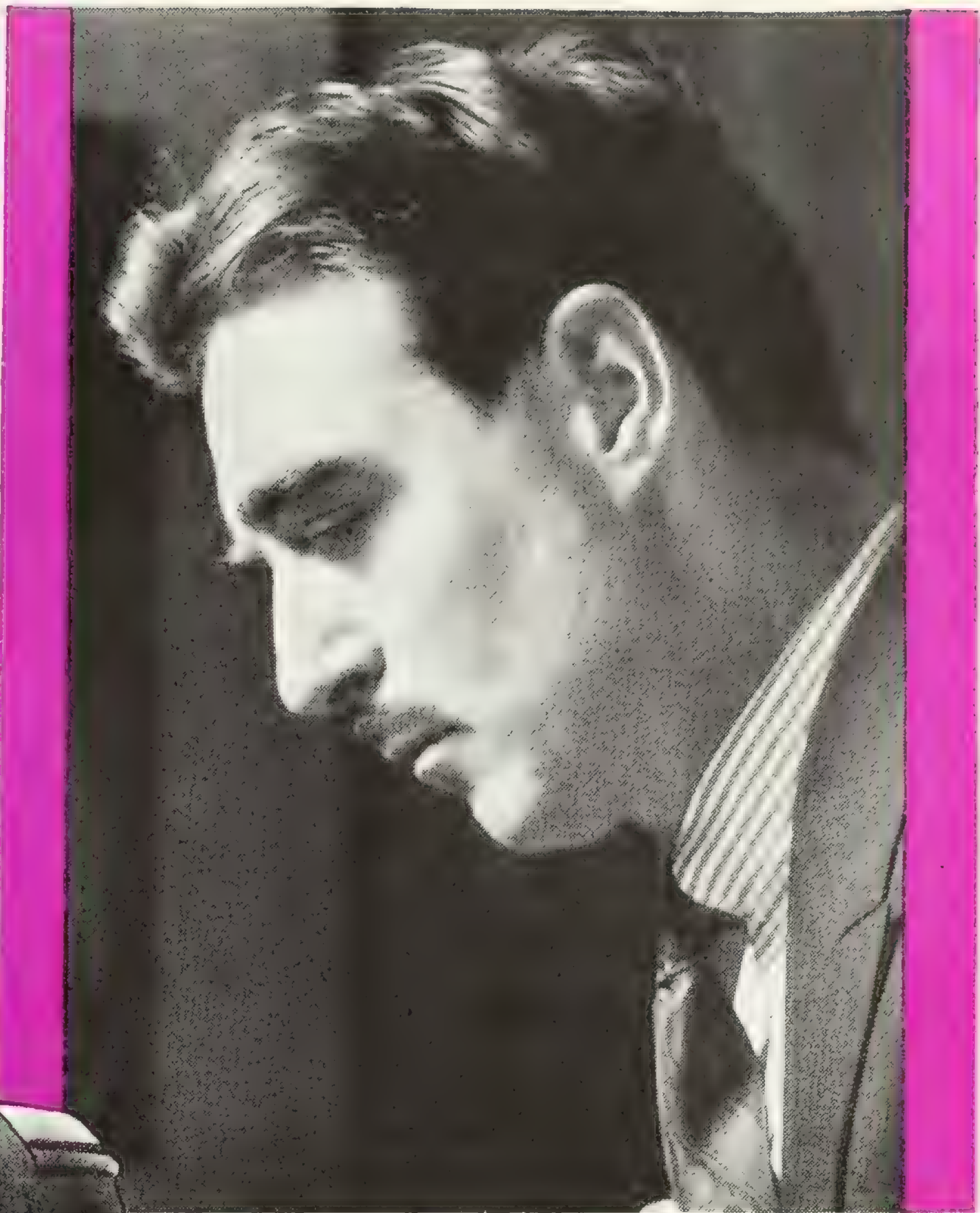


Work begins on "Becky Sharp," first all-color full length picture. Miriam Hopkins' natural blonde hair won her the coveted title rôle. On the left, a scene from "La Cucaracha," Technicolor short designed by Robert Edmond Jones so successfully that RKO-Radio is willing to stake a fortune on Mr. Jones and "Becky"

"We all live in a world of color," says Jones. "It is ridiculous to think that people do not want color in their movies. People are now prejudiced against color pictures because they have seen bad ones, made by the old, imperfect process. When they are shown movies in which the color has been brought to the screen truly and naturally, they won't be satisfied with black and white pictures any more."

And whether you agree with Jones or not, you are compelled to remember back, seven years ago, when sound came to the screen, and movie-goers resented the imperfect recordings, the cracked voices. They said it was just a fad, that silent pictures would remain, that the talkies would never be accepted.

However, sound advanced swiftly, and the public's early prejudices against it were soon swept away by the



Robert Edmond Jones, famous stage designer, is in Hollywood because he believes all movies soon will be made in color



rapid improvements in talkies.

Technicolor, on the other hand, has been building up a wall of disfavor for twenty years. The first Technicolor picture was made in 1914, and it was not till recently that any major improvement in the process was made.

Except for Disney's colored symphonies, "La Cucaracha" is the only picture released so far that has been entirely made by the new process. Pictures made by the old process you did not like. They looked highly artificial, and the colors were not true. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the old color camera could not photograph blue. Of the primary colors it "saw" only yellow and red. Since blue is one of the three primary colors, it was impossible to get a true color picture of any shot with the old Technicolor cameras. Even white did not

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Margaret Sullivan

WITHIN two days after she finishes her present picture, "The Good Fairy," Margaret Sullivan intends to be married. The picture should be finished before you read this and, consequently, Margaret should be on her honeymoon.

When she told me of this impending matrimony, across a luncheon table at Universal studios, I searched her gray Irish eyes for a betraying twinkle. Because Margaret Sullivan is quite likely to say anything that comes into her mind—anything at all—just to test your credulity. She had just told me that she intended some day to have fifteen children—which she did not mean, of course. When she said that, her eyes had smiled.

But this time they were steady.

She meant it.

That's all she said—all she would say. To the natural questions of who her intended is, what he does, where he lives, or what he looks like, she presented a very effective silence. No one may ever know until the wedding bells.

And when she does marry, very possibly, Margaret Sullivan—Hollywood's unhappiest actress, movie star against her will, and the girl whom Hollywood has never understood—will be able to slip out of the screen picture, and one of the most amazing chapters in Hollywood's ever-astounding history will come to a close. And as I first said—all this may already be over and done with. Margaret Sullivan may be married—now! Who

Perhaps marriage may be the happy exchange she seeks for fame, fortune and Hollywood

By Kirtley Baskette

can accurately predict for Hollywood?

Marriage may aid Margaret in what it is very evident she is seeking. An escape from a screen career.

Incredible as it sounds, it's true. The twenty-three year old girl, blessed with striking talent, gifted by the dramatic

gods as few are gifted, who was the major motion picture sensation of last year, who, in the short space of two pictures, has been soundly entrenched in popular adoration along with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer—yes—and Greta Garbo; the girl who stepped from seven straight stage "flops" to a world wide cinema sensation, who is making more money now than she ever made in her life, who can look forward to rapidly pyramiding fame and mounting wealth, who stands on the threshold of a future so rose-hued as to be beyond the wildest dreams of an ordinary mortal, wants none of it.

None of it!

Neither the fame, the money nor that kind of a future it offers—not at the price she is paying for it. Which is unhappiness, deathly unhappiness, mental depression and nervous torture.

This sounds strange. It sounds fantastic. It would be just that with anyone else but Margaret Sullivan. It would be so fantastic as to reek of a publicity act. And Margaret has been accused of that, many times, ever since she first revealed by her singular, individual reactions—which seemed mad caprices—that the business of making pictures tore her to pieces.



When you see Margaret Sullivan in "The Good Fairy," take a long, lingering look. For nobody knows at what moment this girl who hates Hollywood will walk out of movies, never to return

Wants None Of It!

But it's no act—it's an actuality, which time has made more and more insistent, more and more evident. I rather imagine she herself wondered about it for a while, whether or not she was sincere in her dislike of making pictures. I know, however, that time has convinced her that being a motion picture star presents a hopeless ordeal—that somehow Fate ironically picked the wrong person to thrust into a spotlighted spot in which somehow she cannot bear to remain.

I remember talking to her when she first came out from "Dinner At Eight" on Broadway to make "Only Yesterday." She was firmly convinced then that she was completely unequipped for the screen. John M. Stahl, the director who from his seat in a theater audience had picked her for the part he had searched all over the world to fill, had to plead and coax her to come to Hollywood, to fame, fortune and future.

SHE didn't want to. She had never heard of John Stahl, she wasn't interested in any part of a Hollywood career. She finally weakened, not from the desire of becoming a screen star, not with the faintest idea of ever possibly becoming a screen star. She weakened because she had played a series of unsuccessful Broadway shows—and here was a successful, guaranteed engagement.

"I'm a mess for movies," she believed then, after a few days on the set of "Only Yesterday." "I'm not even half-way beautiful. I don't know anything about making pictures. As soon as this is through, I'm going back to New York." Which she did; in fact, she started to leave a time or two before the picture was finished.

Her interrupted flights, her sincere protests, her storied rebellions, her eccentric actions were not temperament. They were inspired by a sudden and overpowering realization that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Margaret Sullavan sincerely believes that she is not beautiful and that she cannot act. However, one can't agree with her after a glance at the portrait on the left and seeing her fine portrayal of the orphan girl in her latest picture, "The Good Fairy"



Robert
Montgomery



Clark
Gable



Bill
Powell

Could You Love, Honor

WIVES and sweet-hearts, please give heed! I have something very exciting and also very personal to ask you. Would you exchange your husband or your sweetheart for one of the famous lovers of the screen? Would you, if you had the chance, exchange your John for John Boles? Or your Bill for Bill Powell? Or your Bob for Bob Montgomery?

Could you and would you love, honor and obey—obey, mind you—Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, George Brent, Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, William Powell, Franchot Tone, Warner Baxter, John Boles, or Fredric March if you had the chance?

Isn't *that* something to think about? Can't you see yourself bustling briskly about the home of some noted screen star, supervising the meals, sewing on buttons, placing away, in neat little stacks, piles of socks and handkerchiefs, or telephoning the shops that Mrs. Colman or Mrs. Gable was speaking and how about a nice tender chicken for Mr. Colman's or Mr. Gable's dinner?

Stop, my quivering heart!

Would you gladly and willingly lay aside your comfortable existence and the comfortable understanding that exists between you and your best beau for the hectic existence as the wife of a famous



Ronald
Colman



Herbert
Marshall

screen lover, with its overwhelming need for tactfulness at all times and under all circumstances (no matter about your personal feelings) and its demands on your time? Demanding that you go places and do things when you don't want to?

But wouldn't the sound of an awe-stricken voice whispering, "There goes Clark Gable's wife," make up for all the lost comfort? What do you say, girls? Could you really love, honor and obey one of these fascinating men?

But wait. Before you decide. Let's contemplate a bit more on the Mrs. Colman idea. On the screen, Colman is pretty much considered the remote and unattainable lover. Generally, he has a reputation for being the same off. But certain delightful English women in Hollywood (sorry, but he does prefer them a wee bit English) will tell you, in strict secrecy, that he is the most gay and charming companion imaginable.

That he rather likes the English idea of superiority of the male. The Americans like it too, poor sweet lambs, but they don't know how to get it. But Ronnie does, make no mistake. In fact, he prefers very feminine women—but they must play tennis.

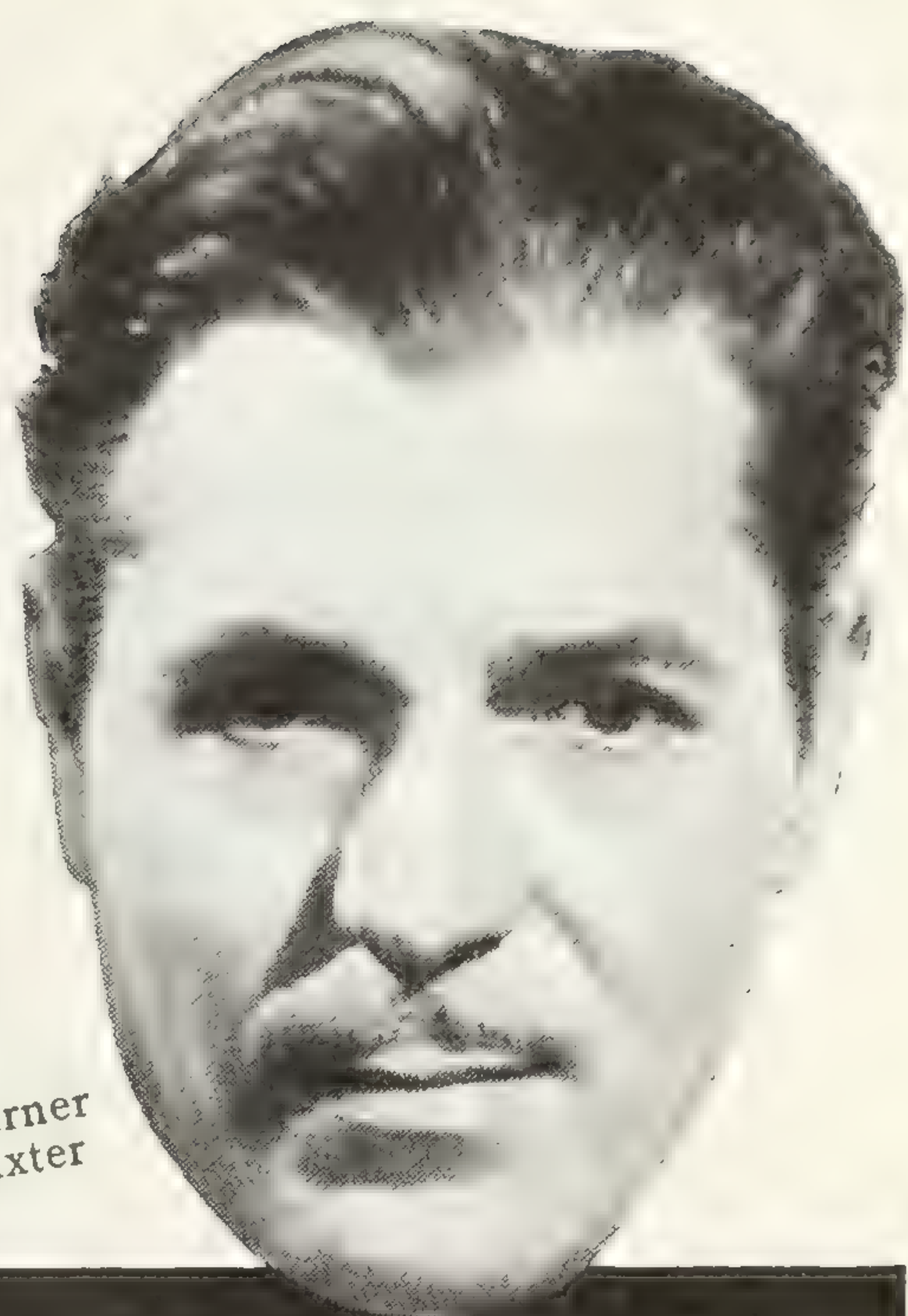
So for marital bliss with Ronnie you'd have to brush up on your backhand stroke, be sure to speak the King's English and serve scones at tea—and by all means, wear blue—any shade of blue, but give the preference to navy. It's his favorite color. And cheerio, here's the best news yet, unless you're a giddy fly-by-night. He likes comfort and a glowing fireside.



Fredric March



George Brent



Warner Baxter

and Obey These Men?

The Big Twelve, who rouse more thrills, perhaps, than all the other male stars in Hollywood

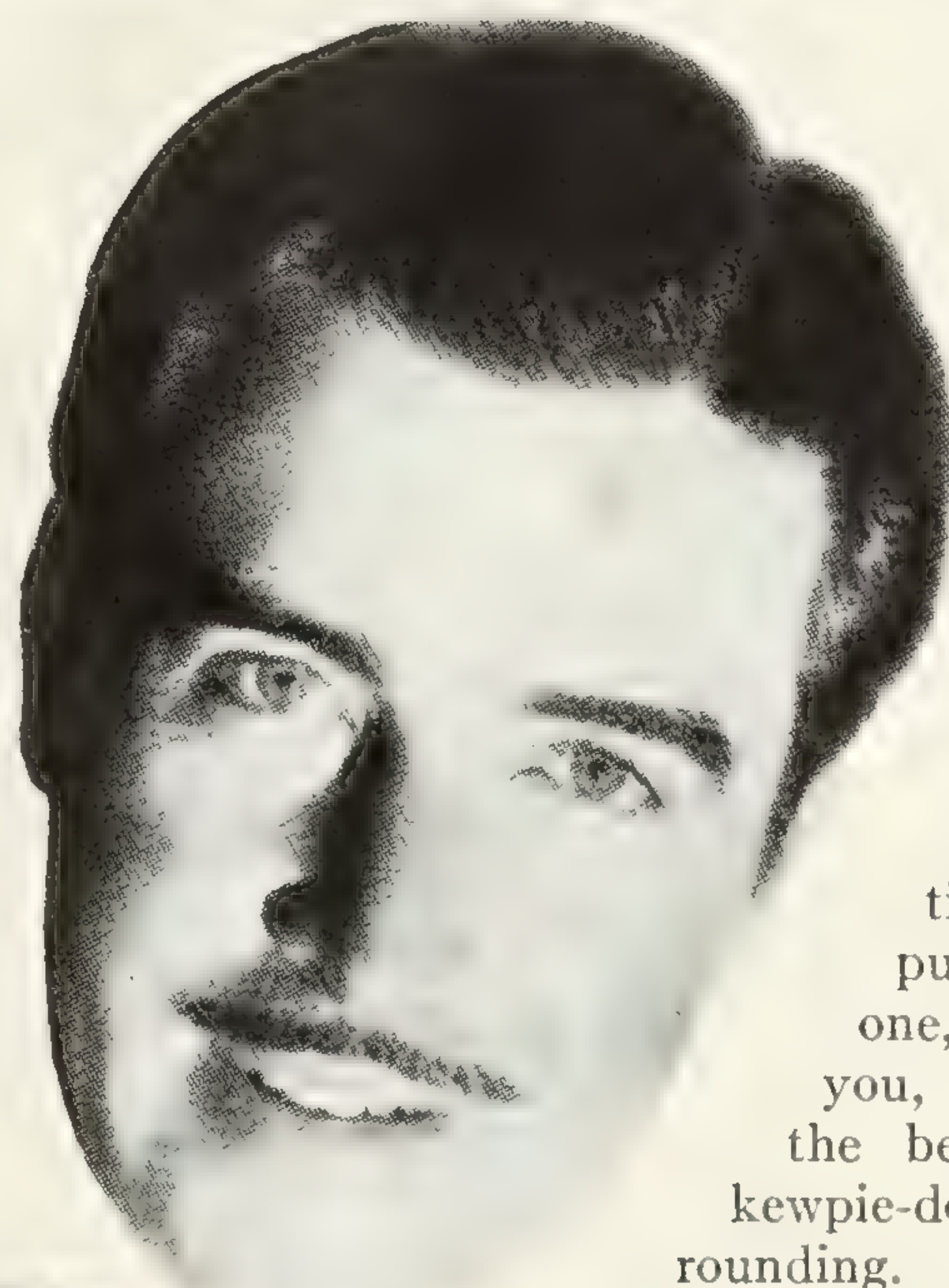
By Arline Merton

Close your eyes for a moment, girls, and dream dreams. Rain dropping gently on the roof. Dripping from long, weary tree branches outside the window. Inside, a warm glowing fire. Across, in a deep, comfortable chair, Ronald Colman. The man you had promised to love, honor and obey. Could you take it, girls?

Or maybe you'd attached that fireside dream to Gary Cooper with his long legs stretched out from the easiest chair. Well, forget that dream, for you couldn't keep Gary in a chair very long. He'd have to tear outdoors for some plain and fancy riding or a bit of camping out or even rounding up. And how would you be on a round-up?

On the screen and off the screen, Gary is about the same, I'm told. The strong, silent type who loves one woman to the exclusion of all others. Could you love, honor and obey Gary Cooper for as long as you live?

Then there's the irrepressible Bob Montgomery. Just how would you like to be Mrs. Montgomery while you're at it? Sharing always and forever in that little bad boy grin and those bad boy pranks? For example, supposing you were giving a party and some Mrs. Prim-and-Proper wanted to use the telephone, and the telephone, heaven help us all, suddenly shot forth a stream of water



John Boles



Gary Cooper

in Mrs. Prim-and-Proper's eye just as Bob had intended it should? What, oh what, would you do then, Mrs. "Wanted-to-be" Montgomery?

For Bob will do those things. He will have people sitting down on cream puffs or grab up someone, more than likely you, and off you'd go to the beach for a day of kewpie-dolling and merry-go-rounding.

And then he'd look at you with that mischievous but guilty little smile and—well, here's where you make your choice. Would you say, "No, I couldn't take a lifetime of loving or obeying him. I couldn't." Or would you say, with your heart bursting with love and joy, "Bob, you imp, I—I just love you so much; I'm glad you're mine to honor and to keep."

Oh dear, we haven't even touched on Herbert Marshall or Fredric March or John Boles, and here we are all dewy-eyed and everything with our dreams brought so completely into the open.

Smooth and gentle Englishman that Herbert Marshall is, if he loved you, he would go through the bad-place and high water for you. But he would expect the same in return,

remember. No half way measures. No hesitating. No glancing back. You'd love, honor and obey him completely and wholly or you wouldn't qualify, that's all. A bit frightening, isn't it, and would you take the step? Search deep down in your heart and discover for yourself whether your feelings for this handsome Englishman are only the dreams of an emotional woman or—if the chance ever came your way—would you plunge? Deeply and forever into the life of this man? Honoring and obeying, world without end?

Then there's George Brent. Any number of willing girls would enjoy George around the house, especially since he no longer belongs to Ruth Chatterton. George is footloose and fancy free—one of the few eligibles among all the lads we dream about. Let's imagine—and wish

— Well, there's no law against wishing, is there?

Of course, right now you'd run into some pretty stiff competition in one Miss Garbo, for Greta has been George's one enduring romance since his divorce. But just supposing, in some magical manner, you managed to outshine Garbo as far as Mr. Brent was concerned and George became the man you had given your promise to love and honor. The first thing you'd have to do would be to make up your mind to give him lots of freedom. If there was to be a dictator in the house—better let George be it! He objects to having his life managed and possessed and he would be one man from whom you could not demand explanations. Plenty of casual indifference would win George over all the concentrated attention you could shower on him. So if you're not the indifferent type, think it over carefully.

Being Mrs. Fredric March, however, would mean being a dozen wives all in one. For there's Freddie March, the actor; Freddie, the little boy; and just plain Freddie, the eternal male, who knows that the girls are looking at him out of the corners of their eyes. But just imagine having that March profile to look at mornings and nights. Imagine listening to that fascinating half-break in the famous March voice. Imagine the exciting Freddie March saying, "Darling, I love you," and meaning YOU!

Then there's the serious-minded Warner Baxter. Cautious, constantly looking ahead with anxious eyes into the future. You'd have to be ready with plenty of understanding and encouragement if Warner were your choice.

In return you could expect sympathy and tenderness, especially if you were ill, for Warner has an unlimited capacity for helping those who need help. Perhaps not as alluringly spectacular as some of the other screen lovers, yet the very handsome Warner Baxter is certainly one to consider if you're in that "I do" mood.

AND while we're still able to go on, let's consider the problem of loving, honoring and even obeying John Boles. And fancy anyone not wanting to love, honor and obey the handsome John. For not only is John every girl's idea of a Prince Charming, but girls, it would be all right to bring on mother for a visit so far as John is concerned. No, honest, I mean it, John will even charm his mother-in-law, for the same grand charm he shows on the screen, he showers off screen, on young and old alike. A little kiss on the brow, a little press of the hand to thrill an older woman into a state of complete happiness.

"You do look handsome in that outfit," I once heard John's mother-in-law say to him. "Why, thank you, darling," he answered, as pleased and delighted as if some glamorous creature of the screen had passed the compliment.

Mrs. John Boles!!!! How does it sound?

WE now pause for long, drawn-out sighs.

Or is the suave Bill Powell your preference? If it's poise and wit and social sense you value in a man, Bill is elected. But study up on your answers, because Bill likes the girl who knows them. He is always gay and amusing—he likes gay companions. You would have to like dogs or Bill wouldn't do for you at all—he's crazy about 'em. And his favorite costume (honest) is a pair of bathing trunks. He has a crazy kind of fantastic humor, and it requires a rather worldly sophisticated woman to really appreciate him. You naïve little girls should fall for somebody else—you wouldn't be happy with Bill. And, too, Bill goes in for new fangled electric things. Buttons that open gates or fling down beds in the most awful places. Like the one in the projection room, for instance. And remember, Bill likes his women plenty colorful, gay and smartly turned out. Look at Lombard. Look at Harlow. And look at Bill. Could you take him forever and ever?

But Leslie Howard—well, in spite of his extremely cultured air of rather tired sophistication, Leslie has a very tender and understanding side. An eye for the beautiful ladies, Leslie has. So unless you have the understanding of ten women, you'd curl up and die of jealousy in no time. But if Leslie is your ideal, make no final decision until you have seen him in a polo outfit. Then you can judge the triumph of mind over matter.

Now for you girls who like to feel the latent caveman in your ideal lover—Clark Gable is made to order. He is the perfect Male Triumphant, whose word would be law, and who would give the impression of plenty of force available—if necessary. Some of us enjoy thinking that he could even be cold—that he could leave without a word or a backward look, if he were displeased. He is the dominating type, whose word would be law. But the Right Woman always knows she could appeal to the little-boy side of his nature.

For instance, if Clark grew too dominant for any good, you could run right out and buy him a new gun. Not to shoot you with, my dear, but to distract his attention. Clark, you know, is the big outdoor type and even if you were left alone by the telephone for weeks on end while Clark went gunning for wild animals, could you or would you give all your love and life to honor and obey him?

You could be sure of one thing in Franchot Tone. And that's faithfulness. But just supposing you could pry Franchot away from Joan Crawford—and I'd like to see the team of elephants that could do it—would Franchot be that dream Prince in your life? Have you ever wondered just what romance, love and marriage with Franchot would be like?

For one thing, you dreamers, you'd have to know a lot about books, art and culture. And you'd have to be careful about putting forth that old positive personality of yours. Franchot is a gentle man, who wants to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]



Leslie Howard



Franchot Tone



At Last The Films Round Up Joe

FOR eight years, Joe Morrison did some planning, and it must have been good, because it landed him right where he wanted to be—in the movies. And, Joe says, he's doing right well, thank you.

In the course of that eight years, Joe decided he might as well do something about his voice. It's been described by rapt admirers as "golden honey." So, he tried it out with "The Last Round-Up." You could cut the silence—but it wasn't the silence of close attention, it was that cold silence of disapproval. Well, Joe put that song right back on the shelf—until three months later. Stuck for a song, he dragged it out and dusted it off. He was soloist with George Olsen's orchestra at the time. Anyhow, Joe sang the plaintive plains song. The dancers stopped in their gliding and listened. Joe finished and they mobbed him—demanding more. They made him sing it until he was hoarse. Overnight, he became a sensation. Not so long after, he was in New York and Adolph Zukor heard him.

P. S. Joe got a Paramount contract.

But, that sounds easy. Far from that. Previously, Joe got a job as tenor in a vaudeville quartet, and headed toward Hollywood. There he spent a desperate year trying to crash the golden gates. But no go. The studio scouts and executives didn't even give him a tumble for his work in "Nine O'Clock Revue," and he was in that in Hollywood for eight months!

But, that's all water under the bridge. Joe is now right where he wants to be, and he's coming along—fast. You last saw him in "The Old-Fashioned Way," and now, "Me Without You." And he has at least two more pictures ahead of him.

He's only twenty-seven, and not married—not even "in danger," he says. But, there is one thing certain, should he marry, the little girl will just have to live in Hollywood. Joe is not only sold on the movies, but on the town, too.



Tha-a-ank You-hoo, Maxine Doyle

MAXINE DOYLE is one little girl who went back home and made out better. That sounds funny, but Maxine was doing right nicely with a job as Master of Ceremonies in a Washington, D. C., theater. She decided she'd rattle out to Hollywood and give it a look-over. She bought herself an old car and went. Now California is Maxine's home grounds, so she knew just where she was going. Also, Hollywood itself was no novelty to her, in that many of the stars had been under her eye in their Washington personal appearances.

So, you have Miss Doyle in Hollywood, and Hollywood took one look at the five-foot-two, eyes-of-blue Maxine, and then and there the Master of Ceremonies business was history for Maxine. She was a novelty, and Warner Brothers was not passing up such a delightful one.

The net result was a contract and a part in a stage production of "Take a Chance," with Olsen and Johnson, two delightful people to take a chance with. Maxine was a hit from the opening curtain. So much so, that M-G-M promptly borrowed her for "Student Tour." Then she hopped on her little bicycle and pedalled around with Joe E. Brown in "6 Day Bike Rider." Soon you'll see her in "Babbitt."

"How'd you do it?" she was asked.

"Why, I didn't do a thing!" she said. "I just smiled and took any old thing they gave me. I never asked nor demanded, and I think my meekness just broke them down."

And now, here's a deep, dark secret on how Maxine started the road up. It was when she was Master of Ceremonies. The first night, when she said "Thank you" to the audience, she was so scared, her voice broke and the "you" went way up to the roof. It was a howl! And she had to do it all the time thereafter. The good people just ate it up.

MAKING A MAN'S

"**M**AYBE," said Director Henry Hathaway, with just a tinge of irony in his voice, "we had better call this picture '*Wives of a Bengal Lancer*'!"

And tearing into shreds a sign reading, "No Women Allowed," which he had just jerked down from a tree trunk, he resigned himself to the gloom of his thoughts.

You see, the reason for Director Hathaway's inward struggle was the fact that the dust from Gary Cooper's retreating car was still sifting up his nostrils. And the reason that Gary Cooper's car was bedusting the serene shores of Malibu Lake was that Gary was deserting camp in a hurry to meet his wife, Sandra Shaw Cooper—

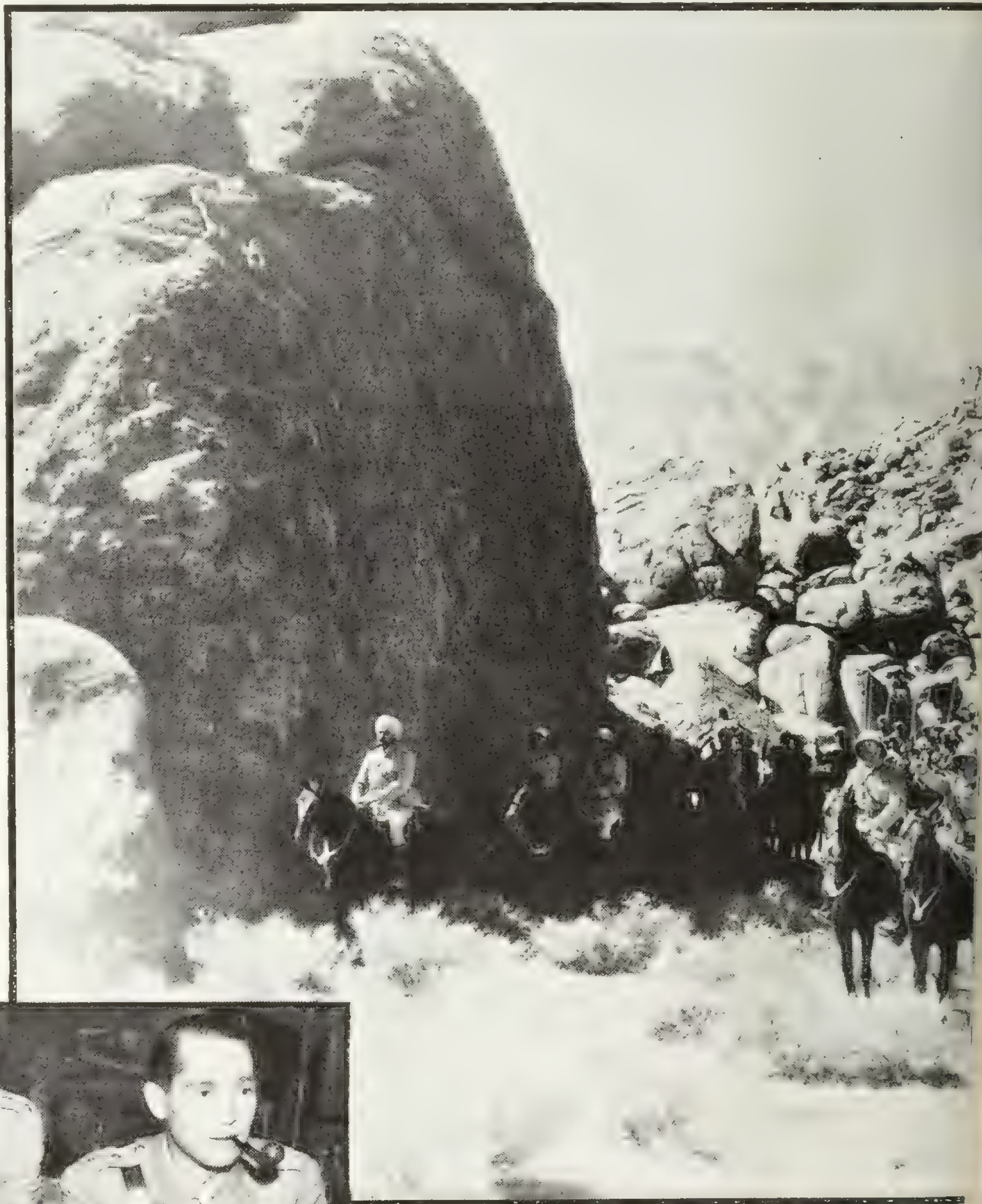
And all this was very much against the rules.

The setting for this bit of dramatics is the greatest excursion of modern movie times—Paramount's rugged (and partly ragged) expedition of some four hundred masculine souls into the wilds to make "*Lives of a Bengal Lancer*." You probably read the book by Francis Yeats-Brown, and if you did you'll know that it's pretty exclusively a male affair. No women. Well—there *is* to be *one* in the movie—Kathleen Burke—but she'll step in and out inside of two hundred feet of film.

Incidentally, this is not the only picture planned or in the making, in which the males are an overwhelming majority. On the M-G-M list, there's "*Mutiny on the Bounty*," also with a lone woman. Fox is going in strong for masculinity. "*Hell in the Heavens*" is a one-woman film, she being Conchita Montenegro; "*East River*" has just two, Marjorie Rambeau and Grace Bradley, and in the same studio's "*Lottery Lover*," three-fourths of the cast are men. It's something for the ladies of Hollywood to worry about!

Hathaway was to have with him four hundred hairy-chested gentlemen, including some hundred and fifty Hindu olive

pickers from the Napa Valley, a troop of a hundred mustang-bitten cowboys (made up as lancers), and such two-fisted fellows as Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue, Richard Cromwell, Douglas Dumbrille and Colin Tapley. There also were to be a host of daredevil war veterans from all over the world, including Russian generals, Cossack cavalry commanders, Australian light-horse officers, and even a former member of Pershing's staff. So, with these stiff-whiskered gentlemen filling the woods, Director



Sir Guy Standing, Gary Cooper, and Franchot Tone were all lured away from location by undaunted ladies. Director Hathaway posted a sign, "No Women Allowed," but Gary's wife crashed into the camp

Hathaway decided that members of the weaker sex would seem a bit out of place on this particular expedition. Oh, there'd be a production staff member or two, but those business-like girls wouldn't interfere with plans. So he determined to make the whole affair a he-man's holiday. Hence the sign—

"No Women Allowed."

It was the very next day after the monastic edict that up to the forbidden spot

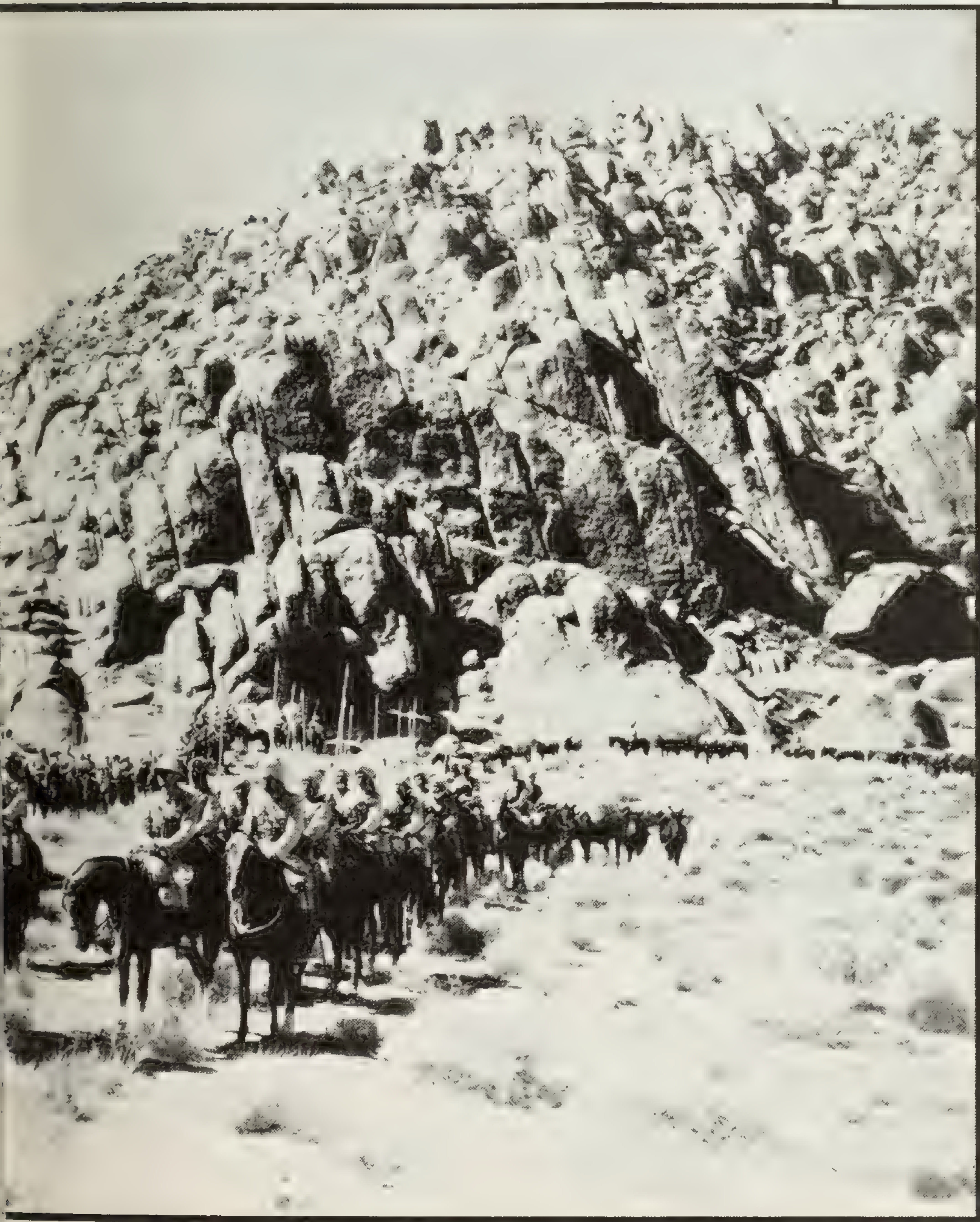
PICTURE

The "Bengal Lancers" director hid his masculine cast in the mountain wilderness, but women still pursued them

By Kirtley Baskette



Watch out for your head! Monte Blue, made up as *Hamzulla Khan*, means business! Director Hathaway should have assigned Monte to the job of scaring the girls away with his sword



Four hundred hardy men invaded the wilderness around Mount Whitney, to make the exciting Khyber Pass sequences of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount. Among them were many cowboys, war veterans, and Hindus

boiled Sandra Shaw Cooper in her roadster and registered at the nearby Malibu lodge. Immediately she dispatched a messenger to the forbidden precincts with a note. And whatever she wrote, her words had more authority for Gary than military orders.

Gary said he thought he should go over to the lodge, but Director Hathaway said he wanted the entire company to stay

in camp. So Gary discovered a rattlesnake in his tent, and found it entirely necessary to move at once to the lodge, where his health would be beyond danger.

Hence Mr. Hathaway's full measure of chagrin.

Of course, it had been in the course of evolution for several days—this chagrin. And not all because of Gary. Why, the very day before, a beguiling honk had penetrated the sanctity of the camp, and that perennial charmer, Sir Guy Standing, laden with flies, and rods and reels, had bundled hurriedly but withal furtively out of his tent. Down to the road he went, and was seen to greet a mysterious brunette. She was in a roadster, and away they whirled, to the boat-landing. While the perturbed Mr. Hathaway spied upon them, Sir Guy fished and the mysterious lady of the lake rowed the boat or netted the trout he caught.

Too, a series of long distance messages from Joan Crawford, calling Franchot Tone away from his womanless surroundings at odd times during the day, had further proved the resolve of the feminine invasion which threatened the "Lancers."

Women, women, women! How could you ever get away from them and make a man's picture?

"Never mind," Hathaway now muttered into his beard, as Gary's big motor rumbled off Sandra-wards in the distance, "wait'll I get 'em at Lone Pine."

Because the whole "Lancer" company, after completing the two weeks' term at Malibu Lake, only forty-five miles from

Hollywood, and therefore within convenient feminine siege distance, was due to pack into the bare and rocky slopes of Mount Whitney—three hundred miles from anywhere, to film the Khyber Pass excitement of the picture.

Getting into the location at Lone Pine, Mr. Hathaway reflected with satisfaction, would be something of a feat for a lady who had no business with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Romance With



Actually, when Heather Angel was married in Yuma, she had on a borrowed frock. But she wears this gorgeous creation in "Romance in the Rain"

Many times she seemed way out of reach, but persistent Rafe Forbes at last touched heaven

By Jerry Lane

RECIPE for romance: A tennis court inspirationally located between a rose-covered tea house and a dahlia garden.

A balmy afternoon.

One very handsome, very blond young man.

One slip of a girl with hair like buffed ebony, an adorably piquant face—and the meanest serve in Hollywood.

* * * * *

"I didn't know an Angel could play a game like you do!" Ralph Forbes lunged for a well placed low one, returned it, missed her answering shot.

"Forty, love," sang out someone from the sidelines.

"Love?" echoed Mr. Forbes, reaching for a high ball.

"Love!" chanted Cupid, swinging on the net.

* * * * *

They'd met a bare half hour before. H. M. Howard, writer extraordinary and "Tottie" to his friends, had done the trick. And Heather Angel had smiled, a very secret little smile, as Rafe lingered over her hand. She couldn't very well explain what she was thinking. But in her mind's eye she was back in India, escaping from the broiling sun into a small, rattan-roofed theater, seeing a picture years old—"Beau Geste."

"That young one, that Forbes, he seems so familiar," she remarked to her friend, a member of the same repertory company in which Heather was touring the Orient. "Do you suppose I could have met him anywhere in London? He's obviously from England, too."

And then in Colombo, another cinema with Forbes a Scotch nobleman this time. In Sarat, he was a dashing army officer up there on the screen. In Calcutta they saw him as a spy. In Hong-Kong he was Betty Compson's lover.

"Is there any other actor in America?" Heather demanded. "Every time we go to a motion picture, there he is! . . . And I still can't place where I met him."

BUT they'd never met. Not until that afternoon on Howard's tennis court. A haunting memory of something never lived, half remembered scenes from an unknown past. Where do they come from?

This, however, was real enough! Rafe Forbes was asking for her telephone number in the customary fashion of young men the world over. There was but one slight hitch. He wrote it down wrong! The very next morning he dialed the number. A cool, impersonal voice slid over the wires to him, "Sloot and Sloot, plumbers. No sir, there's no angel here. This is a plumbing shop."

An Angel

It all happened so suddenly, when they were married, that Rafe didn't have time to make an official proposal!



"Hang!" said Mr. Forbes. No use trying to wheedle it out of the operator. The private numbers of picture people are guarded more zealously than the crown jewels. He tried Howard. Mr. Howard, his secretary informed Rafe, had been called out of town unexpectedly. Not fifteen minutes later, Howard's secretary was informing a Miss Angel that yes, she thought she could get Mr. Forbes' telephone number. Just a minute please. It's . . . here it is, Oxford 3216.

But—here it wasn't! Heather had no way of knowing that the secretary had inadvertently read "6" instead of "7." She was sure of just one thing. Never would she ring Ralph Forbes again. Not as long as she lived. That furious woman who had answered the call. Brrr! It left her petrified. He wouldn't be invited to this cocktail party—nor to any other she gave!

And that's the way matters stood for four months.

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Mr. Broadway Gambles *Against Hollywood*

George M. Cohan has his chips on the table—and one on his shoulder. He'll make movies in New York, but out West—no!

By Anne Castle

"SURE I'm worried about this movie. I've been worried for sixty-three years. You say I don't look sixty-three? What? Forty-five? Lady, if I were forty-five, I'd jump up and swing from that chandelier. And then I wouldn't have to earn a living by playing in a movie.

And then, maybe, I wouldn't be worried!"

It was George M. Cohan speaking. The movie he was worried about was "Gambling." He had written the play himself some years ago. He had played in it on Broadway, and it is numbered among his successes. And now, out at the Astoria, Long Island studio, he was making it into a motion picture.

Most people thought that Cohan would never try to make another movie. His Hollywood talkie experience, just two years ago, was brief and unhappy. It started

when he was lured to the Coast to appear in "The Phantom President." And it ended the minute the picture was finished.

"I wouldn't have gone back into pictures—in Hollywood," Cohan says bitterly. "I didn't like the folks out there; they didn't like me. But making this

movie here in the East, that's different. For one thing, it's my own play; I wrote it. 'The Phantom President' was written by twelve hundred other people. Oh, it must have been at least twelve hundred, for there was a new author brought in every minute!

"Another thing. I'm making this picture for a boy I've known all my life—Harold Franklin. That makes a difference."

But if you know Cohan, you realize that his dislike for Hollywood is based on something far more human and fundamental than the fact that on the

Coast he didn't know the producer, and that the script had too many authors.

And even Hollywood must admit that George M. Cohan was treated strangely.

In the first place, Cohan went to Hollywood with the understanding that he was to help write the script. But among the alleged twelve hundred authors, Cohan was not numbered. It was almost as if Hollywood forgot, or didn't know, that George M. Cohan

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Cohan didn't like Hollywood and says Hollywood did not like him. But if "Gambling" proves a success, he may make more pictures in the East





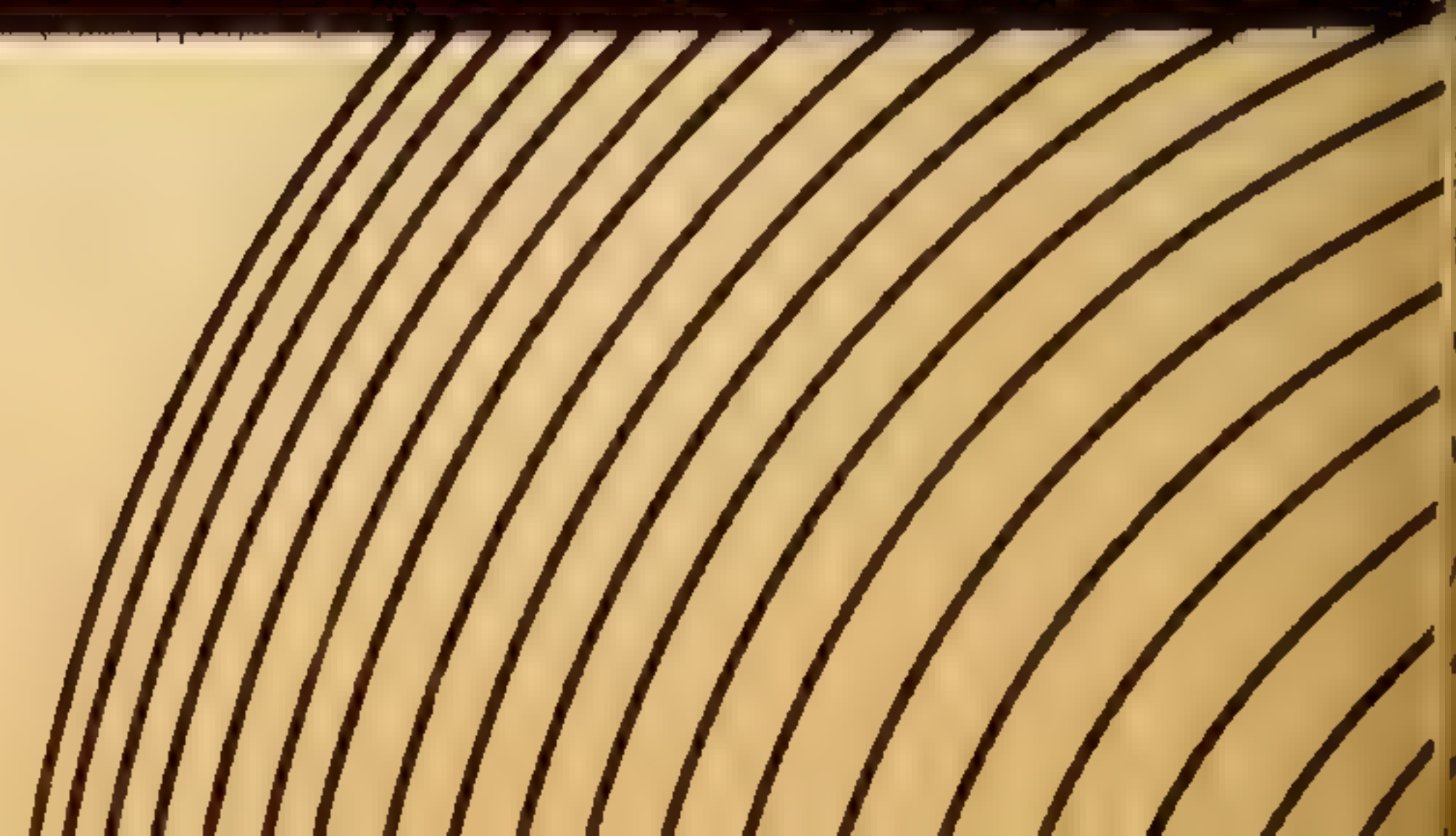
Longworth

MEET the general! Ruby Keeler looks so fetching in that uniform, we'd even smile if she ordered a court martial! Wearing gold braid and epaulets, Ruby is commanding attention now in Warner Brothers' musical, "Flirtation Walk." Yes, Dick Powell wears a uniform, too. But it's Ruby Keeler who gives the orders



Hurrell

RALPH BELLAMY in a striking studio pose. Ralph is soon to be seen in Fox's "Helldorado." He recently returned, you know, from a trip to England. And, lo and behold, he brought back seven lamp-posts. But, 'sall right. They were relics from the historic Waterloo Bridge, which has been torn down





Our Dyar

PEGGY FEARS, who acted and produced plays on Broadway, shows one of the gowns and a gorgeous hat she wears in Fox's "Lottery Lover." This is her début as a screen player, and, under the terms of her contract, we may hear from Miss Fears as a writer and director. And a striking looking woman she is, too



Stax

BEHIND this innocent exterior is dynamite! "Spanky" McFarland doesn't keep all his devilment for his picture scenes. In the filming of his latest, RKO-Radio's "Kentucky Kernels," he had Wheeler and Woolsey in a constant state of dithers—chairs whisked from under them, trip lines everywhere. Nice "Spanky"!

Kitty Crashes Fame

Mr. Opportunity
had to rap hard
and loud before
Miss Carlisle
listened to his
Hollywood offer

By Julius Irwin

tune which perhaps you have heard once or twice, called "Love in Bloom" (and if you haven't heard it, you'd better drag out your ear trumpet because you're going stone deaf as sure as the world—it fills the air these days). Which is to say, that Kitty Carlisle first made the general public sit erect and focus attention when she did the hitherto unheard of; namely, splitting singing honors with Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not."

Naturally that wasn't the first time she had ever tried out her voice, nor the first time she had put on greasepaint. In fact, the strange business noted above of an unknown girl's refusing to autograph a movie contract which she really did want very badly, took place in the artistic setting of Westport, Connecticut, where Kitty, having successfully completed her first professional engagement, a tour with a condensed company of "Rio Rita," was busily engaged in trying out the musical "Champagne Sec," an American adaptation of Johann Strauss' operetta "Die Fledermaus" (the flying mouse; i.e., bat). Although just what champagne has to do with bats and flying mice is a little vague. Maybe you see them after you drink it. Kitty wasn't sure. Anyway, she played the part of "Prince Orlofsky" and they say she was really something in tights.

Possibly the Paramount talent scout was attracted clear down to Westport by the tights or the tasty, tangy title of the show, but finding Kitty twice
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Kitty soared to the top
and is comfortably settled
there for a nice
long stay. In her
third movie she's
co-starred with
Bing Crosby

"NO, I won't sign the contract, until I've seen my test."

"But why?" protested the perplexed Paramount executive engaged in signing up practically unknown Kitty Carlisle for a movie career. "It's our gamble—not yours."

"I might be terrible, and I'd feel like such a fool!" was the explanation that didn't explain a thing.

It's just such unorthodox, upside down things about this amazing and amusing Carlisle person of New Orleans, Paris, Rome, London, New York and points cosmopolitan which have just about convinced Hollywood that Kitty is one of the most interesting, completely captivating and unusually destined things that has happened to it for a long, long time.

For one thing, it's hardly cricket for a girl to be in Hollywood only six months and, with no particular stage prestige, to leap right up to co-stardom with that secret passion of the nation's femininity, Bing Crosby. Kitty shares the headlines in the picture she has just finished, "Here Is My Heart."

Then again, for a girl who *has* to make something of herself to click professionally is admirable, but understandable; however, for a girl like Kitty, who was cradled on a velvet cushion, tutored by royalty, polished and finished abroad, introduced into Continental society, and tossed about in the soft lap of luxury to suddenly say, "Oh, gats, I'm tired of being worthless. I'll just have myself a career—" and get it—well, it's like the Hollywood climate—unusual.

Of course, to most of us the career of Kitty, whose name rhymes quite nicely with "ditty," starts with a



FUN LIKE MAD!

DEAR JOAN:

H'ar yuh? I'm very chipper myself. Thought I'd be heading for the Old Maid's home, didn't I, in my last letter? Well, t'aint so. Louise Fazenda's multiple birthday soiree, the opening of Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Nelson Eddy's cocktail gathering, Colonel Van Dyke's party—to say nothing of the elegant wedding in the DeMille family, a coupla twirls at the gay Trocadero, and several wildly expensive luncheons — have left me feeling anything but old-maidish. In fact, I'm utterly limp from so much festivity. Deah, deah, such popularity!

I know that nothing but minute details will satisfy your avid curiosity, Joanie, so I shall relate everything that I've saw and did all this past month. I won't leave out a single word.

Let's start on a nice, dignified note. Shall we? The DeMille wedding. The great C. B. was his son's best man, and I might mention that Noah Beery, Jr., Gwynne Pickford (Mary's niece) and Katherine DeMille were among the entourage. It was a beautiful ceremony, with exquisite music that just thrilled me to the marrow. Weddings always make me sentimental, anyway, and here I was longing for a nice, handsome fellow to lead me to the altar. However!

Well, the bridesmaids looked heavenly in light blue gowns with trains, long sleeves and large swash-buckling hats to match, and leis of flowers around their necks. They carried small blue velvet Bibles. Then came the bride. Ah, the bride! She was Louise Denker, a society bud, and the niece of that big banking mogul, A. P. Giannini.

Everyone in that beautifully dressed congregation craned necks and then gasped. Louise, like her bridesmaids, was completely in blue. Her fifteen-foot tulle train was a mass of blue foam. There was a rosary of amethysts twined in her fingers, and she carried a prayer book, and a long, silver-twined sheath of powder-blue water-lilies. I've never seen so exquisite a bride. In fact, her beauty, and the inspiring ceremony,

MORE news from Mitzi Cummings, who circulates more widely in Hollywood than an issue of United States currency. From her letters to Joan, published every month in PHOTOPLAY, you may learn what the exciting people of the movie colony are saying and doing. Mitzi loves the life and lives it with grand, glowing spirit.

took all my attention. I couldn't even tell you who was there.

NOW from the sublime to the other thing.

We took two hours for lunch at the Vendome—the lovely Mrs. Robert Florey, Josephine Hutchinson, that delightful and capable young actress who is going to appear in the screen version of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Doris Warner LeRoy, and me. And we

had a giggle when Doris suddenly pointed to our hats. All four of us had gone Tyrolean with mad feathers. Style slaves, that's all we are.

Doris was awfully excited because for the first time she was going out to visit husband Mervyn LeRoy's set of "Sweet Adeline." Poor gal! For weeks now she's been staying home every night and going to bed early. When that director-spouse

of hers is making a picture that's the law, she's learned. But she's quite content to stay in her mansion and read out of her first-edition library, or look at a movie in her private projection room. With all that luxury, though, she's simple and sweet and fine.

I KNOW you're going to think I'm always ravin' about Woody Van Dyke, the director. But I can't help it, he's such a peach. Last letter, if you remember, I told you how he called and invited me to a party and simply skyrocketed me out of the doldrums. Elegant party. Always elegant parties. Billie Burke was there, and Madge Evans, Minna Gombell, Ted Healy, Bob Woolsey and Anna May Wong.

The Chinese lady was late because she was giving an Oriental dinner and had to wait until she was free. She is so charming and cultured that I'm always on pins and needles waiting for her. Someone said regretfully that she had just missed the Chinese consul—he couldn't wait any longer for her. To which our Miss Wong murmured, "Ah, these Chinese, they always retire early."

My friend Woolsey and I had quite a séance, we did. And I learned all



We'll bet Jean Harlow and Mitzi Cummings were swapping secrets when the cameraman's flash interrupted them. And judging by those smiles, they both must have heard cheerful little earfuls

about his life. He was a jockey at the age of fourteen. But he thought he oughta use his face to make people—not horses—laugh, so he became a comedian! Did you ever hear of such a man!

That Healy kills me, honest. He's such a scream. We were sitting outside by Van's swimming pool, where there is a barbecue place and a big log fire (which was burning, believe me!). It was just delightful, sitting there in the starlight, listening to Ted's amusing stories. Just a little group of us—Muriel Evans, Irene Hervey, Nick Stuart and a couple of others.

"Once," Healy tells us, "I was a master of ceremonies at a benefit where one of the guys to appear on the program is named Tito Schipa. I never heard of him, so I stick him on first, which is the worst spot. But when I go out and announce him, the house comes down. I can't imagine what for. Well, the little fellow goes out and starts to sing, and gosh, he's plenty good. I send him back three times before I learn that he's one of the world's finest opera singers. I guess he must have liked me, because that evening he comes to my dressing-room to get better acquainted. A coupla thugs were there. They wanted to go out to a night club, and the little fellow asks to go along. We took him with us, and he told me afterward that he never had such a swell time in his life." Healy shook his head. "Gosh, that boy's gotta voice. Wish I owned ten per cent of him!"

ONE particular day recently was what you might term momentous.

The beautiful, cultured Anna May Wong was so leisurely over dinner she missed the Chinese consul



Max Reinhardt's presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will come to the screen now. Here is Reinhardt signing a contract to produce spectacles for Warner Brothers. Jack Warner (left) and Hal Wallis are watching

Louise Fazenda's party was that night and, of course, I wanted to look very special. So to the beauty shoppe, where they let loose on little Cummings.

And, I must first tell you a story about Miriam Hopkins that came from my operator, who, like Miriam, is a Southern girl. It was that, I'd judge, which started the bond of friendship between them. Anyway,

the little beautician gets herself a vacation, spends it on a trip to Panama, and promptly falls wildly in love with an army flier. She comes back, and one day during a shampoo,

CONFESSES ALL to Miss Hopkins, plus the information that her beau is coming up to Los Angeles to see her . . . and *maybe* to marry her.

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Norma Shearer Relaxes



Norma Shearer surely is just about as chic as anything we ever saw on horseback—or off, for that matter, when she dons her fine tan whipcord breeches and her English knit shirt of darker tan. She's taking things easy, after her success in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



When you need rest, stand on your head! Norma does it on the spring-board of the swimming pool at her Santa Monica home. And isn't her nautical lounging suit, shown above, a nifty beach outfit?





Here's One Fat Man Somebody Loves

EDWARD ARNOLD should know. He says that being a fat man has its advantages, particularly in the movies. Because, he explains, he can play all sorts of character rôles and last indefinitely. He'll tell you that a movie fat man, in that respect, has it all over a romantic leading man. Of course, that's Eddie's opinion.

He declares he's the happiest man in Hollywood—for two reasons. First, because he's the proud father of three fine children, nine, fourteen, and sixteen. Second, because he's gone beyond being just established in pictures and has reached the stage where he's in constant demand. And his record backs up that last statement. You know of "Wednesday's Child." Going the rounds now are his "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and "The President Vanishes." There are three pictures in about three months. And two more are already lined up for him. Yes, it might be said safely that Eddie is in constant demand.

And here's something about his private life. His favorite indoor sport is cooking! Honest. He likes nothing better than to don a huge—and huge is the word—apron and prepare the evening meal for his family. "And if you don't think I'm a good cook," he'll challenge you, "take a look at my youngsters. They're the healthiest in town!"

Born on New York City's East Side, Eddie had to hustle for himself very early in life. Why, at ten he was an office boy in a law firm! Through a settlement house club, he became interested in theatricals. Then came years of vaudeville and stock. And those years were well inter-larded with many lean and hungry days! But, they taught him the lesson of saving for that improbable (for him) rainy day. Which brings this up:

He never carries an umbrella and nobody can get him into a pair of galoshes, overshoes, if you like it that way.



She's The Belle Of The Film Colony

TOBY WING, a pink and golden doll-baby, a peppermint stick of loveliness. Well, to sum it all up, Hollywood is completely Toby-struck. Toby-struck has a real meaning down South, Suh, where Toby hails from. It means a homely colt. Can you imagine Toby, at any time in her young life, being homely?

And speaking of her young life, this nineteen-year-old blonde of enjoyable pertness is just what the doctor ordered, Hollywood's males contend.

But why? Well, gather closer. Here it is, as Toby gives it: What's sauce for the goose, is applesauce for the gander. And this is how it works:

Toby's first great romance was Jack Oakie. Jack asked for a movie date. But, said Toby, you must ask mama. And Jack had to ask not only mama but papa. And Jack had to have references! So he brought over his sister and her two children!

Then H. B. Franklin, Jr. "I simply adore beautiful cars," she said of his. (Remember that statement for when you read further.)

Ah! And then came Maurice! None other than Maurice Chevalier. A demure little red dress with a more demure little Toby in it got Maurice, Toby says. But Maurice also got Toby. "I shall never, never forget Maurice," she vows.

Anyhow, enter Mr. Jackie Coogan. This one still stands, with a few intermissions, such as Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, Jr., and Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," is also prominently in the running. And another young producer was no proof against Toby's spell, for a time.

Now remember that line about H. B. Franklin's cars. "I simply adore old cars," Toby told Alfred when he drove up for her in one.

Toby's great fun, and really most naive.

*Christmas time is drawing near.
Santa Claus will soon be here
With his presents and his toys
For all the little girls and boys.*

"On Schulberg! On Thalberg! On Zanuck and Selznick!
On Briskin! On Ruskin! On Rivkin and Riskin!"
The cheering practically tore down the Derby. Then a director from Paramount stepped forth and said he wanted to contribute another gem of Yuletide cheer in the little poem, "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way."

"Our version," he said, glancing nervously about, "goes like this:

"Jingle Belle of the Nineties,
Jingle Belle of the Nineties,
Jingle all the way up to the nearest

YEA, ye good old Yuletide draweth nigh. Too nigh for any good, if you want cold, hard facts. And poor old Hollywood, its muffler knotted about its quivering Adam's apple, plodded on its weary way unrejoicing. Weary from its long skipping o'er the ice cakes with the bloodhounds of censorship yapping at its heels. As well as its nice people. In fact, Hollywood wouldn't have cared a jingle if Santa Claus had fallen off someone's simple old chimney and broken his silly old neck.

To be honest, a lot of people had no idea what all the rushing around was about. Some had a vague idea St. Patrick's day was about to descend on them and others decided it must be Groundhog day that was approaching. But nobody cared much, one way or the other.

And then, as if by magic, one lovely morn, battered old Hollywood lifted its blackened eyes and took one look at the holly berries, took one sniff at the plum puddings and one glimpse at Sam Hardy's new red and green overcoat and cried, "It's Christmas. Let's rejoice. Let's throw off this mantle of gloom and make this a Christmas none shall forget."

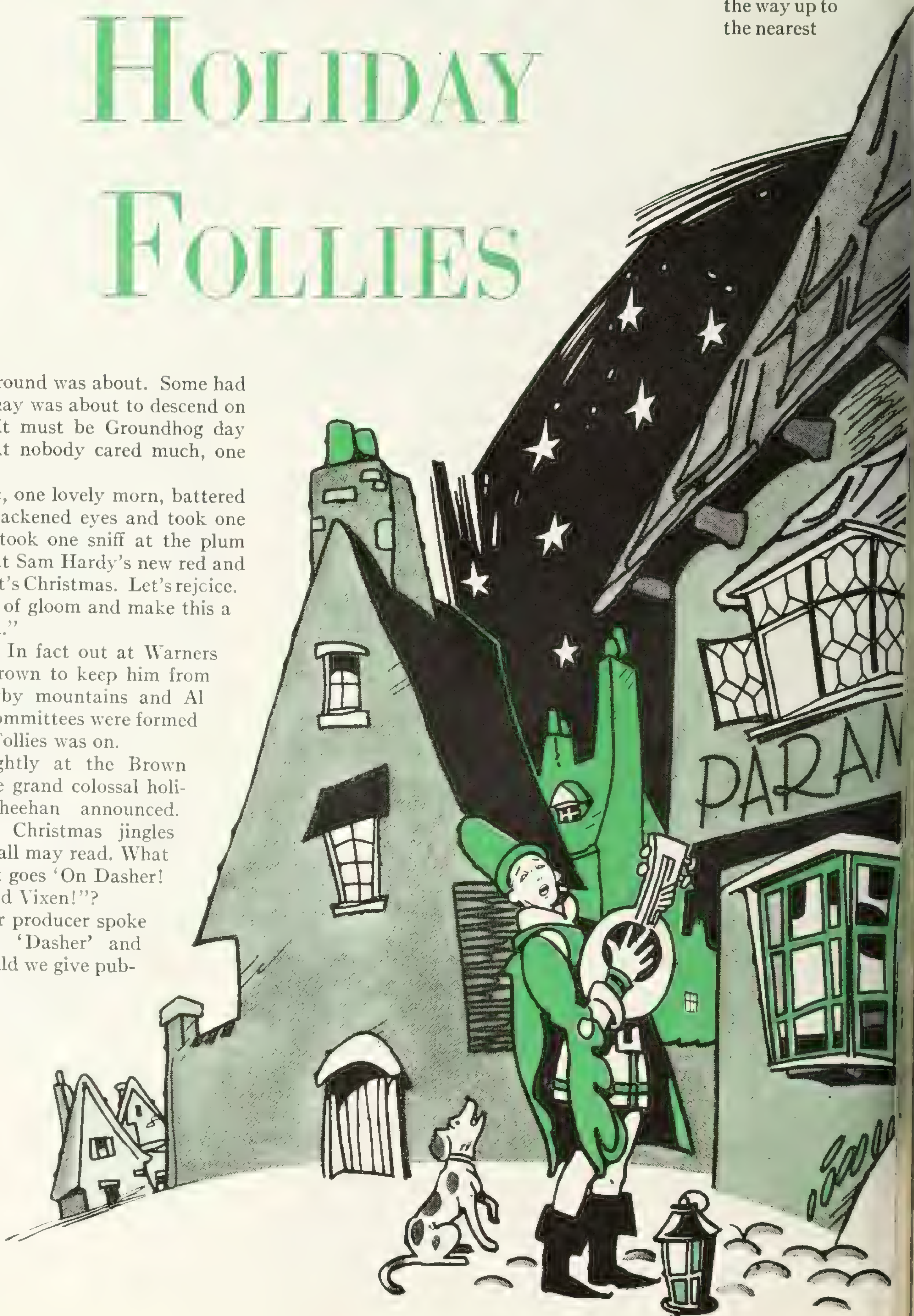
Loud rang the huzzahs. In fact out at Warners they had to gag Joe E. Brown to keep him from splitting asunder the nearby mountains and Al Jolson's head. Overnight committees were formed and Hollywood's Holiday Follies was on.

Meetings were held nightly at the Brown Derby. "We'll unite in one grand colossal holiday jubilee," Winnie Sheehan announced. "Let's have all the old Christmas jingles printed and handed out so all may read. What about the reindeer one that goes 'On Dasher! On Dancer! On Prancer and Vixen!'"

"Just a minute," another producer spoke up. "Just who are these 'Dasher' and 'Dancer' people? Why should we give publicity to those guys? I move we make this a Hollywood thing and exclude all outsiders."

So a writer from one of the studios was hurriedly summoned who made the necessary changes. The poem was then rewritten and passed out around to great applause while everyone read in unison,

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY FOLLIES



Paramount theater and see Mae West in her new super colossal picture."

Screams of protest arose just as he had expected. "Let there be no advertising, gentlemen. Let this be strictly uncommercial."

The director retired in silence.

A timid little assistant director from Warner Brothers then arose and said, "Gentlemen, we offer this old rhyme,

"Little Jack Warner, sat in a corner,

Eating his Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb——"

"And Joe Brown bit it," some-

one rudely interrupted while the little assistant director broke into sobs and had to be led from the place.

Walt Disney then arose and said he would like to submit his version of a famous Christmas poem. So saying, he began,

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even Mickey Mouse."

"I don't know about that," a supervisor said. "Sounds like to me it ain't got no class or somethin'. That way it could be a house just anywhere. Why not give it a touch of Beverly Hills, like this:

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the twenty-two room Spanish stucco house including the

tennis court, swimming pool, patio and Gilbert Roland,

Not a creature was stirring, not even Mary Boland."

"Yea, but where was Charlie Ruggles about that time?" someone wanted to know, which just spoiled everything.

"There's more to that poem," Adolph Zukor said.

"There's one part that says,

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

"Well, there's nothing new in that," Gary Cooper protested. "Everyone in Hollywood has been springing from their beds for years at terrible clatters, and it's always Jack Oakie getting home from a party. I move we skip that part."

It was skipped. While someone else asked what about the one that went,

"Here are the stockings of little Nell,

Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, fill them well."

Immediately Howard Strickling of M-G-M sprang to his feet and said, "I submit this one in the name of my boss, Louis B. Mayer." At this, flags were unfurled all over everything while, amidst loud cheers, Howard read,

"Here are the stockings of little Greta

Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, don't forget-a."

Immediately Paramount leaped up with,

"Here are the stockings of little Marlene, See if you can fill them as well as she can-a."

All of which was terribly confusing to a little gentleman in the corner who, in some way, had gathered

the idea it was Yom Kippur that was on its way and just why Garbo's stockings and Santa Claus should be messing around with Yom Kippur was beyond him.

"How about this, 'Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh'? Harry Cohn, of Columbia asked next.

"No one rides behind a horse in anything these days," Bob Montgomery replied, "except Will Rogers, and certainly you can't go around singing, 'Oh what fun it is to ride in Will Rogers' one horse open buckboard'."

Bing could sing under the Paramount windows and Rudy and Dick before Warners, while other studios could stand by with buckets of scalding water

By Sara Hamilton



"Skip the buckboard," someone else suggested, "and give the whole thing class like this,

"Oh what fun it is to ride in a 16-cylinder limousine with red leather seats, convertible bars, flower vases, cigarette boxes—"

"No, I got it," a director snapped. "We'll sing,

"Oh what fun it is to ride in Bill Fields' trailer, including everything."

And so it was decided.

Sam Goldwyn now arose and said, "Gentlemen, I propose that during the Holiday Jubilee, the studios show their good will to each other."

"We can show you our good Will Rogers," a gentleman from Fox interrupted. And in view of the fact that Will's high box-office rating was a heartbreak to everyone, a stunned silence followed while the gentleman (or maybe he wasn't in every sense of the word) from Fox crept out the back door. And that ended the good will business for once and all.

Right here, a little trouble arose. W. C. Fields said that unless he could climb up on Paramount's roof and sing his favorite Christmas song entitled, "Up on the housetop, hic, hic, hic," he wouldn't play. And Jimmy Durante came back and said that if Fields was allowed to "hic" on the roof, then he wanted to wear the mistletoe on his hat. It was finally settled that Fields could sit on the roof and sing, "Up on the housetop, hic, hic, hic" to his heart's content and Jimmy could wear the mistletoe and if anyone succeeded in kissing him in spite of the nose, he should be awarded the rôle of *The Artful Dodger* in the next Dickens drama.

WHEN it came to the selection of the Carol singers, the confusion was terrible. Warners insisted the serenaders consist wholly of Rudy Vallee and Dick Powell. This simply crushed the spirit of Lyle Talbot forever as Lyle was dying to sing under all the girls' windows.

Paramount immediately turned pink with rage and insisted that Bing Crosby be the Carol singer. M-G-M rather timidly said they had thought of Chevalier, and in no uncertain terms everyone howled they would tolerate no one going around in a straw hat singing "The Merry Widow Waltz" under their windows with a French accent. That life was hard enough as it was.

WELL, the argument waxed long and fierce. Finally Paramount screamed, "We simply will not have Rudy Vallee going around under windows singing, 'Hi ho, everybody, I'm just a vagabond lover,' and Dick Powell coming in with 'Pop goes your heart'."

"We could fix that," Warners argued. "We could give it a little Christmas twist like 'Pop goes your little new popgun' or 'Pop go your nice little popcorn balls'."

"Aw, pop goes your weasel," Paramount sneered.

"Well," they came back, "it's better than Bing Crosby going around warbling, 'Is it the trees, is it the spring? No, it's love in bloom, boo boo boob boo'."

"That's easily fixed," a song writer from Paramount said. "We'll just have Bing sing, 'Is it the trees all covered with tinsel? Is it the Spring in my little Jack-in-the-box? No, it's my little potted poinsettia in bloom, boo boo boob boo'."

Anyway, it was finally decided that Bing could sing under the Paramount windows and Rudy and Dick under the Warner Brothers windows, while all the other studios could stand by with buckets of scalding water for anyone who dared warble a note near their premises.

Then came the most important problem of all: How to entertain Santa Claus. This brought on a terrible clamor of disagreement but finally it was decided a committee composed of a prominent supervisor from each studio stand on guard at Mac West's chimney, for, knowing Santa Claus from a way back they had a hunch that that would be the first place he'd break for. All things being considered [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Alice Brady at home. And Miss Brady's Beverly Hills house is one of the most colorful in Moviedom. The walls are done in tones of red, the predominating color. That fascinating couch, with space for flower pots on the ends, was designed especially for the star by Adrian

It's Never Been Done Before



Ketti Gallian did not speak English when Winfield Sheehan discovered her. She learned to in a hundred days!

Sten, Dietrich, and all the rest really were stars abroad, but "Marie Galante" is Ketti's début as a movie lead

IT has never happened before. True, there have been the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Stens, the Lilian Harveys, the Madeleine Carrolls—a whole parade of glamorous ladies from Europe to the American screen—but they were all stars in their own countries before boarding fast liners for our shores.

Never before has a virtual unknown—a girl with only one major stage appearance to her credit, and whose screen experi-

An extra girl from overseas becomes the star of her first Hollywood film

By Robert Burkhardt

ence consisted of appearing as an extra and bit player—been brought to Hollywood from overseas and pitchforked into a starring rôle for her picture début.

The girl is Ketti Gallian, of France. The story of her discovery and the odd provisions of her contract is one of the most unusual in the history of a place where the unusual occurs so often that it has become commonplace.

It happened one night—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

CERTAINLY Mady Christians is someone to look up to in this scene from M-G-M's "A Wicked Woman." Charles Bickford is the intense gentleman embracing her, and another Charles, by last name, Brabin, is directing them. He is the man with one foot on the stairs. Behind Mr. Brabin are his cameramen and technicians, getting some unique shooting angles for the first American film of the Viennese Miss Christians.

This photograph was taken on the set at the M-G-M Studio, and shows you actual working conditions. "A Wicked Woman" is now ready for your inspection, so you may see this sequence as the movie camera caught it.

THE screen story is based on a novel by Ann Austin. It involves a woman's determined fight to give her children a decent upbringing, after she has killed their rum-running father and fled with them from a miserable existence in the malarial swamplands of Texas. Bickford plays the part of a man who comes into Mady's life after she has established herself in a position of respectability. But then the veil is torn from the ugly past, and the complications are stirring in their drama. It all — but, see for yourself.

HERE are a few facts about Mady Christians that may have slipped your mind. Although this is her first Hollywood picture, she has acted before the cameras across the sea. She was in the Fox-Gaumont-British "Heart Song." She is no stranger to the New York stage. Earlier, she attended Max Reinhardt's school in Berlin. Some of the other players in "A Wicked Woman" are Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Sterling Holloway.





CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



The late Lou Tellegen was at the height of his romantic career at the time this picture was taken, shortly after his marriage to Geraldine Farrar in 1916. Then there was not a hint of the divorce and other clouds that were to darken his horizon

Frank Fay and his charming wife, Barbara Stanwyck, as Frank was about to officiate as Master of Ceremonies at the dedication of a Sunday Night Frolics series, in Hollywood. Frank and Barbara are still one of the most devoted film colony couples



THE month's laurels for tact go to the head waiter at the Trocadero, Hollywood's super supper spot. Douglas Fairbanks sat with an after-theater party including Clark Gable, Richard Barthelmess, Kay Francis and other friends. In came Mary Pickford with another party, including the Johnny Mack Browns and the Charlie Farrells.

The head waiter never batted an eye. With perfect calm and poise, he escorted Mary and her entourage to a booth at the other end of the room.

And there sat the Royal House—divided, as far as the house would allow—until Doug broke the ice and went over for a friendly chat with Queen Mary.

THEY are now running excursions, in Hollywood at least, to view that magnificent new fence of Garbo's. It is made entirely of willow branches, ten feet high, with sharp points suitable for catching the trouser seats of any prying cameraman.

Willow, weep for us!

A LIST of grand old-timers, glorious stars of not so long ago. Chesterfield has this lineup: Mary Carr, Barbara Bedford, Bryant Washburn, Robert Frazer. At Columbia: Lou Tellegen (whose death came before he could make a picture), Hobart Bosworth, Claude Gillingwater.

THEY were taking pictures of Margaret Sullavan in gorgeous evening gowns. Maggie was all done up, fine feathers, fancy hairdress and everything. Then the cameraman happened to glance down at the floor—and almost fainted. La Sullavan was barefooted!

"Why not?" she advanced. "My feet don't show, and it's a lot more comfortable."

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH and the Missis (Ethel Kenyon Sutherland Butterworth) were observed at the El Rey Club, evidently having a grand time. The third person

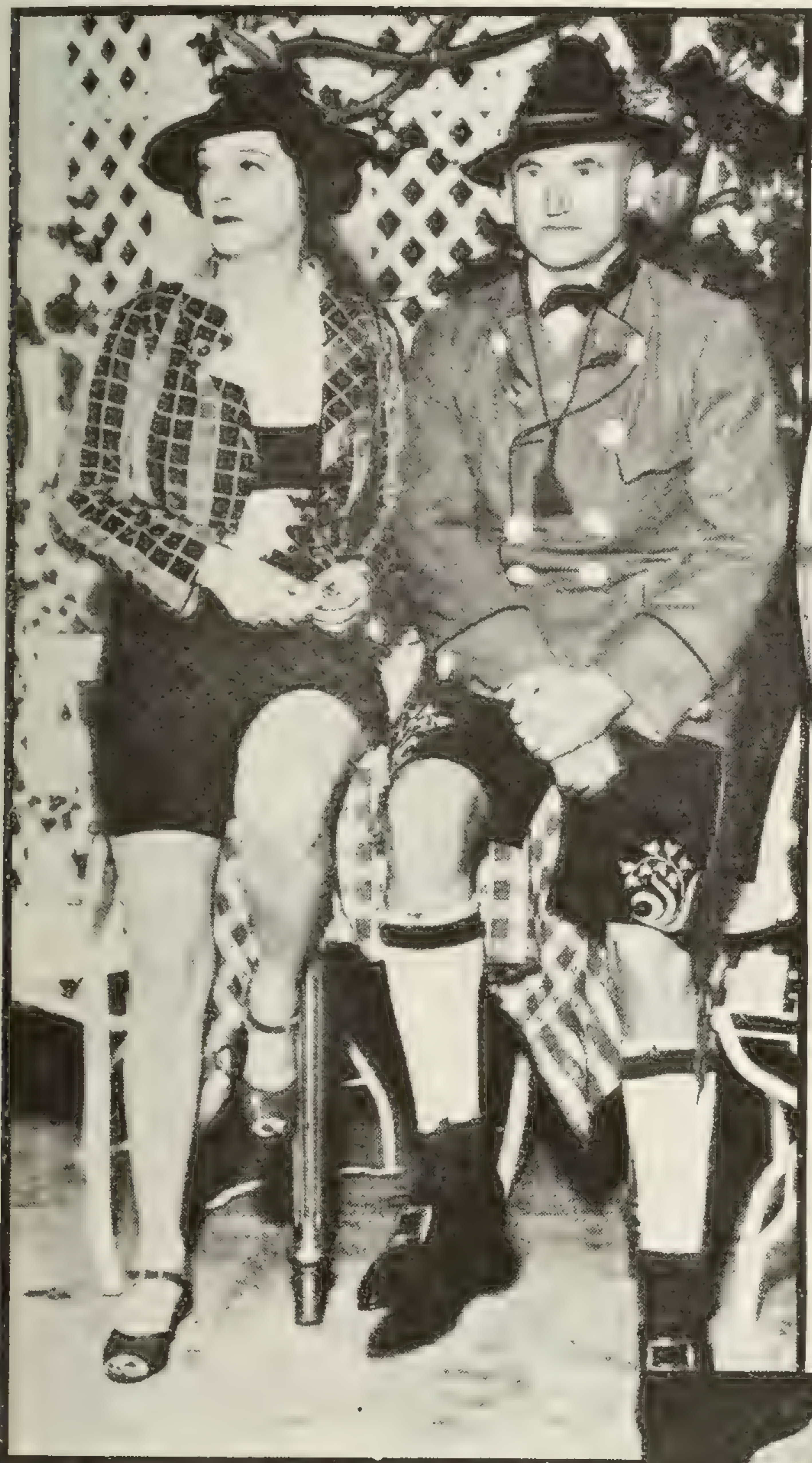
at their table was none other than Director Eddie Sutherland—former husband of Mrs. Butterworth, who was the third Mrs. Sutherland.

GLORIA SWANSON and Herbert Marshall seem to favor the old established Cocoanut Grove, rather than the newer and fancier night spots. They were observed there again recently—Gloria looking like an eighteen-year-old college girl.

AT the Hollywood premiere of "The Affairs of Cellini," Louis Calhern, one of the cast speaking from the stage, said, "I consider it an honor to have worked in this picture with such artists as Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Vince Barnett, Fay Wray—and that's all."

Was Connie Bennett's name deliberately or accidentally left out? Louis said "And that's all." But he won't talk.

Hollywood Goings-On!



Among the celebrities at the "Welcome Home" for Marion Davies were the Countess di Frasso and the noted producer, Samuel Goldwyn

YEARs ago, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle gave James Cruze a gold watch. He engraved it "Roscoe to Jimmy." Shortly after, someone stole the watch. Recently at a party at Cruze's house, a guest drew out his watch and Cruze saw it.

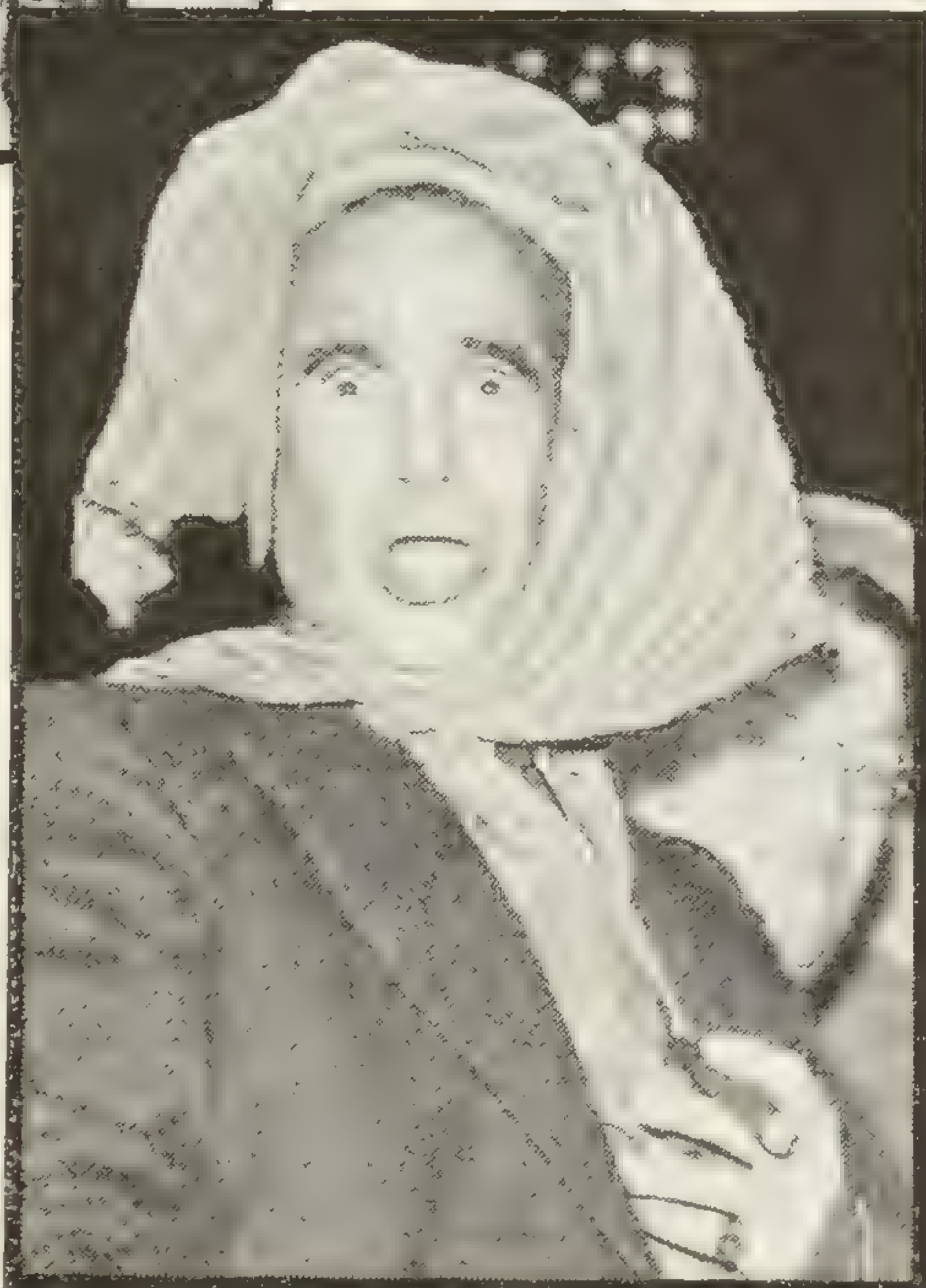
"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"In a pawnshop, bought it for the gold," said the man, "then I decided to use it."

They opened the case. There were the words—"Roscoe to Jimmy."

IT was Lee Tracy who sprung this.

"Yeah, when you don't work on Broadway, it's a lay-off. But when you don't work for two years in Hollywood, you're a supervisor."



Al Jolson, just up to his old tricks at one of the wrestling matches that entertain Hollywood. The whole town turns out on these nights



Now that Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg have decided to go their respective cinema ways, can it be that Rouben Mamoulian, here with Marlene, is to be her next director? Ernst Lubitsch has a bid in, too

NOW that Marlene and Von Sternberg have decided to go their separate ways, professionally, it will be interesting to see the paths that each choose.

Maestro Von Sternberg believes that "We have progressed as far as possible together. My being with Miss Dietrich any further will not help either her or me. If we continued we would get into a pattern which would be harmful to both of us."

So, when "Caprice Espagnole" is completed, Marlene will have another director and Von Sternberg will have another star. Rumors also persist that Josef will be leaving Paramount.

WILL Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert remarry? Virginia still insists on being addressed as Mrs. John Gilbert. And there's the baby.

DOUg FAIRBANKS, Jr. comes home next February, for a stage play, "Moonlight Is Silver," starring him and Gertrude Lawrence. If I'm correct, it was in this play, on the London boards, that Doug, in one scene, clasps a jeweled bracelet on Gertie's wrist, prop jewels of course. Now listen closely—one night Doug popped on the bracelet—and it was the real thing. Just a love token.



GIRLS, you needn't pass up that date with the boy friend now, because you're just back from the hairdresser's with your locks all done up tight in pins. Because, Joan Crawford appeared at a premiere of a picture with Franchot Tone—and Joan's hair was all done up in *paper curlers*.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, noted Hollywood producer, has chosen the following as the ten most outstanding stars of film history, and rates them in the order named: Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Janet Gaynor, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Wallace Reid, and Marie Dressler.

Of the ten listed, only five are making pictures today, two have died, and three, including Mary Pickford, have retired from the screen.

AFTER this, anything's likely to happen. You don't have to imagine Mae West with a lorgnette—you can see her with one. Hollywood got its first glimpse of the haughty article at Emanuel Cohen's recent testimonial dinner—when Mae impressively eyed the assembled guests through it.

She says she always has carried one—but maybe she was bashful before.

Hollywood, slowly recovering, expects a monocle any day now.

WHILE making "Repeal" at the M-G-M studio, Carole Lombard had a birthday. Among the lovely gifts were six or seven huge bouquets from William Powell. But the climax to the celebration came when the delivery boy, through error, tried to deliver the flowers to Jean Harlow's dressing-room.

THE ill-fated "Trader Horn" catastrophes are clearing up a little. Dozens of doctors have attended Edwina Booth, trying to effect a cure for the mysterious jungle fever she is said to have contracted during the African expedition.

Now there is a doctor who is certain of a cure.

And friends of Duncan Renaldo are making an appeal for his release. He was convicted on an immigration quota infringement.

The Marquis de la Falaise was stricken with a similar jungle fever, and John Barrymore has recurrent attacks of the same disease.

Paramount employees are all for Emanuel Cohen, studio head. So much so, that they gave him a testimonial dinner, at Hollywood's Ambassador. Mr. Cohen is smiling happily. And why not, with such a bevy of beauty about him? From the left, you can readily recognize Mary Boland, Katherine DeMille, and (standing) Arline Judge



Sidney Kingsley is referred to as the "Dark Horse" in the life of Sylvia Sidney. This is the first time they have been caught together by the camera, although they've been around town quite a lot, off and on

Step up and meet royalty! King Edmund Lowe and his Queen, Mrs. Wilson Jones, as they presided at the gay charity entertainment given by the Twenty Little Working Girls at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood



When royalty was divided. Here you see Mary Pickford and her guests at the Trocadero, in Hollywood. From the left, are Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Queen Mary, and Johnny Mack Brown. And, although you cannot see him, Douglas Fairbanks and his party are at another table, with the width of the big room between them. However, shortly after this picture was taken, Doug joined Mary



When you can get Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers together for a picture, it is a rare event, indeed. Mrs. Will is very modest, and shuns the limelight. However, Will is fond of boasting he is about the only man in all moviedom with his original wife

THE mysterious lady who has been calling on George Brent is Greta Garbo—after all the speculation going around for weeks and weeks. The Toluca Lakers have been practically dithered ever since they discovered Greta in George's back yard playing handball and punching the bag with a right good will.

TWO comedians went to the wrestling matches together.

"That wrestler certainly has a lot of stamnia," one remarked.

"Yes, but not nearly as much as Rosco Ates," the other drawled.

THE proudest possession of a Hollywood child star is his bridge-work, of all things! As fast as the children lose their front baby teeth, they are rushed to a dentist who fits them up with false ones which they wear all through the picture.

You should see little David Holt and Cora Sue Collins proudly displaying theirs. "It clicks, too," they say.

LIFE begins at forty. But to Arthur Byron, a good actor all his life, stardom, with its glamorous reward, eluded him until he was sixty-five. It was then Walter Wanger signed him to the starring rôle in "The President Vanhes." And from all reports, the delay was well worth waiting for.

THE lowdown on the Cary Grant-Virginia Cherrill bust-up, which was followed by Cary's dramatic bender, mistaken for a "suicide attempt," is that the two couldn't get along on money matters.

W. C. FIELDS is the favorite comedian of Toby Wing and her sister Pat. Almost daily, Toby goes from the Paramount studio and relates the latest Fieldsiana. So Toby's five-year-old brother Paul has developed quite a curiosity about W. C.

"Tell me," he said to Toby, "is

W. C. Fields a real actor, or is he like Mickey Mouse?"

THE last time world's champion Max Baer came to Hollywood, he was all tied up in an Indian summer romance with his wife, Dorothy Dunbar.

But this time, with his marriage all washed up, Max is running a temperature over Judith Allen.

They've been doing the night spots together, in fact, ever since he first came to town for "Kids on the Cuff," at Paramount, where Judith also checks her working togs.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

The "Rediscovery" of Bill Frawley



One of the "pioneers" of Hollywood, he has made a film comeback after a long absence

By Scoop Conlon

The Frawley in this scene from "The Lemon Drop Kid," with Minna Gombell, is the same Bill you see seated at the desk in the old production still at the right

ONE of Hollywood's newest screen "discoveries" turns out to be one of Hollywood's "pioneers"!

Because of several sparkling performances during the past year, William Frawley, of the Broadway stage Frawleys, has been presented with a long-term contract by Paramount.

During the filming of the "The Lemon Drop Kid," one of those Damon Runyon stories of big city life in which Bill Frawley is right at home as a wise-cracking, sentimental tough mug, it was accidentally discovered that the new "discovery" knew more about Hollywood than most of the boys and girls who earn their bread and butter, swanky cars and Beverly Hills estates out here. How do you like that?

Bill Frawley knew all the picture stars of one, two decades ago—when. More than that, he knew most of them very, very well.

Bill is still quite a young fellow, but he has a well-stocked memory. He remembers when all colossal movie deals were made on the Million Dollar Rug of the old Alexandria Hotel; when Charlie Chaplin, Mabel



"The Thoroughbred" was one of the early films in which Bill and his wife played. She is the typist. The late William Russell is shown, talking to Bill

Normand and Mack Sennett dined nightly at Al Levy's cafe; when Richard Barthelmess, Bobby Harron and D. W. Griffith squired the Talmadge and Gish girls to the Alexandria Tea Room to dance to Paul Whiteman's music; when Richard Dix and Douglas [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



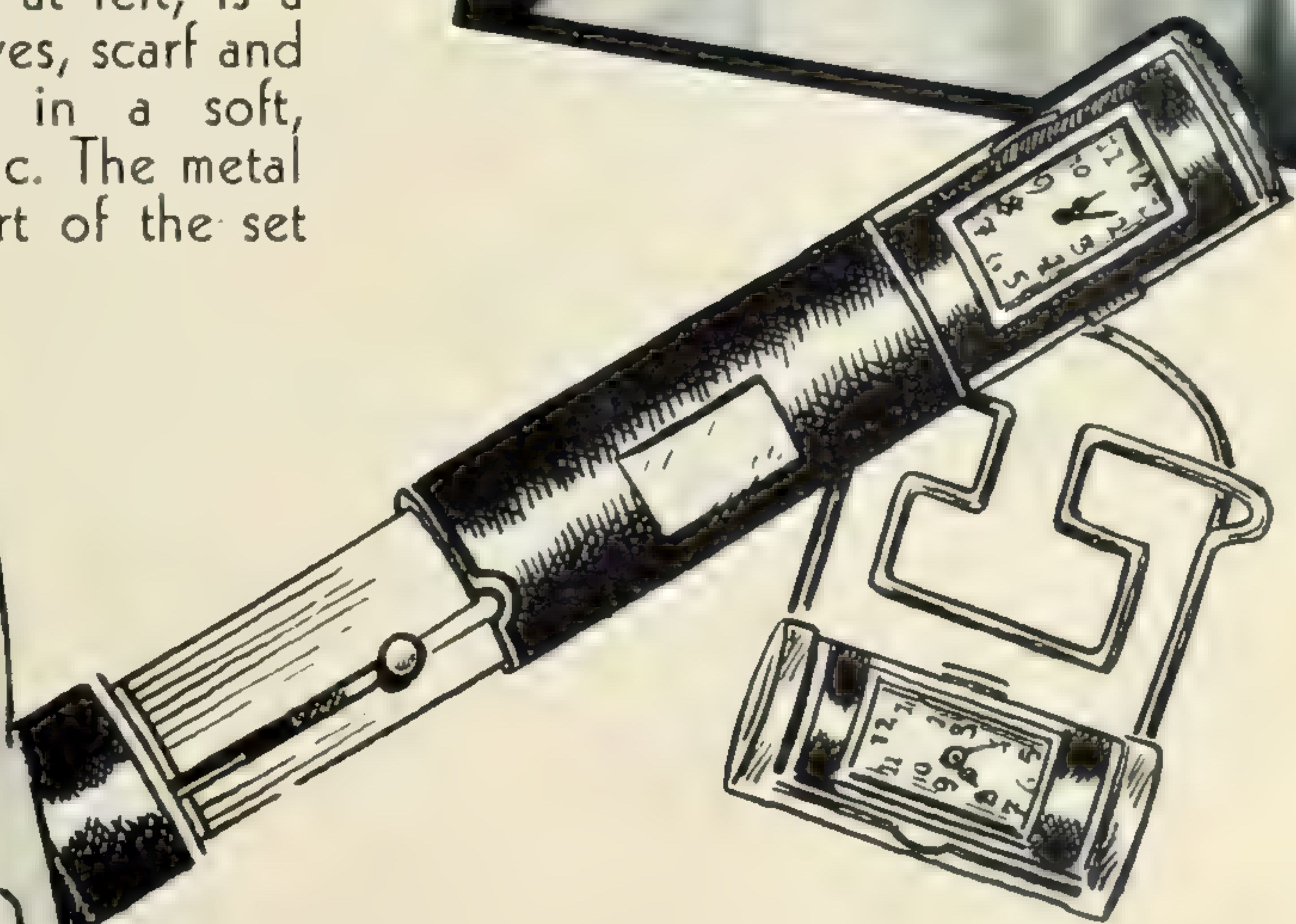
JEWELRY makes a perfect feminine gift, especially when it comes in sets as this above. Hollywood loves the bracelet with matching dress and ear clips. A triangular motif in rhinestones is a novel detail employed here

SPARKLING IDEAS IN GIFTS

VIRGINIA PINE, appearing in "Lady by Choice," wears her gift suggestion! Earrings and a large pin of multi-colored stones follow an old-fashioned design. This duet is as charming for formal costumes as for informal ones



CERTAIN to make a hit is the gift of matching accessories. Here, at left, is a set of hat, gloves, scarf and hand-bag—all in a soft, hairy knit fabric. The metal initials are part of the set



TRICKY watches are the pets of the smartest stars. They like to give and to receive them. Two of the newest designs are sketched. One is encased in a lipstick holder. The other is a money clip with tiny watch for the motif. The latter is a good gift for men as well as for women

HOLIDAY PARTY PREVIEWS

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants



MOIRÉ shot with gold is one of the loveliest materials of the formal season. Helen Vinson wears this Kalloch model in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Wide, suspender-like pieces that tie on the shoulders make a daring top to an otherwise demure gown

CHIFFON returns for the late Winter and resort wear. In "Imitation of Life," Claudette Colbert presents this charming vision in white. The soft movement of skirt and wide sash are interesting details. Front and back décolletage are the same



Seymour



LACE of cobweb sheerness is Banton's thought for a forward looking mid-Winter evening gown. Gertrude Michael wears it in "Menace." Both a cape and peplum treatment with a back flare to the skirt are stressed, giving a crisp, graceful line



BEADS embroidered in a herring-bone tweed pattern form the unusual tunic of Fay Wray's dinner gown designed by Kalloch. The tunic, longer at back and slashed on the sides, is girdled with flame chiffon. The same chiffon edged with beads makes a large handkerchief which Fay wears also as a scarf

STAR ROLES FOR TUNICS



BANTON'S keen fashion eye spots the screen possibilities in the pencil slimness of the tunic. He gives this simple gray dress of Kitty Carlisle's added dash with an unusual collar framed by a brilliant splash of plaid silk. Kitty wears it in "Here Is My Heart"



A LIGHT colored tunic with dark skirt is Shirley Grey's favorite afternoon costume. The tunic is straight and plain except for the softly draped collar held by a gold tongue clip. This is from her personal wardrobe. She appears next in "Wednesday's Child"

— Seymour —



Kenneth Alexander

NO, Wallace Beery isn't taking a couple of youngsters out for a walk. The two little people are Olive and George Brasno, midgets, fully grown. They play the rôles of *Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb* in the 20th Century picture, "*The Mighty Barnum*." Wally is *Barnum* himself, the world-famous showman

GARBO'S FIRST FASHION SITTING IN FIVE YEARS!



OF all the great stars, Greta Garbo is the most elusive when it comes to posing in new fashions. Thus, it is a distinct thrill to give you a preview of three costumes designed by Adrian for her new picture. A gray silk tea gown, above, has a pleated organza jabot and deep dolman type sleeves

THE sports type of thing Garbo loves—nonchalance in the swagger lines of a white flannel coat. A manish note in the polka-dotted navy blue taffeta scarf. And the favorite felt hat, also in navy with a new height to the crown and a downward flare to the brim. Adrian's hint for a resort costume



Three exciting costumes
from "The Painted Veil"
posed exclusively for
PHOTOPLAY

Seymour

These costumes are not obtainable in
Hollywood Cinema Fashions' stores



A NEW version of the famous Garbo pillbox hat is this distinctly Oriental creation in corded felt with jade ornament. Jade is repeated in the exotic Chinese ornaments used to trim the simple white crêpe dress. The scarf neckline is held by the large clips and the wide belt is composed entirely of antique squares held by the carved jade buckle. Adrian uses the dolman sleeve again but continues the fullness to the hand, where it flares outward. This, too, is a grand Winter resort suggestion



William Fraker

LOOKING at luscious Ann Sothern through the camera eye, we see her upside down. But Ann herself has nothing to be upset about. She's a star among stars—in that glittering background! She did a very pleasing job in United Artists' "Kid Millions," and her next picture will be Columbia's "Georgiana"

Salute May Robson!

A great-grandmother,
she's a fine example
for every woman who's
afraid of growing old

By Ruth Rankin

MAY ROBSON will be seventy years old on the nineteenth of April, 1935.

For most of us, the late sixties are regarded as a ripe old age at which to retire and contemplate our blessings. If, indeed, we are lucky enough to be around contemplating anything.

But when this amazing woman could count three score years plus, she started out upon a new career. After twenty years as a stage star, and some years on the stage before she was starred, and then a successful silent-screen career, she launched out into the audible pictures to hang up additional laurels for herself.

May's vitality, her grand spirit, are marks to shoot at. If you have half as much steam at fifty, consider yourself a success. There is certainly no woman in public life who offers a better example to those who fear approaching age.

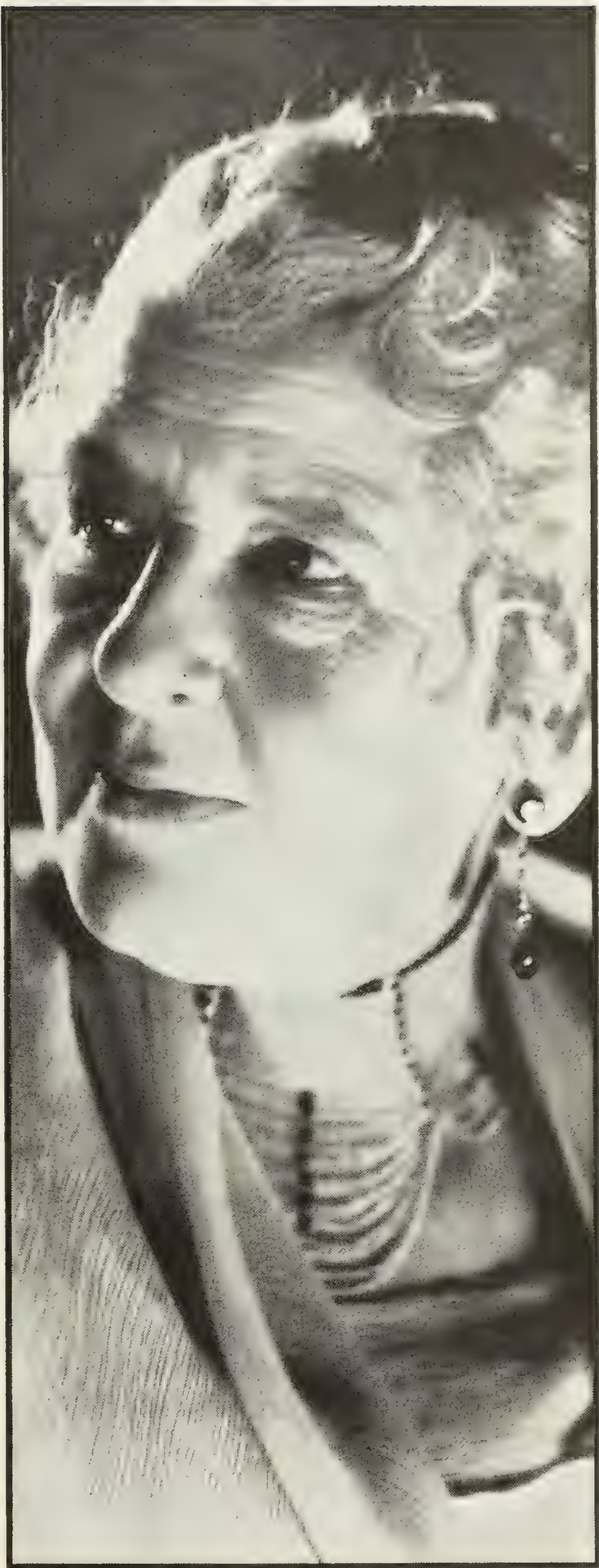
Sometimes she has as long as two days to rest between pictures. So she spends them sitting for portraits, shopping, or making tests at the studio. She goes to see a picture four or five nights out of the week. Sometimes she drives her car, sometimes Lillian Harmer, her friend, companion and secretary for more than twenty years, does the driving.

May Robson was born near Melbourne, Australia, on April 19, 1865. Her father was Captain Henry Robson of the British Royal Navy. He died when May was six, and she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in London. As no young girl's education was considered complete unless she spoke Parisian French, May was later sent to the Pension Passy in Paris, and to a branch of the same school in Brussels. Her life was extremely sheltered but very happy, because Sister Teresa encouraged in her the ambition to be a great actress.

MAY ROBSON never knew poverty or privation in her youth. She had perhaps as fine a classical education as any actress you can name, and she fully appreciates it. But it did not make the way any easier when she decided to go on the stage. Many people did not consider acting a suitable career for a young girl in those days. She had mountains of prejudice to conquer.

From school she returned to London—fell in love, and married E. H. Gore, a handsome young inventor. They crossed to New York, established a home there, and a son was born. E. H. Gore, Jr. still lives in the same home. So did his son, Robson Gore, until his marriage a few years ago. A baby girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robson Gore, has been christened May Robson II, which gives May Robson the honor of being the only great-grandmother in pictures.

It was very daring of May to express a wish to divide her early



Approaching seventy, May Robson is today one of Hollywood's busiest stars. With her picture making she finds time to trade recipes with neighboring housewives and tell stories to all the youngsters on the block

married life with acting. But she had some friends in the theater, and they gave her the first boost. One day, backstage with one of them, she heard a frantic producer grappling with some lines in French which an actress was to speak. Impulsively, May rushed to their assistance. May wound up with two parts to play. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Characters from Dickens: *Murdstone* (Basil Rathbone), the child *David*, (Freddie Bartholomew), his mother, *Mrs. Copperfield* (Elizabeth Allan) and *Peggoty* (Jessie Ralph)

IF you have ever wondered how Hollywood goes about selecting the exact and perfect character for a certain screen rôle, let me tell you of the long and relentless search for just the right little fellow to play *David Copperfield* as a boy. One of the longest and most frantic searches in the history of Hollywood. A hunt that consumed almost a year of time, caused considerable grief, heartaches and disappointments and added innumerable throbs to the already aching head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

For, when that studio decided to produce Dickens' immortal "David Copperfield," they had no notion of the tremendous task ahead. They thought all in the world they had to do was to proceed as usual. Select a proper cast, a director, and begin.

They were mistaken. For, when it came to casting the picture, they could find no boy to play *David* in his tender years, and the part would be an important one. The rest of the cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Lewis Stone and Maureen O'Sullivan, were carefully chosen. Frank Lawton was selected to play *David* as a man. The story was completed, and the production date was set, but, as yet, no suitable boy *David* had been located.

In February, 1934, when still no *David* had been glimpsed on the immediate horizon, the search began in earnest. Mothers in Hollywood were invited to bring in to the studio any child whom they thought might qualify. And the qualifications were set forth plainly and at length. But what qualifications!

The boy must be from eight to ten years old, refined in appearance, handsome, unaffected, must have a true English accent, and no professional experience at all. Furthermore, this paragon must have enough personal magnetism to steal each of his one hundred and ninety-five scenes from the rest of the cast and carry the title rôle of the

Copperfield In Quest Of His Youth

It took almost a year of frantic, intensive searching to find the right youngster

By Sara Hamilton

picture on his slim little shoulders.

There, in a nutshell, was *David*.

Practically every child in town was either seen or tested. None was found who answered all the requirements specified. Several were found who had one or two or even three of the qualifications, but were either too large, too small or had a slight East-side accent.

When, in the course of a month or two, it became apparent that in all Hollywood there lived no *David*, the search turned to England.

Director George Cukor and Producer David Selznick, with their cameramen, sailed the sea with the ultimate goal of bringing back a *David* to the restless, waiting studio.

WORD was sent throughout England that a *David Copperfield* was needed in Hollywood, and to gather the youngsters together in merry old London, the home of one Charles Dickens.

They gathered. From the north, south, east and west of England, they came. The boys were interviewed, tests were made, and the cameramen worked overtime as the dozens of potential *David*s poured in. And poured right out again. For, of all the groups of lads with their chopped-off syllables and broad English "A's," not a one was found who could completely fill the bill.

"Let's try Boston," someone suggested. "Let's try the whole New England States," someone else spoke up. So once again, a crew of men, all at the expense of good old M-G-M, remember, set out on the search, while back in Hollywood producers took to grabbing their thumbs and mumbling aloud to themselves.

In fact, one anxious and worried supervisor dreamed that Wally Beery had been cast for the part and awoke howling with



A scene with *Peggotty* and little *David*. So exacting were qualifications for the boy's rôle, thousands were tested before young Bartholomew was discovered



Freddie Bartholomew (left) shares title rôle honors with the grown-up *Copperfield*, Frank Lawton. What a resemblance!

such unearthly screams it took his wife, three neighbors and two radio cops to quiet him down.

"I can't stand by and see Wally Beery play *David Copperfield*," he kept wailing over and over.

It was now July. Exactly five months had passed since the serious search for a little boy *David* had started.

While through the New England States, the weary little group of searchers went on, day after day, testing this child and that one. Sending back the tests for a nerve-torn studio to view. And the view wasn't too lovely.

By this time, the last member of the tremendous and imposing cast had been signed. Expenses at the studio mounted and mounted.

The tour of the New England States ended, with the seekers no nearer a *David* than they had been before.

The studio then established, at
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

Here's More Perfection For You

Madame Sylvia is "assembling" the perfect model to guide you in reshaping your figure. Last month she selected Grace Moore's throat, Norma Shearer's shoulders, and Jean Harlow's bust. Now she adds the waistline, hips and abdominal sculpture for the hypothetical ideally-formed woman.

Says Sylvia

WELL, I certainly started something last month when I began to set a standard of beauty by picking out the perfect bodily features of the stars and telling you how to perfect yourselves. I'm practically snowed under with letters from all my girl friends outside the profession. You're all asking me, "Who has perfect arms? Who has perfect legs, feet, hips, etc., etc.?" Listen, babies, just be patient. Give me time to catch my breath—a good deep breath. I'll get around to it. And in the meantime remember to improve yourselves from day to day, little by little, until you're completely satisfied.

One letter gave me a real thrill. It said, "Ever since I've been reading your articles, Sylvia (and I've read every word you've ever written), I've wanted to know what your ideals are. Now you've told me. But tell me more. It gives me an inspiration." And let me tell you, letters like that give me an inspiration.

So this month I'm going to



The perfect waistline is the enviable possession of Jean Parker. And Sylvia tells you how *you* may achieve a symmetry equal to hers. So get busy, girls—and you ladies further along in years can do it, too

Margaret Sullavan is your example for perfect hips. She has no bulges and no bumps, yet none of her bones shows. Follow Sylvia's exercises and diets, and you, also, may have the same exquisite contours



pick the stars who have the most beautiful waistline, hips and abdominal sculpture. Take them as your basis of perfection and then do what I tell you so you can be perfect, too. Are you ready? Then here they are:

THE perfect waistline? You guessed it—little Jean Parker's. Yes, I know she's young, but that doesn't make any difference. I've seen girls in their teens whose waistlines looked swell when they had on their clothes—but put them in bathing suits—and good heavens! what sights they look! Some with their rolls of fat and others with their scrawny waistlines. Yes, I said scrawny. The waistline is one of the parts of the body that needs a little covering of flesh. No, I don't mean a spare tire and I don't mean flabby muscles. I mean a covering of nice *firm* flesh. And that goes for you older girls. I know you'll squawk and say, "I had a nice waistline at seventeen, too." Well take it from me, waistlines can begin at forty. So get busy.

Look at Jean Parker. She has a perfectly proportioned body. I'll admit, and her waistline inclines on the long side, which is right. Another thing that adds to the beauty of it is that lovely flatness at the back and that grand length between her bust and waist. And when Jean Parker puts on a girdle she hasn't got a jelly-roll of fat pushing up over it.

I remember how thrilled my mother was because she had a seventeen-inch waist. But how did she get it? By hooking her corset strings around the bed-post and walking away from it. So what happened to the flesh that was rightly at the waistline? You've guessed it. The flesh rolled out of the top and below the bottom of her corset. Isn't it grand that we're so much more sensible now? Yet even today we do things to ourselves—wrong things—that spoil the natural symmetry of the body.

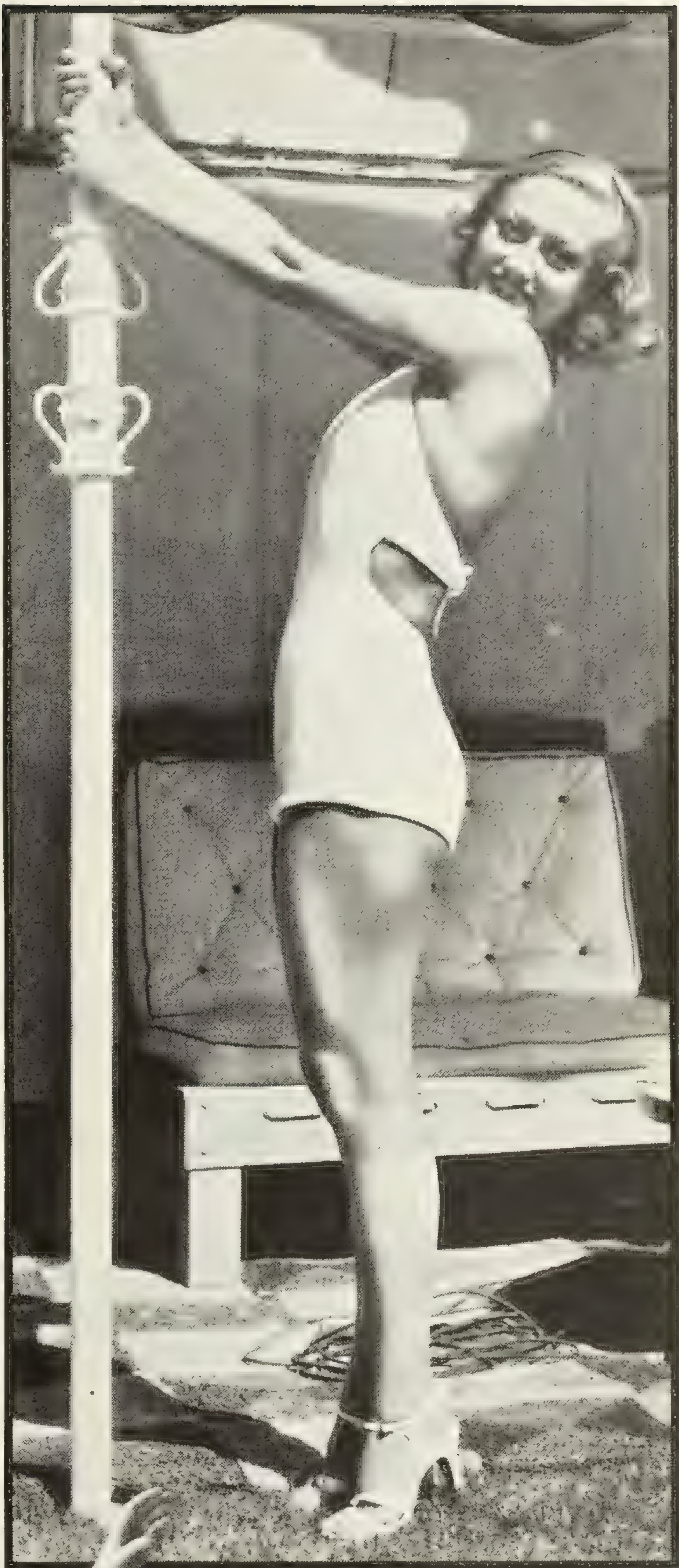
So if your waistline is too long or too short, conceal it by wearing clothes with correct lines. Your mirror can tell you what you need to know about that. Also remember to make your bust firm with exercise and wear a good brassière so that your bust and your waistline won't roll into each other. That's



Sylvia

If you have any questions about health or bodily beauty, write to Sylvia. See her answers, page 98

Connie Bennett used to be Sylvia's perfect hip model. But no more! Bones should not protrude sharply

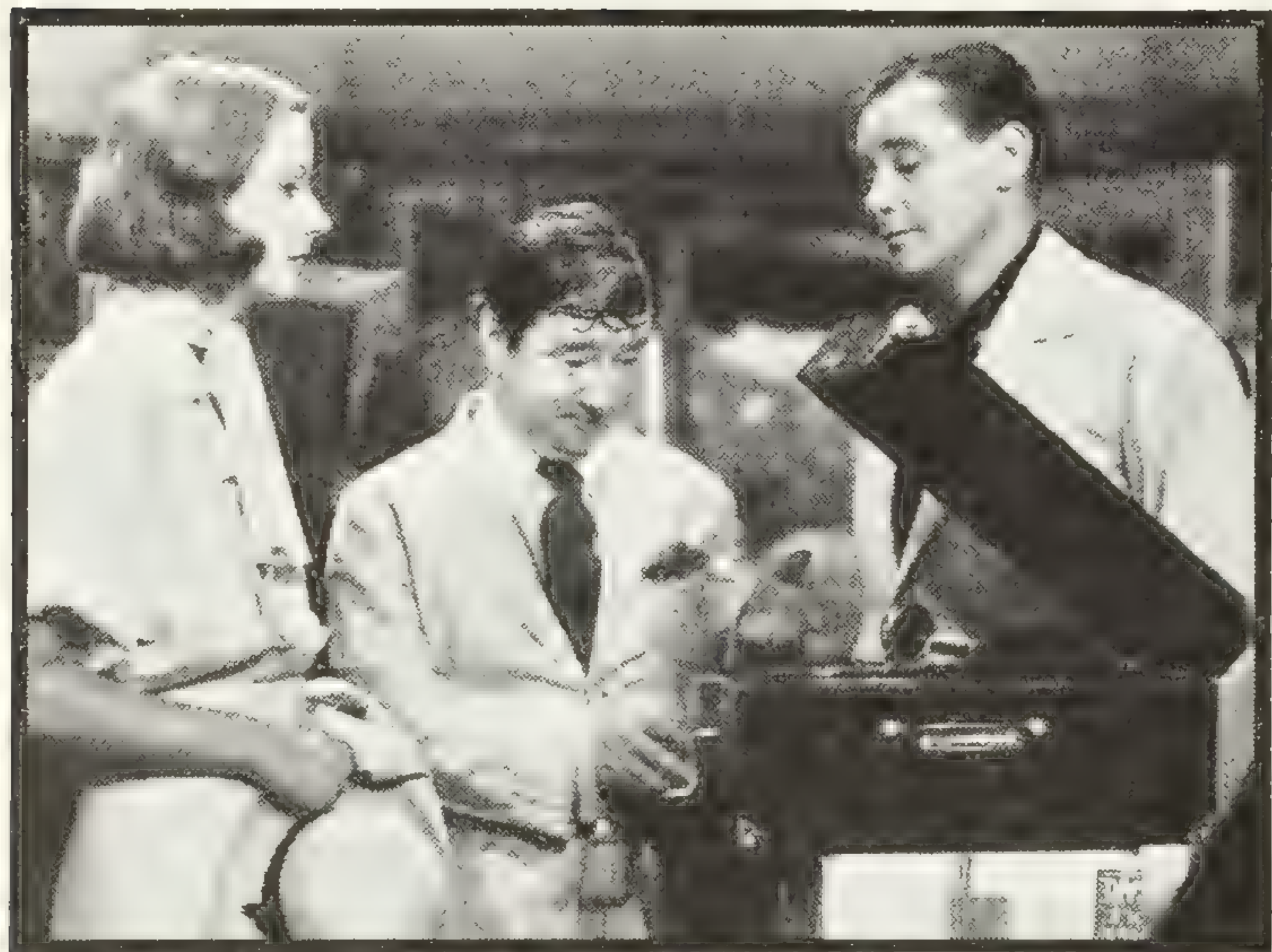


Joan Crawford's abdominal sculpture is something for you to strive for. She is *flat* in front. And that's essential to beauty

very important. And then you've *got* to make the muscles in your back firm and flat. Here's how.

Place your feet about six inches apart, with the toes straight out in front. Don't move your feet. Don't bend your knees. Arms above your head. Twist and bend your body until your finger-tips touch the floor as far out as you can reach and slightly to the right. Do you feel the waistline muscles pulling, particularly that one at the back? Repeat on the left side. Start by doing this ten times a day and work up to twenty. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE PAINTED VEIL—M-G-M*

GARBO is Garbo—forever. And lighted by her magic presence this Somerset Maugham story is distinguished and powerful on the screen. She has seldom been more real or compelling than in the tragic rôle of the girl who goes with her doctor husband (Herbert Marshall) to China, there realizes a consuming passion for another (George Brent), suffers the heartbreak of his disappointment, and then discovers a love greater than passion for her husband amid a cholera epidemic. Director Richard Boleslawski has captured a tremendous movement and tense realism in his climactic scenes, but in others a vagueness hampers the film's meaning. Marshall is as polished as usual. Brent plays his scenes convincingly and with warmth. Jean Hersholt, Forrester Harvey and Cecilia Parker distinctive in small rôles.



★ *THE WHITE PARADE—Fox*

BLESSED with fine acting and superb direction, here is a picture you'll long remember. Against a hospital background which is at all times genuine and human are portrayed the good times, the bad times, the dreams and ideals of a group of girls in nurses training. Loretta Young, giving the best performance in her career, stands out in the group.

A Cinderella love story threads through the picture, with John Boles, wealthy play-boy, as the Prince Charming and Miss Young his desired. Jane Darwell, as the soft-hearted head nurse who must be stern, is outstanding. The entire supporting cast, particularly Sara Haden, Muriel Kirkland and Dorothy Wilson, is excellent.

It's a beautiful, a heart-stirring picture which keeps you trembling between tears and laughter.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *KID MILLIONS—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists*

HERE is a hit and a long run picture—a Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast.

Eddie, a poor and homeless lad, learns he has inherited from his father a treasure worth millions which he must go to Egypt to collect. Sailing on the same boat are torch singer Ethel Merman, posing as his long-lost mother; her thug boy-friend, Warren Hymer, pretending to be his *Uncle Louie*; and Berton Churchill, unscrupulous Southern gentleman, all planning to cheat Eddie out of the fortune. The attempts to bump him off on shipboard are hilariously unsuccessful.

Once in Egypt things happen fast and funny. Eddie's scenes with Sheikess Eve Sully are side-splitting.

Eventually Eddie (now *Eddie Bey*) escapes with the treasure, and returns home keeping his promise to all the poor children in the neighborhood to build them an ice cream factory. The final sequence, with the youngsters making merry in the ice cream plant, is in Technicolor, and you've never seen anything lovelier on the screen. It's truly an inspired wind-up.

The love songs in the picture are sung by Ann Sothorn and George Murphy, as sweet-singing a twosome as you've ever heard. "Kid Millions" is an earful and an eyeful, and you'll be humming the tunes and repeating the gags for days.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

KID MILLIONS

THE PAINTED VEIL

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

EVELYN PRENTICE

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA

BROADWAY BILL

THE WHITE PARADE

MUSIC IN THE AIR

COLLEGE RHYTHM

FLIRTATION WALK

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil"

Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions"

Myrna Loy in "Broadway Bill"

Loretta Young in "The White Parade"

Jane Darwell in "The White Parade"

Myrna Loy in "Evelyn Prentice"

William Powell in "Evelyn Prentice"

Florence Reed in "Great Expectations"

Jack Gilbert in "The Captain Hates the Sea"

Victor McLaglen in "The Captain Hates the Sea"

Warner Baxter in "Hell in the Heavens"

Joe Penner in "College Rhythm"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ BROADWAY BILL—Columbia

DOTTED with unforgettable moments, this is a grand picture. The story is of Warner Baxter, who breaks away from the dull task of making paper boxes under the domineering fingers of his wife, Helen Vinson, and her father, Walter Connolly, and stakes his future on a gallant race horse, *Broadway Bill*.

Everything, except Myrna Loy, seems to plot against his winning—living in a ramshackle stable, unable to raise money for the entrance fee, *Broadway Bill* catching cold during an endless rain storm, a crooked jockey.

When the race is finally run, for sheer, unbearable excitement it should end all horse races on the screen. Nothing so tremendous could ever be repeated. The story leads up beautifully to such a dizzy height of emotional relief that you will rise and cheer furiously at that wonderful horse, *Broadway Bill*.

Director Frank Capra executes a miracle of timing and direction, and the entire cast has lifted the picture to dramatic excellence.

Myrna Loy's performance is distinctly memorable. And Clarence Muse, Raymond Walburn and Harry Todd are stand-outs. Baxter's work is extraordinarily effective.

Those who love horses will be particularly enthralled with this movie. It is a Capra picture, and a racing picture, and a good picture.



★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal

WHERE has Dickens been all this time? Or possibly, where have the studios been? Here is superb movie material.

This is the story of the orphan boy, *Pip*, (admirably played as a child by George Breakston, later by Phillips Holmes), and his love for *Estella* (Jane Wyatt), adopted daughter of the eccentric *Miss Havisham* (Florence Reed) who took the orphan boy into her weird home.

The story unfolds with interest and mystery, and is clearly delineated on the screen. Florence Reed gives an outstanding performance, as does Henry Hull.

Alan Hale, Rafaela Ottiano, Francis L. Sullivan and the rest of the large cast are more than equal to their rôles, and the result is a fine and worthwhile production.



★ MUSIC IN THE AIR—Fox

IN THIS charming musical, gay with laughter and rich with song, Gloria Swanson returns to the screen. With a fine sense of comedy she portrays *Frieda*, tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, *Bruno* (John Boles).

Miss Swanson's voice may not be adequate as a foil for that of Boles. But their scenes together—their violent quarrels and ecstatic reconciliations—are so amusing and spontaneous that this possible fault is offset.

Charming, too, are the bewildered Bavarian villagers, *Karl* (Douglass Montgomery) and his sweetheart, *Sieglinde* (June Lang) and her father, *Dr. Lessing* (Al Shean), who have come to Munich to hear *Frieda* sing.

Altogether it's a delightful adaptation of the operetta, with Jerome Kern's fine score given its full value.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**EVELYN
PRENTICE—
M-G-M**



THAT ace of teams, William Powell and Myrna Loy, score another hit! In deeply human rôles they bring a rare sense of reality to the characters: Myrna as the wife who thinks she has murdered a man, Powell as Myrna's lawyer husband hired to defend Isabel Jewell who is accused of the murder. Miss Jewell makes cinema history in a short courtroom scene. Una Merkel and Harvey Stephens give grand support.



**COLLEGE
RHYTHM—
Paramount**



GET ready with a sis boom rah for another bright and tune-ful collegiate musical with football star Jack Oakie stealing girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross, and Joe Penner adding gales of laughter. A wow is Joe, and no mistake! The music is catchy, the comedy hilarious, and the climax hysterical with the nuttiest football game ever played. Helen Mack, Lyda Roberti, George Barbier, help greatly.



**THE
CAPTAIN
HATES THE
SEA—
Columbia**



FOR the grandest trip of your life board the ship commanded by Walter Connolly, a Captain who really hates the sea. On board you'll meet John Gilbert, tippling reporter, Victor McLaglen, detective, Tala Birell at her most gorgeous, and a whole boat load of favorites. The story sails smoothly, with bright dialogue, good comedy, and strong direction by Lewis Milestone. A man's picture no woman will want to miss.



**FLIRTATION
WALK—
First National**



THE colorful background of West Point, the double barreled charm of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, and the sensitive human directorial touch of Frank Borzage make this a grand parade of entertainment. Pat O'Brien plays the tough-knuckled, sentimental sergeant to perfection. Ross Alexander scores as Dick's pal. Bring the whole family—and perhaps a handkerchief for the final scenes.

**THE
FIREBIRD—
Warners**



THIS exquisitely wrought picture is proof that the movies have grown up. The story is of Ricardo Cortez, an actor who tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, wife of Lionel Atwill, into a love trap. Verree spurns him, but her young daughter, Anita Louise, is caught in the web, when Cortez is killed. Here is splendid adult screen entertainment, magnificently acted. Anita Louise gives an outstanding performance.

**KENTUCKY
KERNELS—
RKO-Radio**



LEAVE your superiority complex at home and indulge in unrestrained mirth at the most absurd antics of Wheeler and Woolsey. As custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland—who is alone worth the price of admission—they go down to Kentucky and get mixed up in a feud, with moonshine and roses and phony Southern accents. Mary Carlisle and Noah Beery add to the merriment. You'll have a good time.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE ST. LOUIS KID—
Warners



A STORY as fast, breezy and active as James Cagney himself puts this one well out in front. Jimmy, a peppery truck driver, talks up a milk strike in a country town and then, with his buddy, Allen Jenkins, has to run the gauntlet of enraged farmers with a milk-laden truck. You should see Jimmy sock 'em with his head. Romantic prize is Patricia Ellis. Definitely prescribed for Cagney admirers.

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—
Fox



GOOD acting, and a plot that is different make this a picture of merit. It's the story of a French air unit, quartered near the German lines. Warner Baxter, as an American aviator, tops an excellent cast which includes Russell Hardie, Ralph Morgan, Andy Devine and Herbert Mundin. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence in this very masculine picture which can't fail to grip your interest.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—
First National



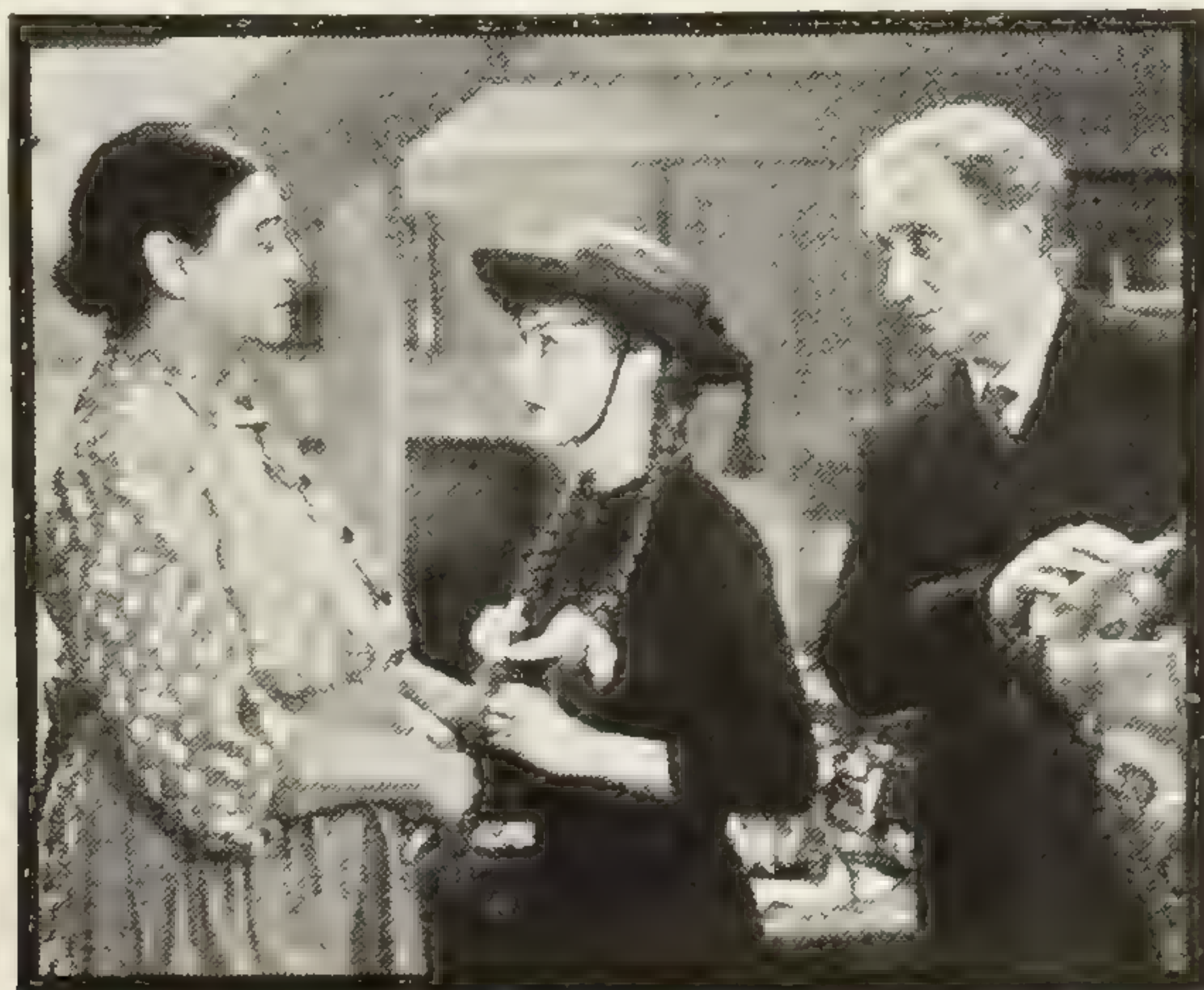
FRANCHOT TONE gives his most able performance to date in this modern story of four pals just out of college, struggling to place themselves in their professions. Nick Foran, as *Smudge* is good, and the other major parts, played by Jean Muir, Ross Alexander, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak and Robert Light, are convincing. In spite of its trend of hopelessness, you'll enjoy this picture, for it is real.

LITTLE FRIEND—
Gaumont-British



ADD this one to the list of British productions that are making American producers look to their laurels. Simply and convincingly told, it's the tragic story of a child whose happiness and security at home is suddenly shattered by her parents' divorce and subsequent court actions for her custody. Nova Pilbeam, English child star of the picture, gives a beautiful performance.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—
RKO-Radio



A FAITHFUL and sympathetic screen adaptation of the novel makes this an enjoyable picture, suitable for the whole family. The cast is good, with Anne Shirley in the title rôle of the orphan adopted by kindly *Matthew Cuthbert* (O. P. Heggie) and his sister *Marilla* (Helen Westley). Tom Brown, Sara Haden, Hilda Vaughn, are all excellently cast. Well directed. Romance, humor, and pathos well balanced.

MAN OF ARAN—
Gaumont-British



MAGNIFICENT in its beauty, here is a saga of the fisher-folk who live on the rocky Aran Islands, off the coast of Ireland. The film has no plot. Its purpose is to tell the story of people who must battle with the sea for a bare existence. One can easily understand why this picture received the Mussolini cup as the most beautiful film of the year.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120]

"HELLO, Jimmy, how are you?" Ask him that question, and Mr. Savo will answer, "Oh, I can't kick, I have a sore foot."

Or, "Just like a stove — grate!"

Or, "Like a bundle of wood. I'm all broken up."

Then he'll smile ingratiatingly and say, "I'll bet you won't like me any more—after that last one!"

But you will. All Broadway has, for the past twenty years. And Jimmy Savo has been making terrible puns and groan-provoking jokes since he first learned to talk.

He takes off his hat, looks at it a moment, and comments, "I like to wear a derby. They seem musical to me. On account of the band, I guess. And I wear a fur coat and a palm beach suit most of the time, too. Then, no matter what the weather is, I'm always comfortable. By the way, do you know who wears the biggest hat in the world? Give up? The man with the biggest head!"

At this point Charlie MacArthur groans and says, "That's the sort of thing Hecht and I were afraid of when we asked Jimmy to play the lead in our picture, 'Once in a Blue Moon.' And we have the guy under contract, too!"

"Aw, that's all right, Charlie." Jimmy pats his director on the shoulder. "Cheer up! I'll sing you a little song entitled, 'Don't Throw Spinach At Me; There's Iron In It!' Oh, you've heard that one? You don't like it? Well, then, Charlie, how about the little ditty, 'She Used To Be A School-teacher, But She Lost

All the World's His Stooge

Introducing Jimmy Savo, the King of Clowns! But don't say a word. If you do, he's sure to make a stooge of you, too

By Mildred Mastin

Her Class.' No? Very unmusical man, Mr. MacArthur. Come on out, Charlie, I'll buy you a drink."

At the bar Jimmy orders cheerfully, "Give me a bird cocktail. You don't know what it is? Why, a couple of swallows."

Or, "I'd like a Scotch drink—a glass of water with a nickel in it."

During this, Mr. MacArthur is standing at the



Here's Savo, telling his horse a joke about nightmares. A patient beast, horsie usually starts kicking after the third or fourth pun by Jimmy

"Hello, there, how are you?" Don't ask Savo the same question unless you're quite willing to be a stooge for the little comedian

On the set of "Once in a Blue Moon," Mr. Savo has just asked Edwina Armstrong a question. She'll be his stooge soon



Jimmy tells the dove what a bird cocktail is. And his feathered friend's answer is "Cheap, cheap"

But MacArthur's silent disapproval doesn't worry Mr. Savo. For, when Charlie doesn't laugh he is distinctly in the minority. Everybody else laughs at a Savo joke. Maybe you heard it before. Maybe it is a terrible pun. But with a comical Savoesque gesture, it's screamingly funny. And Jimmy, known as the king of pantomiming comedians on Broadway for many years, can throw a theaterful of people into paroxysms of laughter simply by counting to ten!

Strangely enough, Savo didn't know he was funny until he had been entertaining audiences for a long time. Like W. C. Fields, he began his theatrical career as a juggler, not a comedian. The juggling started when, at the age of eight, he and his brother watched a man on a New York street corner juggling lighted torches. Using small stones, Jimmy tried to copy the trick and soon perfected it. For the amusement of the youngsters in the block he performed,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

A Starred Christmas Gift Premiere From Hollywood

CAROLYN VAN WYCK has turned detective and for the last few weeks has snooped around Hollywood and New York like nobody's business, in an effort to forecast what the stars will be giving for Christmas this year, for the benefit of you, my readers.

My explorations were full of adventure. Around a corner might come Norma Shearer, glowing like an Autumn leaf, trim and chic in the smartly tailored street clothes she affects, her eyes twinkling merrily about a mysterious armful of packages. Or Marlene Dietrich, her blue eyes and golden hair like sunbeams, lifting those strange brows slightly when questioned. Or any of those hundreds of lovely players that make Hollywood the center of the world's beauty and charm, some of whom we corraled straight to the studio to pose for you. But to one of my young pets, Rochelle Hudson, should go the biggest of Christmas trees, the fullest of stockings and the nicest of gifts, because Rochelle took time and patience to have a tree decorated as she thinks one should be, to have packages wrapped and tied to make them look appealing and enchanting as all gifts should look, whether they happen to contain the rarest of



Joan Bennett has chosen a very new perfume for a gift. It is a luxurious fragrance, of South Sea island inspiration, in a flacon of clouded glass with black and gold lacquer-like cover



A choice in compacts by Glenda Farrell. In left hand is a modern, colorful affair holding lipstick, powder and rouge. In right is an enameled squarish design, richly colored, double, with loose powder and rouge. Grand gift ideas



Rochelle Hudson is wide-eyed in anticipation of that Christmas package. If the contents are as grand as the wrappings, Rochelle, all will be very, very merry. Make your remembrances look gay and gifty with holiday papers and ribbons and amusing tags

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



Dolores Del Rio exhibits one of the newest Hollywood and Paris fashions, mirror accessories for your evening bag. Here is a lustrous compact of inlaid mirrors with down puff

perfumes or a practical little thought like hair pins designed for your special needs and the color of your hair.

So take a lesson from Rochelle, and invest in gay papers, ribbons and cards to make your thought look like a gift, not a mere package. The sentiment on your cards is important, because, with a little care on your part, you can hand the recipient a laugh as well as a gift. And a happy laugh is always a true gift.

The stars like to give beauty—gifts that are beautiful in themselves and that will make you more beautiful. Perhaps this tendency is largely due to the fact that these girls have learned the value of beauty or what passes for beauty. The compact, for example, which adds thrill and color to your street or evening bag. Perfumes, whose inspirational value can never be over-estimated. Irene Dunne will frankly tell you that the scent of perfume once saved her from a bad attack of stage fright. Powders, treatment and make-up kits, bath accessories, the list goes on. So for every girl confronted with a gift problem, I think I may safely advise, give beauty. It is lasting, inspiring, beautiful.



A gift gadget that many a girl will welcome for her bag is a purse perfume case in platinum tone with red and black accents. Protects and prevents spillage, and comes filled in any of ten favorite fragrances. Judith Allen suggests this gift

Complete treatment and make-up kits fill your stockings with delight. Evelyn Venable, appearing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is enthusiastic about this compact arrangement containing everything that makes you well groomed and beautiful



HOLIDAY SHOPPING WITH BENITA HUME AROUND NEW YORK



Fur toques are a new target for your favorite perfume. It lingers appealingly on fur. Benita is spraying hers with a fragrance reminiscent of Paris, from a smart atomizer



Spraying your fabric gloves with perfume is another of Benita's ideas. A fragrance to titivate the imagination is enclosed in that inspired flacon studded with crystal sparks. Very elegant

After Benita Hume completed "The Private Life of Don Juan," we joined her on a shopping tour. One of her purchases was a flacon of pine bath essence, in a pine-needle green bottle dressed up with gold banding and seal. Divinely exhilarating in your bath



A quartette of Parisian perfumes also snared Benita. A foursome, all of which you will adore. That ultra-smart box in sky-scraper pattern looks very sophisticated and charmingly amusing

WHEN Benita Hume finished "The Private Life of Don Juan," she began a vacation, stopping in New York to look over the shops. From a shopping expedition she came straight to the studio to show you some of the things she had bought. You can see that Benita has a penchant for perfume. I'll tell you all about her gifts, names, prices, details, if you'll write to me, or any of the other ideas shown in these pages.

Benita, in my opinion, is one of the most beautiful players. Her gray ribbed wool frock and gray astrakhan toque, with ruby-like clip, were perfect backgrounds for her rich brown hair and velvety brown eyes.

All of my pictures seem to fill the bill for the ladies of our families and acquaintance, young and not so young, but we've neglected the men and the very young generation.

One of this season's offerings is a very new perfume for men. Don't be too surprised. It is not the alluring, charming essence which we like to waft as we walk, dance or sit. Instead, it is essentially masculine and refreshing, denoting just that note of immaculacy and thought that we like in our sweethearts, husbands and friends. I think most men will be pleased to find that world-famous chemists have at last concocted for them an essence that is appropriate, masculine and in perfect taste.

If you have little sisters or nieces running about, my best suggestion for them is a small manicure kit. You can buy good ones from fifty cents up, and I suggest this for an important reason. The very sophistication and grown-upness will please immensely, but the point is that it is the best means in the world

A STOCKINGFUL OF IDEAS FROM YOUNG PLAYERS



Florence Rice approves of this combination that gives you both perfume and atomizing device in the same package. A romantic concoction that lingers in memory



An attractive and practical make-up ensemble is shown by Ruby Keeler. The idea of make-up in combination is advisable, because it gives you harmonious and related tones. A thought for the girls whose color preference you know or can choose, wisely. They will like twins



For the evening, Kitty Carlisle, now appearing in "Here Is My Heart," suggests a good-looking compact and cigarette case combined in black and white. Sophisticated



Something to get excited about, thinks June Clayworth. A bath-room cabinet holding eau de Cologne, bath essence, bath powder and soap. White and gay red

of overcoming grimy and nail-biting habits. The manicure kit is a perfect idea for the grown-up, too. Even if you go in for professional manicures, the kit is necessary and will do worlds of good between manicures.

The basic treatment boxes are always welcome. Creams and lotions should work together, and it is wiser to use especially face creams and lotions by the same maker. Besides, the kit idea often introduces you to some grand preparation that ordinarily you might not know about or think that you needed.

The same is true of make-up combinations. Rouge and lipstick should be in the same tone. A number of manufacturers have worked out perfect tone combinations in these beauty pouches.

Who ever has enough bath accessories, powders, eaux de Cologne, bath scenting and softening preparations? Any or all are grand gift ideas. Most of them come in charming, gay packages especially for the Christmas season, that add a note of luxury to your purchase, no matter how simple. June Clayworth's choice is worth a second look. A bathing cabinet in white, washable composition, accented with red, containing just what every woman would adore, bath essence, eau de Cologne, powder and soap. The cabinet sets hangs, as you wish.

I never pass up the permanent wave idea at Christmas if you want to go in for a bit more of a gift. Mothers, even grandmothers, especially adore this gift. It is one of those lasting, comforting and beautifying suggestions. Or a generous blow to a facial or two or several and manicures has a very uplifting effect.



Bert Longworth

ANOTHER starring combination, Paul Muni and Bette Davis. These two Warner luminaries will be seen together for the first time in "Bordertown," which will be released very soon. You'll easily recall the hilarious performance of Muni in his previous picture, "Hi, Nellie!" Bette's latest was "Housewife"

Tom Meighan Is Restless

The man with the million dollar personality smile has an idea. When he has, then step lively, World!

By Walter D. Shackleton



Tom Meighan again is in Hollywood—with another big yarn in his mind. He craves action and he'll get it!



"The Miracle Man" was probably Thomas Meighan's greatest film. It still ranks as one of the best pieces of cinematic art ever turned out. But Tom had to organize his own company to produce it. He was the only one who could see its value. In this scene from it are Betty Compson, Joseph J. Dowling and Tom

lessness is always directed. It is thoughtful, not hit or miss. No, indeed. You don't know your Tom Meighan if you as much as suspect such a thing. Meighan gets restless because he has plans that demand action, plans that have come to a keen edge only after studied shaping and sharpening. All right, Mr. Meighan is going

to get action. He'll see to that. As a matter of fact, as you sit reading this, he will be in Hollywood getting that action.

As for his plan, the only thing that may be divulged about it at this time is that it involves the screen characterization of an internationally known figure. And it is a figure that American writers, at least, have right under their respective noses—and have not been able to see.

Yet, Thomas Meighan has seen the possibilities for some time. And he's got his ideas about the screen development set. He's even got a writer picked out, his close friend Gene Fowler. To Tom's mind, Fowler is the only writer who can do justice to this character. That, unquestionably, is a great compliment to the ability of Fowler, noted as a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

IF you had one palatial home in the exclusive Great Neck section of Long Island, whose broad expanse of lush lawn fronted on the Atlantic. And if you had another in sunny Florida. And if you enjoyed outdoor games by day and bridge by night. And if you had a host of gay, intelligent, congenial friends to enjoy all these things with. And, more to the point, if you had a plump purse to maintain such an existence, would you be apt to get restless with a desire to do a gruelling piece of work? No need to answer. I can readily visualize the scoffing snickers the question caused.

But, believe it or not, there is such a person. Thomas Meighan.

Tom is restless again. Fresh from the success of his "Peck's Bad Boy," he wants to leap right into another screen story with all that stimulating vitality and vigor of his.

And what is more, he's going to do it. You can't stop him. When he gets an idea, you can't stop Thomas any more than Thomas can stop that Atlantic tide from ebbing and flowing at the foot of his Great Neck dooryard, or prevent Florida from getting a devastating gale ever so often. Or, let us say, no more than Tom can help his great smile from warming the deepest cockle in the heart of anyone it is turned on. Meighan's smile is one of the most potent and captivating ever flashed in this vale. It is a million dollars worth of personality. And the best of it is its sincerity—good honest value in it.

However—about the restlessness of Mr. Meighan. His rest-



When you undress for bed—

**Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women

are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!



**Undress
your FACE
too!**

Hollywood's Beauty Care

Fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap protects the loveliest complexions in the world—and has for years! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"KANSAS CITY PRINCESS"



LUX
TOILET SOAP



I use cosmetics, of course!
But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid
of Cosmetic Skin

THE ear-to-the-grounders tell me, that Hal Mohr and Evelyn Venable may have called it off, but they are still lunching together . . . And for your information, Walter Donaldson, brand new hubby of Walda Mansfield, composed such tunes as "Blue Heaven" and "Sleepy Head" . . . John Drew Colt is an ace squire to Tallulah Bankhead . . . Merle Oberon, British star, confirms it was just a "trial engagement" between her and Joseph M. Schenck . . . Loretta Young will tell you she and Fred Perry, tennis star, are to wed in London. But he still has an Australian tourney ahead of him . . . The sole memento between Guinn (Big Boy) Williams and Barbara Weeks is an unused marriage license . . . The Herbert Mundins have separated . . . The Chaplin boys call Miss Goddard Aunt Paulette . . . They say that gorgeous ring Kay Francis is wearing is the gift of that European noble admirer . . . Mrs. LeRoy Prinz, wife of the dance director, told her lawyers that she couldn't stand it any longer, LeRoy coming home with saber cuts all over him from duelling . . . It lasted just two months with Onslow Stevens and Phyllis Cooper . . . Ona Munson has been giving parties for Ernst Lubitsch . . . So, Helen Kane, after all those denials, is going to divorce Max Hoffman . . . That was an elopement of elopements, that of Barbara Fritchie and wealthy J. Ross Clark, 2nd—all the way across the continent . . . Will Morgan is silent when Esther Ralston says no wedding bells for her . . . Kathleen Burke, "The Panther Woman," and her Chicago photographer husband, Glen Rardin, have gone their ways . . . Are the Conrad Nagels to get together again? . . . The Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres wedding has probably taken place as you read this . . . Eddie Buzzell, another groom of two months, and Sara Clarke already have a divorce . . . 'Tis said the Jimmy Durantes have separated, too . . . Joan Marsh has switched to Monroe Owsley . . . And the Roscoe Ateses have split . . . Glenda Farrell and

Cal York Announcing the Monthly

Robert Riskin are now "friends" . . . The testimony in that suit was that Ed Wynn had hired a woman bodyguard to protect him from his wife . . . Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner are nearing that event wherein they will choose pink or blue.

MAY ROBSON says the tinted toe-nails, dyed hair business is old stuff—not at all the extremes of the present generation. Forty years ago, May says, she startled Broadway by wearing a green wig to match a gown of that color.

YOU can look for a new experience when "The Little Minister" is released. Katharine Hepburn is going to sing.

MAE WEST made a good speech at the Emanuel Cohen party. Among other things, she remarked that the jokes in her pictures didn't need censoring half so much as some of the jokes that are in circulation about Mae herself.

HERE'S a new-one, discovered by Neil Hamilton. If you are a canary fancier, try sprinkling paprika on your bird's diet. His plumage will turn to a lovely red-gold, about the color of Marlene Dietrich's hair. That is, if you want your canary to look like Marlene.

NEWEST romance—Mary Carlisle is listening seriously to young James Blakeley, from the Broadway stage. Blakeley is the son of Mrs. Grace Hyde, of Park Avenue, New York, and once was engaged to Barbara Hutton, five-and-ten heiress, now Princess Mdivani.

OUT on the Warner lot a two-hundred pound bruiser sits on a sound stage and ties peach blossoms on a tree limb for Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart to sing beneath.

Don't make the mistake, however, of saying, "Whoops, my deah," in his direction.

One electrician still has a black eye to show for it.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, who will marry John Farrow next Winter, will never forget her recent trip to her home in Ireland. So overcome were the natives with Maureen's visit, they refused to let her drive anywhere. Instead, they insisted on pushing her car from street to street.

But the height of their enthusiasm was reached when Maureen was awakened every morning by a bagpipe serenade under her window!

THE clothes closets and dressing-room cupboards in Adolphe Menjou's new house have the town abuzz.

His seventy-five suits are in cellophane wrappers so that Adolphe may select one without removing the covers.

And, for the same reason, the drawers are of glass.

But what has Hollywood completely stumped is one large glass drawer which contains, in solitary repose, an Alpine hat.

CREDIT Gloria Stuart with this one—but somehow or other we doubt whether her argument had as much effect on the officer as her pulchritude. Gloria was parked in a taboo zone on Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. A motorcycle policeman came up and demanded her driver's license.

"Why?" said Gloria. "I'm not driving. I'm sitting."

Whereupon the cop was much confused and said he guessed she was right.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Southern California is seriously considering making Sir Guy Standing chief good news spreader about the land of sunshine and flowers.

When the doughty knight—on location with "Lives of A Bengal Lancer"—was bitten by the dangerous "black widow" spider and was out of the cast for two weeks, he made a special plea to the Paramount publicity department. "Don't put anything about this in the papers," requested Sir Guy, "it might keep some people from coming to California."

"THE LITTLE MINISTER" riot that was staged between the soldiery and the townspeople in that picture ended in several unanticipated casualties. In the melée, Reginald Denny's white horse reared, causing an extra armed with a pike to leap, his pike butting John Beal in the eye.

Katharine Hepburn was so excited she fell off the make-believe cliff on which she was perched and sprained her ankle.

So the company is temporarily laid up for repairs.

"SO, you won't talk, huh?" Charlie Chaplin says he'll still remain silent in his next picture.



Youthful producer and director, Howard Hughes, is taking an important part in Patricia Ellis' entertainment these days. Here they are dining at the Trocadero. Toby Wing is another young player who has been seen with Mr. Hughes

Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

W C. FIELDS was being bored by an actor who insisted on pouring his life story into the ears of the Paramount comic.

"—And then I ran for forty weeks on Broadway," went on the actor.

"It's a pity they didn't catch up with you," Fields replied.

ARCHIE MAYO, the rotund director who has megaphoned many of your favorite pictures, went down to San Pedro to a wrestling match. On the way to the stadium, he was stopped by a stranger who accused, "Just because you've shaved off your beard, you needn't think I don't know you! You're 'Man Mountain' Dean" (pet wrestler in the movie colony).

BILL GARGAN arrives home to tell us that he had a hard time remembering he was in London. Going into the Savoy for dinner was just like entering the Brown Derby, there were so many Hollywood actors and directors around. For instance, in one evening there were the Charlie Farrells, the Clarence Browns, Laura LaPlante and Irving Ascher (her new husband), Ralph Ince, the Leslie Howards—to mention only a few.

PATIENTLY sitting about in absolute silence waiting for a baby to doze off in a certain scene for the picture, "Wicked Woman," the entire cast grew drowsy. And when, an hour later, the baby finally dozed off, Mady Christians, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford had to be wakened in order to shoot the scene.

BING CROSBY'S records, long a favorite with Joan Crawford, have been replaced on the Crawford phonograph. A new singer has taken his place—Joan herself.

Joan has gone into the record making business with a vim.

And those who have heard the Crawford records declare them very good, indeed.

REMEMBER all the old mollicoddle jokes about ping pong?

Well, Hollywood has been playing it for years, its devotees numbering many of the most he-man stars. But the final masculine touch came when Max Baer bounded into the Paramount gymnasium, spied a ping pong table and reached for a paddle. "This is the game," said Max. "It helps my timing."

WHENEVER Jackie Coogan comes on the set where Jack Oakie is working, Oakie hails him thusly: "Hello, Bobby—oh, I'm sorry, you're Jackie Searl, the great child actor, aren't you?"

Which burns Mr. Coogan very severely.

THEY'VE had fan dancers of every variety—but it remained for Rudy Vallee to feature a number with twelve two-hundred pound football players as fan dancers!

WHEN that battery of twenty one-thousand-watt lights exploded, Marlene Dietrich, Josef Von Sternberg, and Marlene's husband, Rudolf Sieber, came through the shower of hot glass unscathed. But two extras weren't so fortunate.

ANNA STEN wandered around the World's Fair in Chicago for two weeks—without once being recognized. This is not so remarkable as when she returned to Hollywood. She

ical was used. And it went right through Bob's gown and burned him!

"An antidote, get an antidote!" yelled Bob, leaping about the set like a mad hen.

A hurried phone call brought no results, the formula was a secret one, and they refused to divulge the contents. Bob had to suppress his howls and finish his scene before he could be rushed off to the first aid station.



Two young English players who have made splendid progress in Hollywood are Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan. Both are working in M-G-M's important screen version of Dickens' "David Copperfield"

was met at the train by her husband, Dr. Frenke, who brought along the entire Sten-Frenke ménage—and still nobody recognized her!

NO one can say Leo Carrillo isn't a thoughtful man. He has installed a row of large hooks along the edge of his bar. You are given an aviator's life belt to put on, and hook yourself up to the bar. Clever, these Spaniards.

THE M-G-M wardrobe went into a dither when an order arrived for a negligee—for Bob Montgomery! He wears one in a comedy sequence with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others." And they couldn't find one around the place that Bob could get into. Not many ladies are built like Bob.

FOR a comedy scene in a Warner musical, it was necessary to splinter a violin on the head of Allen Jenkins. Nine times the scene was taken, but a tenth was found necessary. A prop boy handed over another violin. As it was raised over Jenkins' head, the anguished cry of "Stop! Stop! It's my violin!" came. The boy, by mistake, had picked up an orchestra player's fiddle, valued at three thousand dollars!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY wore a lady's dressing gown for a scene in "Forsaking All Others." It was supposed to catch fire. To create smoke without flames, a certain chem-

THE story is around about the little extra who enjoys her gold digging. She calls her latest "The new buy friend."

WALLACE BEERY'S new plane is his fifth in seven years. It only goes two hundred and forty miles an hour!

GARY COOPER'S method to aid charity is novel to say the least. Gary has installed a coin box on his front door. And it takes a dime before you can make his front doorbell ring.

DO you get confused in the spelling of movie names? Well, here are some rules then.

It's Alan Mowbray and Alan Dinehart, but Allen Jenkins.

Rosco Ates, but Roscoe Karns.

Katharine Hepburn, but Katherine DeMille, and Kathryn Carver.

Adolph Zukor, but Adolphe Menjou.

Merian Cooper, but Marion Dix.

Mae West and Mae Clarke, but May Robson.

Bette Davis, but Betty Compson.

Aileen Pringle, but Eileen Percy, Aline MacMahon, and Arline Judge.

Hugh Herbert is a comedian, but F. Hugh Herbert is a writer.

Cary Grant, but Gary Cooper.

Gilda Gray, but Zane Grey.

Francis Lederer, but Frances Dee.

Harry Joe Brown is a director, but Joe E. Brown is a comedian.

Making a Man's Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

the company. There, at last, lay the promise of a man's world for ten days. A chance for his cast to lead real "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Riding and roughing, and hot sun and harsh winds and (this would appeal to the primitive instincts of Messrs. Cooper, Tone, Standing, et al.) hunting! Women, wives, sweethearts? Tush—in the thrill of the chase, they'd forget all about 'em!

So they left Malibu Lake for Lone Pine—all these rough and hardy, keen-eyed Nimrods. Gary, with his two big African game rifles, well oiled. Franchot, proudly bearing a complete hunting outfit and a very super-special

timidated by miles of mountain roads, find lodging?

Gallantly Sir Guy moved out of his room with Gary—and there were bunk replacements and crowding of quarters all down the line—clear to the cook's quarters.

"I thought Gary might be lonesome," said Mrs. Cooper. Mr. Hathaway waved a white flag and admitted defeat.

And that's how Sandra, by force of circumstance, was made an unofficial member of the Bengal Lancers—"But don't you mind me," she admonished Gary, "you go right on with your hunting plans with Franchot."

from the rolling kitchen, and deposited about the nearby crags and peaks by "Cracker" Henderson, Gary's faithful retainer.

Of course, Gary almost had a real buffalo to add to his collection as a souvenir of the "Bengal Lancers" safari. He and Hathaway, seeking good location sites, came upon a herd of fourteen American bison roaming a valley. What's more, they're still there, because neither Gary nor anyone else had the heart to shoot!

Nor was Gary the only one with a soft heart in camp. There was Serevan Singh, who had been a fortune teller on the Strand in Long Beach, near Hollywood. He heard that Paramount wanted Hindus, and being a high-caste Hindu himself, journeyed to Hollywood.

Serevan was asked to leave his telephone number at the casting office, so the story goes.

"No phone number," said the Hindu. "Just think of me, and I'll report for work."

Later, Hathaway and his assistant director decided they would need several Hindus in the next day's shooting. Jokingly, Hathaway said, "Come on, you Serevan! Come elerevan—tomorrow morning."

And the next morning at eleven o'clock sharp, Serevan Singh was on hand!

"I heard you call me last night," he said simply.

Gary and Franchot and Sir Guy and Monte and all the gang heard of this wondrous seer, and wanted their fortunes told. And Serevan, in the fastnesses of Lone Pine, obliged—until he came to Gary.

"I am too soft-hearted," he said. "What I have to tell you, you would not like to hear."

GARY doesn't know what terrible fate lies ahead for him—although Franchot Tone thought surely Serevan had got his signals mixed and meant him, after he had been in the altitudinous location a few days. Every few steps he took, Franchot had to sit down and rest.

A newspaperman along with the outfit wrote a squib about Franchot's height-susceptible heart, and a Los Angeles paper printed it.

The next day a messenger dashed frantically into the scene.

"There's an important long distance call from Miss Crawford at Lone Pine for Mr. Tone," he panted.

Shooting was abandoned and the company twiddled thumbs while Franchot made the three-mile hike back to the telephone.

When he returned, the face of Mister Tone wore an expression of perturbation—a sort of sheepish look mingled with wounded pride. An eyebrow was arched dangerously.

"She was worried about my *health!*" confessed Franchot. "She wanted me to watch out and not overdo!"

Not *overdo*—those words seared a lancer's soul. "Come on," said Lancer Tone, with grim lips, "let's get to work!"

And Director Hathaway, raising heavenwards a prayer of thanks for the final defeat of woman, grabbed his opportunity like a short-stop grabs an infield drive.

"Let's go on that cavalry charge scene," he cried. "Come on, Cooper, Standing, Cromwell, Blue—let's make this a *man's* picture!"

And that's just what they've done with "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—made it a real man's picture—in spite of the women.



After waiting two years for a honeymoon, Harry Edington and his wife, Barbara Kent, are at last in Europe. Harry is Greta Garbo's agent, and is planning a real screen future for the talented Barbara

30-30 rifle, on which he had recklessly blown the weekly pay check. Sir Guy laden with a new set of flies.

Now, Lone Pine is not one of the elaborate hotel centers, and stars' quarters, on trips like this, are not always done up in modern finery. Gary bunked with Sir Guy; Franchot with Dick Cromwell, and so on down the list.

Every available bed, cot and hammock in the little town was accounted for—not a spot to spare.

And then, just as everyone was shoe-horned into his quarters, an automobile horn tootled without and a prop boy came running into Gary's room—

"Mrs. Cooper's outside," he announced.

Director Hathaway fainted.

And, well—you can imagine the havoc. Where could the undefeatable Sandra, unin-

"We'll go tonight," said Gary, "at two A.M." "Right," said Franchot. "Stout fellow!"

Now the details of that hunting expedition remain a little vague. But this much is known: That Gary and Franchot set out at two o'clock in the still of the morning, and returned to Lone Pine at about five-thirty A.M., with scuffed boots and weary legs, but with nary a buck—nor even jack-rabbit for that matter. They got all of one hour's sleep before a bugle blasted down the hotel halls to shatter their dreams, and they were very, very tired lancers when that first day's fight with the Khyber Pass Afridi tribesmen was over and Director Hathaway signaled "cut."

"From now on," wisely decreed Nimrods Cooper and Tone, "our hunting will take place within easy walking distance of our bunks."

So they shot at tin cans and bottles discarded

Fun Like Mad!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Miss Hopkins, a romanticist at heart, tells the little shampooist that she wants to help the thing along. She'll invite the two of them to lunch with her at the studio, take them on the set, introduce them around to everybody. Then have them to dinner at her home that night—and on to the Cocoanut Grove. Surely a build-up like that would snare a proposal.

But what happens? The flier arrives, he and his girl have a great big fight, and he goes right back to Panama. Such an ending! I really couldn't blame the poor thing when she turned on the cold instead of the hot water and nearly froze me to death.

OVER at M-G-M someone got the smart idea of giving Mr. Louis B. Mayer a fine new office to surprise him when he returned from Europe with Mrs. Mayer. They worked night and day. The building sprang up—all white and many-windowed and modern—like magic. I took a peek just after he'd arrived . . . and such flowers! With my all-seeing eyes, I took in a big basket of lovely white blossoms from Jean Harlow, and a solid silver desk clock also from the thoughtful Jean and her mama to the big boss.

His office is my idea of something pretty neat. There's a real fireplace of black marble, not fakey, like most of our Californy fireplaces, and a big circular desk. Concealed in a small ante-room is an ice-box and a double electric plate where the man can whip up some tasty scrambled eggs. Just think of the fun!

IN case, my lamb, you'd like my opinion on Max Reinhardt's opening of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl, I shall give it to you in but few words, and they'll all spell Glamorous. (By the way, I suppose you've heard that Reinhardt has signed with the Warner Brothers to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and other spectacles for the screen. Great, eh?)

I snuggled down into my seat and just let myself go. The night was serene and warm, the stars were flung in mad abandon across the heavens. Around the rim of the Bowl the trees were outlined like black, marching sentinels, and the crowd, including the complete roster of Movieland, was expectant and excited.

Then it started. Such a pageant of color. Such breath-takingly lovely fairy dances, like you imagined when you were a child. There were tinkling little bells, and fairy lights, thousands of them, winking off and on in the hills whenever the fairies appeared. I could go on and on like this, but maybe I'd better just skip to the spectacular end—the wedding scene. Down from the distant, furthestmost peaks, to the music of "The Bridal Chorus", marched a slow procession of several hundred people bearing flaming torches aloft in the night. The most awesome sight I've seen in a long time. My heart wanted to turn handsprings!

My gentleman friend must have felt that I needed a snack after that, for he led me, unprotesting and dreamy-eyed, to the newest night spot, the Trocadero. Wheeeeeee! What a place! All red and white and Continental and so gay. Inches of celebs were all over the place.

Pola Negri, with the dead white face and black gown she usually affects (and so successfully) was at a table with my hero, Ramon Novarro. Arline Judge, who is so cute and pert,

was with her director-hubby, Wesley Ruggles, and then they visited another good man, Frank Capra. The megaphone wielders were out in numbers that evening. I noticed the attractive Charles Vidor, too. Then I spotted George O'Brien and his wife, Marguerite Churchill, and Thelma Todd in a black velvet chapeau that was high, wide and handsome. And in came her ex-husband, Pat de Cicco, with Sally Blane. But nothing happened.

I run into Sally at the oddest places. Yesterday I went to a baby christening and there she was—godmother! Maybe he knew the beauty-

little pinkie, you ought, for if that didn't give out on me, I'd probably fill sixteen pages more.

However, this, I promise, is the end. Well almost, for I just must tell you about Nelson Eddy's cocktail party.

Instead of being a conventional little affair that does itself up from five to seven, it goes on till two the next A.M. That gives you a vague idea.

Of course everyone yelled madly for Nelson to sing, and he obliged—by phonograph record. Smart ole Nelson. The point I mustn't forget to stress, though, is that he's got a truly magnifi-



Sleep-'n'-Eat, RKO-Radio's rival for Fox's Stepin Fetchit, about to fatten up his part in Wheeler and Woolsey's "Kentucky Kernels." The dusky lad's real name is Willie Best, but he's been tagged "Buckshot"

ous Sally was holding him. The lucky kid! Anyway, he didn't let a single squeak out of him the whole time.

YOU'VE been pleading for June Knight and I've always disappointed you. I'm a bad girl; I forgot to tell you how I went down to visit her, one lovely, warm day, at the Santa Monica house of her sweetheart, Paul Ames. (He's Raquel Torres' brother-in-law.) I found her in a scanty bathing suit, which she filled very nicely, my dear. Regarding her toes, which she had just lacquered a dead white and which were swell with her mahogany-color tan, she changes them to any old hue, any old time. Such antics!

Such a chatterbox. Don't you ever get tired of listening? You ought to be grateful to my

cent voice. And when we hear him on the screen, we're going to hear *something*.

Everyone in town was there. I can't begin to tell you the list, but I found me a lovely young man, and got the exciting idea of inviting him off to a secluded corner of the garden to see if love would bloom. But alas for the plans of mice and men . . . and Mitzi. While trying to compose enticing words, I happened to remember the famous mistake of Ellen Terry on an important first night. What, you don't know the story? Well, at the play's biggest moment, Miss Terry was supposed to hold her sweetheart's hand and seductively croon: "Come, let us seek a cosy nook." But what she actually said, was: "Come, let us seek a nosey cook!"

Fun like mad we have in Hollywood!

MITZI.

Pert's Reducing Vacation



TITIAN-HAIRED Pert Kelton went to an idyllic spot for a vacation—Catalina Island. But there was no rest for Pert. She was out to take off poundage. One of the methods was hauling a boat into the water. Try it sometime. You'll vow it is tied to a buried anchor. Her riding, however, was more fun. But the best time was when she was allowed a few minutes to sit and knit. And, believe it or not, that was the sole relaxation Pert got!





Lazarnick

ENGLISH Pat Paterson came to Hollywood with a rich background of cabaret-radio-film-and-stage fame in London. In less than a year, she has made four pictures. "Lottery Lover," for Fox, is her latest. She is golden blonde, a talented singer and dancer

For Your Christmas Dinner



As capable a cook as she is an actress, Margaret Sullavan bastes her huge turkey with pure olive oil, thereby enriching the flavor of bird and gravy and giving the white meat a fine texture

BASTING with olive oil works wonders on the turkey itself, but without a properly blended, taste-tempting filling no holiday meal can be quite complete.

Chestnut Stuffing is perhaps our wisest choice. Besides being a perfect accompaniment, it imparts a delicate tang to the meat while roasting. Here, as in every cooking venture, measuring accurately and carefully following directions will pay big dividends. Now for the method:

Loosen the shells and inner skin from 1 quart of large chestnuts by cutting a gash on the flat side of each nut, shaking them in a little melted butter, and setting them in the oven for 10 minutes. Remove shells, and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and press through a potato ricer. Add 1 pint of dry breadcrumbs or an equal amount of hot mashed sweet potato, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, some chopped parsley, and the turkey liver, chopped finely. A little onion and lemon juice and pepper may be added. Mix all ingredients well, and if you prefer dressing moist, add soup stock or cream.

Fruit Salad made with 3 oranges, 3 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound Malaga or seedless grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pineapple and the juice of 1 lemon helps balance a hearty dinner.

An excellent fruit salad dressing is made by combining and

Some new, some old suggestions, but all delicious additions to the festive meal

beating well the following— $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of salad oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of lemon juice, a pinch of salt, a few grains of paprika, and 1 tablespoon of melted currant jelly.

Onions will, of course, be served. But why not try glazing them as a change from the creamed ones.

Peel small boiling size onions. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a large iron skillet, and place onions in it, right side up, crowding them closely but having only one layer. Sprinkle 1 cupful sugar over them, and salt and pepper. Cover closely and cook over a slow burner until the onions are transparent.

Old-fashioned Pumpkin Pie should be on every Christmas menu. So, here we go on the ingredients:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cooked pumpkin
1 cup of rich milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar
1 teaspoon of cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of allspice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of mace
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon of butter
Pinch of salt

Place the pumpkin, milk, sugar, salt and spices in a double boiler.

After the mixture is well blended and heated through, add the beaten eggs and stir until it thickens. Then add butter and pour into a crisply baked crust while hot. Place in a moderate oven and bake the pie slowly until the filling is firmly set.

If you would like to depart from custom and vary your dessert from the usual pies and plum pudding, why not serve the typically English dessert—a *Trifle*?

This requires 1 pound each of lady fingers and macaroons, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound each of shelled almonds and crystallized cherries, halved, 1 pint each of fruit juice and hot milk, 1 quart of whipped cream, 2 tablespoons of flour, 1 well beaten egg, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.

Soak macaroons in fruit juice, blanch and chop the almonds. Make a custard of the sugar, flour and well beaten egg. Add gradually to the hot milk in double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool, add the almonds and half of the whipped cream.

Line a large glass bowl with the lady fingers, add the cream-custard mixture and the macaroons, placing the cherries all through the bowl.

Cover with the rest of the whipped cream and decorate with cherries. Serves twelve.



Locked out of her own car twenty miles from home . . .
Car keys slipped out of careless handbag.



Katherine
Paramount Player

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Car keys lost!

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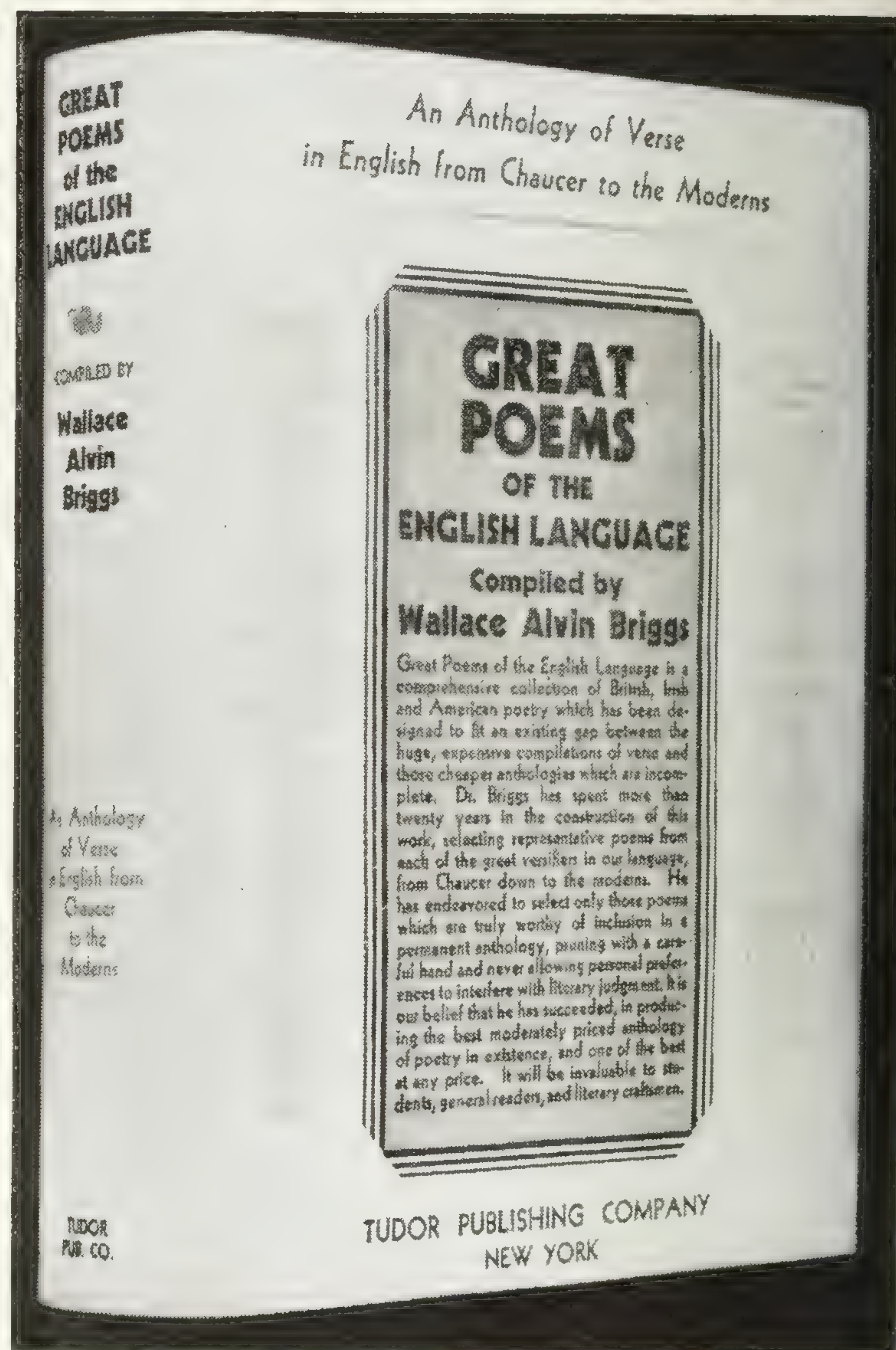
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Dept. P1

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"Southern Belle" is the name of June Lang's new coiffure. Denis Phillips created it for her, to accent her youthful facial contours and give full play to her gorgeous, blonde hair. And a fitting face frame, indeed



That ingenious twist of the hair at forehead and sides introduces a new note in hair dressing, and is distinctly charming when hair texture is soft and smooth. Nice break from usual wave design. For debutante formal wear



A HOLIDAY COIFFURE

By Carolyn Van Wyck

HAVE reserved for this page a very special Christmas gift, one for yourself. You didn't expect that, did you? But I feel that we should all do something for ourselves at this season that makes us look, and therefore feel, happier and lovelier.

One thing that you can do that will immediately transport you is to change your hair. Change of coiffure is a ritual with Hollywood, and it might well be a ritual with many of us. Nothing is so tiresome to ourselves—and others—as the same hair arrangement day in and day out. Yet it's a very popular and constant habit with many of us.

With holiday parties in mind, I show you a beautiful arrangement for evening. From June Lang's photographs, you can even admire her hair as well as its dress. Now this coiffure could be done for you by a hairdresser, and you must have at least a long bob to begin with. Any competent hairdresser should be able to follow the design if you will take these pictures with you. Or if you have a good permanent or natural curls, a little homework might be a great success.

Hair style trends are up, up, up. To my

mind, evening is the time for the climbing coiffure, because it is neither appropriate nor practical for most of our daytime affairs. But every girl who can should take advantage of

"BEAUTY at Bedtime," leaflet form, tells a few, simple steps that every girl should follow each night in the interest of good looks. It budgets your time, tells you what to use and how. You may have it as well as advice on any beauty problem by writing to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Other leaflets at hand, too, covering skin, hair, nails and make-up.

these charming upward styles for evening. They poetize you. They add the frail beauty of a Gainsborough portrait, invest you with qualities that are often fatal to your escort. The modern evening coiffure is decidedly romantic. Through our highly piled curls walk the ghosts of Marie Antoinette, Catherine the Great, and other grand, romantic ladies who have made history.

High curls do something else for you. If you are even fairly young, with reasonably good facial contours and nice ears, this coiffure, with the right touches of make-up, seems to sculpture, dramatize and accent all good points. Let's take advantage of this charming style, while we may.

Recently I met Hedda Hopper, her usual vivacious, charming self. She was enthusiastic about a new coiffure just created for her. Her comment was, "It makes me feel years younger because it all goes up."

For decoration of the evening coiffure I suggest a ribbon, a tiny clip or a real flower. With a high coiffure, especially, you have no idea of the allure of one lovely flower, such as a gardenia or carnation among your mounting curls.

Here's More Perfection for You

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

You must remember that the waistline is the center of your body and that if you are to have any grace of movement at all you must keep it supple. The best way to do that is to turn on the radio to a snappy tune, put your arms lightly above your head and hop, skip and jump around the room in a little two-step. Don't imagine that you look silly. Do it! It's good for you! And all the time keep swaying and bending at the waist. This, too, will flatten that back muscle.

THERE'S just one word that describes the perfect abdomen. That word is "flat." Joan Crawford comes nearer to having the perfect stomach than any girl in pictures. She knows how to stand. Her muscles are strong in her stomach, so her hip-bones don't stick out like razor blades.

I give Joan three claims to distinction. She is a grand actress. I saw her not long ago in "Chained," and thought she was swell. She is a good scout. Everybody who knows her says that. And—she has a flat stomach.

You mustn't have any rolls or bumps or lumps. Here's how to tell whether or not your stomach is right or wrong.

Stand in front of the mirror without any clothes. Put a ruler down the front of your stomach. Is it flat? No? Then get right to work.

First of all, walk straight and sit straight. Don't slump down on your back-bone. Sit the way you're supposed to sit. You've got to make your stomach muscles strong. The way to do that is to lie on the floor on your side, with your arms above your head. Stretch your arms so you can feel your stomach muscles pulling. Without changing the position of your arms or legs, roll over on your face, making sure your stomach touches the floor. Roll

back and forth like that, but at the same time progress along the floor, hitching yourself along on your stomach. It will take away inches and make you nice and flat.

And every day use the ruler to see how you're progressing. Use the ruler after meals, too, because if your stomach muscles are strong enough, you won't bulge after a heavy meal. But, listen, I don't want you to eat heavy meals. Remember, exercise alone won't give you the perfect figure. I hope you have sense enough to stay on my diets all the time. And you can never be perfect until your stomach is flat and firm.

Even you mothers who have had several children don't need to give me any alibis. You can make your muscles tight, too. You expectant mothers should insist that you are bound tightly after your baby is born, and the third day after, you should begin taking exercises in bed. Yes, I mean it. Lift your heels off the bed, keeping the knees straight. Lift the heels about four inches. Then lift your head off the pillow. Do this seven or eight times at first. Increase day by day. Feel how your muscles tighten.

NOW I want to show you the perfect hips. It makes me sort of sad, too, since for years I pointed to Connie Bennett as the girl with the most perfect hips. But she's let little Margaret Sullavan swipe the title from her. Connie, I'm ashamed of you! The thing that makes me sad is that you know better, because I taught you how to have beautiful hips. You'd better get back to the old exercises and diets that I gave you, baby.

So, while Connie is getting her hips back where they were, I want you girls to take a look at Margaret Sullavan. Gosh! what beautiful lines! There are no bulges and no bumps, yet

every bone is nicely covered. She is lean, yet softly rounding and appealing. Oh, Connie, Connie! Don't you remember that night at Joe Kennedy's when Gloria Swanson and Laura Hope Crews and I were there, and I told you that your hips were your greatest advantage? Please, Connie, get back that beautiful line.

Very few people are fortunate enough to have hips equally high. One is very apt to be a little higher than the other. This usually comes from a slumping walk in childhood. If you're afflicted that way, the thing for you to do is to squeeze off excess flesh from the higher hip. Then both will have the correct proportion.

And listen to the exercise that will give you hip perfection. Stand straight, feet slightly apart. Raise your arms above your head. Stretch your fingers. Turn your body so that without moving your feet you are facing sideways instead of straight ahead. Now, with your body in this twisted position, bend over and touch a spot on the floor about two feet from your feet, with your finger-tips.

Isn't that great? You can tell when you're getting results—you feel your hip muscles becoming tense. Also don't forget that eating too much meat puts fat on the hips.

And, please, please—well, I won't beg you, if you haven't got sense enough to do this I don't want to bother with you—remember to walk correctly. Don't slump, or stand with one hip higher than the other. Take your exercises. Eat right. Sit and walk right, and before you know it you'll be giving all these Hollywood girls a run for their money.

But I'm not through yet. Next month I'm going to describe perfect arms, legs, hands and feet. And come on, you girls, jump right up on the beauty band-wagon!

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I was having an argument the other day with a friend of mine who said that if you took exercises you didn't have to diet, and if you dieted you didn't have to exercise. It didn't sound right to me, so I said I'd ask you how about it?

Mrs. R. McL., Providence, R. I.

Tell your friend to read my articles and book. That will settle the argument. Of course, she might use a little common sense, but I suppose that never occurred to her. Exercise and diet go hand-in-hand. One is useless without the other. What could be more stupid than exercising systematically and then eating your head off? If you want a beautiful figure you've got to work for it, and you've got to do *everything* I say.

My dear Sylvia:

My fingers are very blunt and stubby from using the typewriter all day for years. Is there any way I can overcome this defect?

L. L. D., Cincinnati, Ohio

It's simple. Every day, as often as you think of it, squeeze the tips of the fingers of one

MAYBE some of us can't be perfect, girls, but we can make our selves something better than we are—healthier, more attractive. I've helped many, many women to overcome their faults, and I can help you banish yours, be they large or small. No obligation. Just address your letter to Sylvia, in care of PHOTO-PLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

SYLVIA

hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other, tapering them toward the end. You can do this a hundred times a day, if you will, and you will be amazed at how quickly your finger-tips take on a nice, tapering shape.

Dear Sylvia:

I seem always to have cold hands and feet. I feel sure that this is because my circulation is bad. I appeal to you to help me.

B. R., Lander, Wyo.

Your circulation won't be bad if you'll go on a big health campaign. Send a self-addressed,

stamped envelope for my exercises and diets that will improve your circulation. In the meantime, here's a little tip for you. Never sit with your legs crossed. Always sit upright.

Dear Sylvia:

I am a mere man and, I suppose, shouldn't be writing to you, but I'm quite fat and I'd like to know if your diets and exercises are good for men as well as women.

B. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Well, hoorah! Another man has gotten some sense. You bet my diets and exercises are for men as well as women, and if you fat boys could hear some of the remarks that women pass about you, you'd be more eager to reduce. Come on, boys and men, why don't you string along on the reducing wagon? Study my diets carefully, practice my exercises. I guarantee that anybody—man, woman or child—who follows my system can lose fifteen pounds a month. So go to it, and let me know how you get along.

For others of my male audience who are underweight or nervous, my diets and exercises build you up or relax you, as you need.

My dear Sylvia!

Will you kindly tell me some healthful foods which will put weight on my body?

K. W., Los Gatos, Calif.

Hominy with ripe, sliced bananas, thick soups, chocolate, rice or bread pudding, cup custard, avocados, butter, spaghetti—these are a few of the fattening foods which are very healthful. But I suggest that if you want to add pounds you send for my building-up diet.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly tell me what to do for fallen arches. Is there some exercise one can take that will help?

D. R. W., New York City

You bet there is! Don't I always have a corrective exercise for handicaps? Stand straight, with your feet tight together. Lean as far back on your heels as you possibly can, and then rise upon your toes. Be sure to do this for ten or fifteen minutes every single day. Also be careful of your shoes. Don't wear flat heels except for such sports as tennis. Use high heels for evening, but be sure you have a medium heel for street wear. And don't be vain about your feet. Be sure that your shoes are plenty long enough.



Edward G. Robinson is in his element, hunting. Eddie enjoys his leisure all the more, because he gets so little of it

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Ask The Answer Man

JANE WYATT is the outstanding player in the Answer Man's mail bag this month. Movie-goers who saw her as *Dinny* in "One More River" went scurrying home to write letters asking about her. And here's the low-down on the cute little miss who made such a hit in her very first picture.

Jane was born in Campgaw, N. J., August 12, 1912. At nineteen she left Barnard College, where she had studied for two years, and started out on a theatrical career. In addition to a great deal of work in stock, she appeared in such plays as "Tradewinds," "The Vinegar Tree," "Give Me Yesterday," and succeeded Margaret Sullavan in the cast of "Dinner At Eight" when Margaret was called to the Coast, to appear in pictures. Last year Jane was appearing with Lillian Gish in "Joyous Season" when Carl Laemmle, Jr., saw her and gave her a contract with Universal. This contract permits Jane to spend part of the year in pictures and the balance on the stage.

Jane is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 118 and has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. She is an excellent tennis player, swimmer and horse-woman. She will soon be seen in the leading feminine rôle in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations." At this writing she is appearing in a Broadway play "Lost Horizons."

PEGGY ANN, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, Josephine Hutchinson is a newcomer in pictures. "Happiness Ahead" was her first picture. Her next is "The Right to Live." Josephine was born in Seattle, Wash., October 12, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 110 and has red hair and golden brown eyes.

LORRAINE PORTER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Sorry, I couldn't make the December issue with your answers. Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada on September 15, 1907. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She has three brothers and one sister. Fay entered pictures in 1924 and was made a Wampas Baby Star in 1925. She has been married to John Monk Saunders since June 1928. Fay recently became a citizen of the United States. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago, Ill., December 22, 1917. His real name is Frank Johnson. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Still growing so I can't give you his exact height and weight. His next picture will be "Racing Luck."

ANNA CRITIE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—You can write to both Alice Faye and Lew Ayres at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

DORIS HUTCHINGS, DETROIT, MICH.—Margaret Sullavan's next picture will be "The Good Fairy." John Beal is her leading man in this. Margaret is twenty-three years old and celebrates her birthday on May 16. George Raft did the dancing in "Bolero."

AMELA ERIKORIAN, KINGSBURG, CAL.—Shortage of space hinders me from listing the complete cast of "Back Street." However, if you send a stamped return envelope, I will be pleased to send you a cast. The principals in the picture were Irene Dunne, John Boles,



Jane Wyatt, who left school to go on the stage, is now gathering laurels on the screen. Universal's star bet, her recent screen hit is Dickens' "Great Expectations"

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

George Meeker, June Clyde, Doris Lloyd and William Bakewell.

MARGARET J. ANDERSON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Joan Crawford is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was born March 23, 1908. Her next picture will be "Forsaking All Others" with Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery.

MARGARET BURKE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Frank Lawton, whom you liked so well in "One More River" was born in London, Eng., September 30, 1904. He made his stage debut in 1923. Entered British films in 1929. "Cavalcade" was Frank's first American picture. His next is "David Copperfield."

MILDRED CORCORAN, NEW LONDON, CONN.—Millie, it was Sir Guy Standing who played the rôle of the Admiral in "Hell and High Water."

EMILIE COOKE, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, January 9, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and has dark hair and gray eyes. Made his stage debut at the age of 19.

ALTHEA ASHBY, NEW ORLEANS, LA. — You can't fool this old Answer Man Althea, by saying that PHOTOPLAY has never printed any pictures of Franchot Tone. In April, 1933, we ran a lovely color portrait of Franchot and in August, 1933, a rotogravure of him. In November, same year, we published a story "I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else" says Franchot Tone. Franchot was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on February 27, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He graduated from Cornell University. Appeared on the stage prior to going into pictures in 1932. Among the plays he appeared in were "Age of Innocence," "Pagan Lady," "The House of Connelly," and "Green Grow the Lilacs." His latest picture is "Straight Is the Way" which John Gilbert made as a silent under its original title "Four Walls." Next Franchot will be seen in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

MARY HELEN EADS, MONTICELLO, KY.—The lad you refer to in "Sky Bride" was Tom Douglas. Nick Foran was the one you liked so well in "Stand Up and Cheer."

J. Y., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The two ladies who appeared in the picture in the upper left-hand corner of page eight in the April, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY were Greta Garbo and Dorothy Sebastian. It was an off-stage shot from "A Woman of Affairs."

MARIAN ORTH, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Unless he has been holding out on me all these years, Tom Tyler is still fancy free. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married October 20, 1933.

EDMOND BOCHARD, NAUROY, FRANCE.—Tom Mix has deserted pictures and is with a circus. Mary Boland was born on January 28, 1892 and Randolph Scott on January 23, 1903.

DOROTHY MACKAY, HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—Elissa Landi was born December 6, 1906. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 119 and has light auburn hair and green-gray eyes. Her latest picture is "Enter Madame."

PADDY, DAYTON, OHIO.—The little lady who did the solo dance in "Too Much Harmony" was Grace Bradley. Gracie is a Brooklyn girl, born and educated there. And was she a smart youngster! At the age of six she was a child prodigy and gave many piano concerts in New York and other cities. At sixteen she decided to take dancing and dramatic lessons. Her first dancing engagement was in "Ballyhoo." Then came the "Third Little Show" and "Strike Me Pink." Paramount executives saw her, a screen test followed and Gracie reached Hollywood a year ago. She is the first actress in her family, although one of her grandmothers was a dancer. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 108 and has red hair and hazel eyes. She is of French, German and Irish descent. Her hobbies are music, fencing and horseback riding. Harold Lloyd chose her for one of the feminine rôles in his new picture, "The Cat-paw." Her latest picture is "Redhead."

R. R. O., RACINE, WISC.—How could you let anyone spoof you like that? Of course your pal Bing doesn't wear a wig.

ELEANOR WERTZ, SAVANNAH, GA.—David Manners hasn't forsaken the screen. Since appearing in "Torch Singer" he has been in "Roman Scandals," "The Black Cat" and "The Great Flirtation." His latest is "Moonstone."

MRS. EDITH WALKER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—I am always delighted to supply information for scrap books. Gene Raymond, was born in New York City, August 13, 1908. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 157 pounds and has blonde hair and deep blue eyes. His real name is Raymond Guion and he is of French descent. Gene was educated in private schools and appeared on the stage prior to entering pictures in 1931. His favorite recreation is horseback riding. If you will send me a return envelope, I will give you a list of his pictures.

W. J. McMAHON AND GANG, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Shirley Temple's latest picture is "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Next she will be in "Bright Eyes." Shirley was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24, 1929. She has golden hair and hazel eyes.

FASHIONS

No man can escape them and no woman wants to. You'll find this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

full of news about forthcoming styles and fashions.

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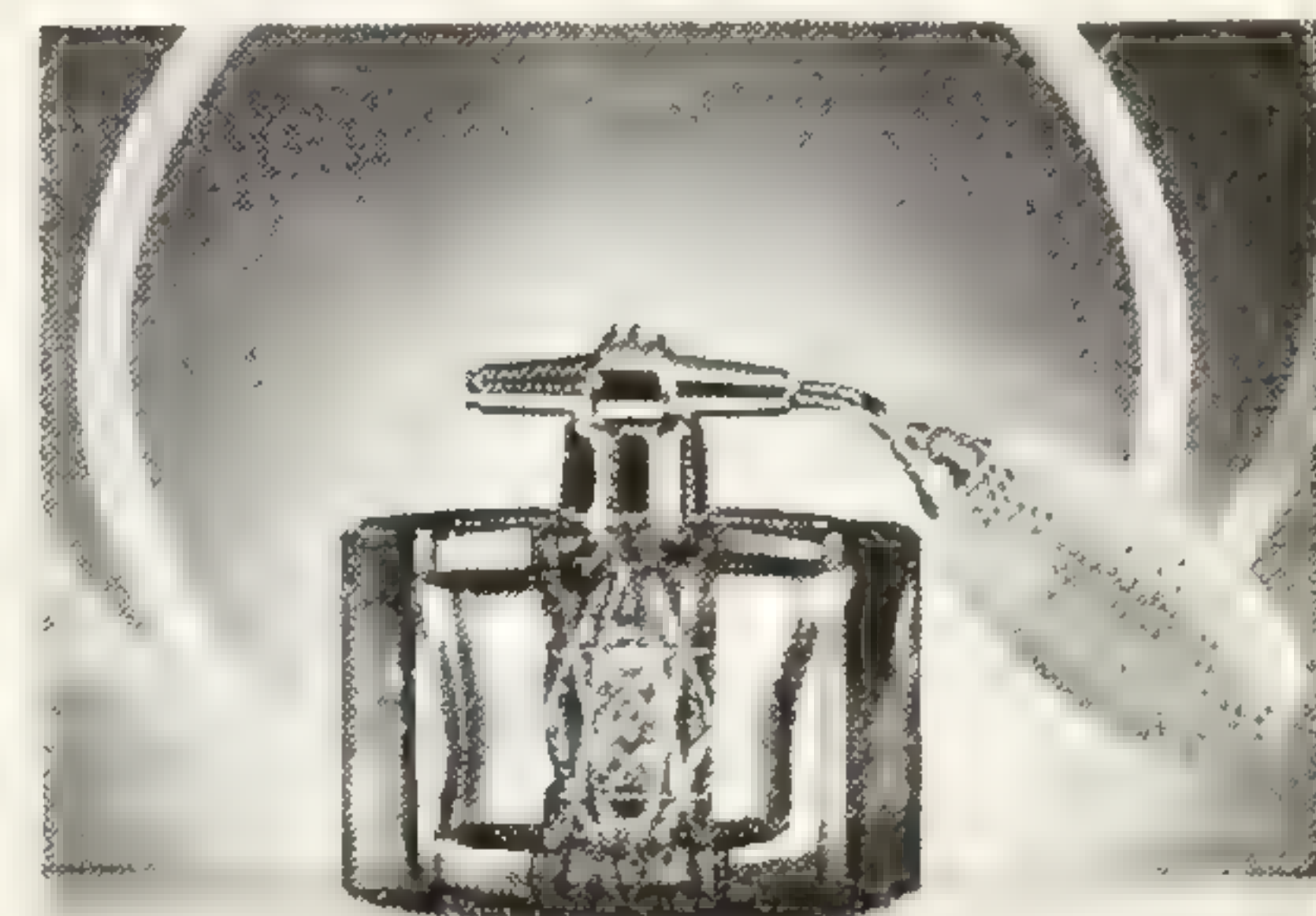
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DEVILBISS

Perfume Atomizers

Romance With an Angel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Mary Forbes, coming to dine with her son one night, had big news. "I saw a charming girl today at the Gleasons. Really charming. I think you two should meet. Her name is Heather Angel . . ."

"I *have* met her, mother! Oh lord," groaned Rafe, "why didn't I break that date at the dentist's and go to the Gleasons?" Mrs. Forbes, fishing thoughtfully for a cherry in her fruit compote, smiled slowly.

It was a certain violently black, star-empty midnight when he did run into her. They were coming in opposite directions through the entrance of a popular night club. She paused. He turned. Neither liked the other's companion. The air vibrated, changed to a chilly blue.

"Why on earth did she pick *him* to go out with?" thought Rafe.

"He's here with *that* woman," thought Heather.

This was the end between them. The definite finale. They'd forget—

But it was queer how, for people no longer interested in each other, sleep eluded both of them that night. How Forbes stormed and raged and ranted to his genial man Friday the next morning.

"Imagine letting that blankety-blank tag around after her! There ought to be a law against such men! She ought to know better. She—"

IT took the British navy to bring them together. At least a part of it.

When His Majesty's ship, Norfolk, steamed into San Pedro harbor, flags flying, a slim, shining greyhound of the deep, you could hardly suspect it of doubling for Cupid.

"Boom!" went the great guns in salute.

"Boom!" went that mischievous little fellow's bow and arrow.

Rafe saw her as she stepped on deck. Lanterns were strung along the gleaming length of the decks. There was the exciting medley of gold-braided uniforms, beautifully gowned women, the gaiety a warship takes on when it's turned into a flower-trimmed ballroom. "I'll Close My Eyes To Everything Else If You'll Open Your Heart To Me," played the band. The Admiral, Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernele-Drax, was bowing over Heather's hand. Who was that with her? Ah—relief—her mother!

Luck was with him tonight. He'd brought his sister, Brenda.

You don't have to worry about a sister, not when she's already surrounded by a half dozen young blades.

By a little expert maneuvering, Rafe managed to get Heather alone for a moment. "Have you seen the shore lights from that nice spot up forward?"

"Yes," acknowledged the littlest Angel, "about eight officers have shown it to me already!" And suddenly they were laughing, looking deep into each other's eyes, drifting . . .

He finessed a dance with her, although by that time Heather was having serious Admiral trouble. She'd forgotten which dances she had promised him. It was a waltz, dreamy, lilting. . . . She was so exquisite and dainty and young. Breath-takingly young. "I'm having a buffet supper for the officers at my

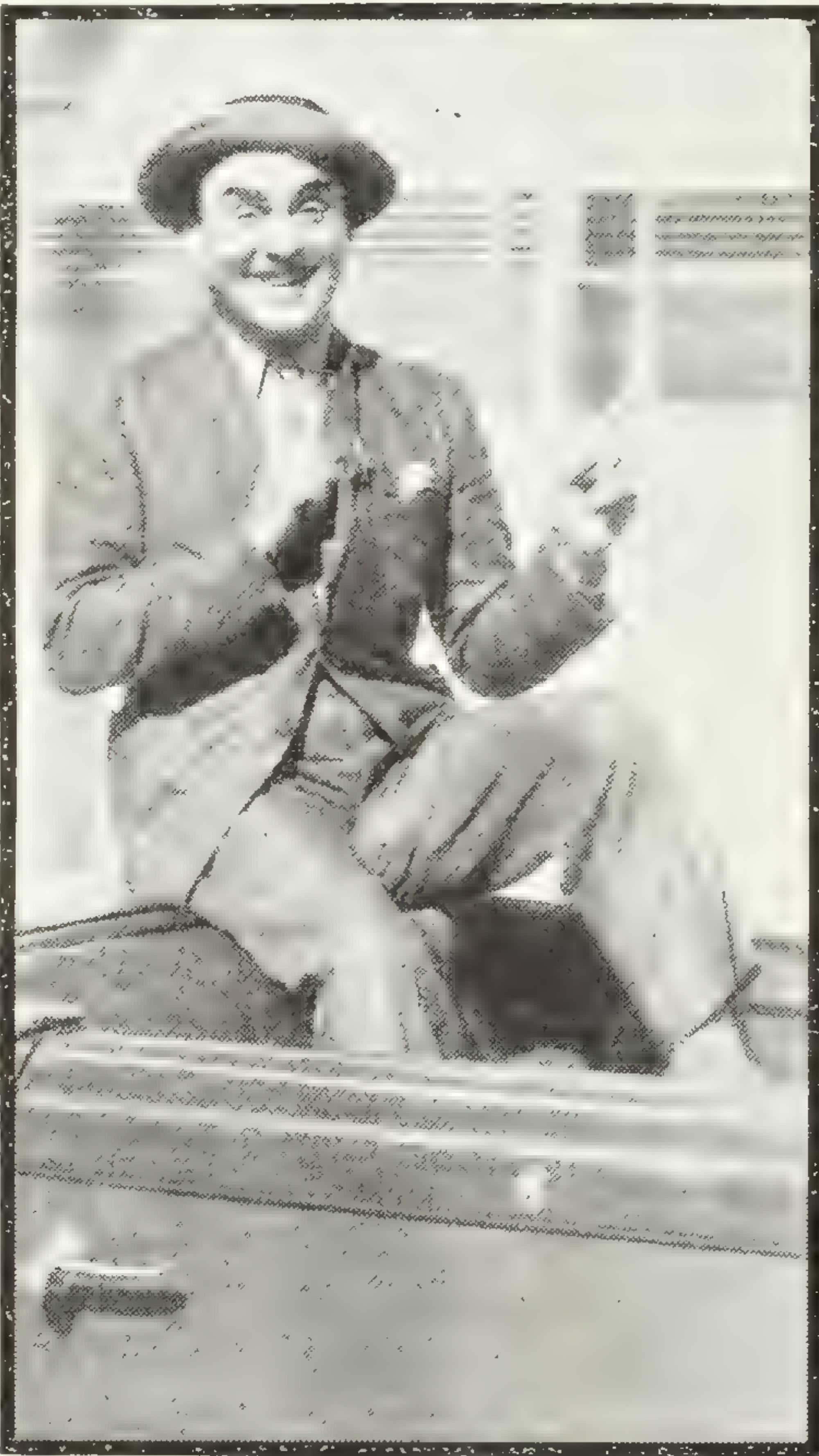
house tomorrow night. Can you come?" His arm tightened about her.

"Yes, I'd love to," murmured Heather against his coat lapel.

"You're so blessedly sweet. You're—"

"I believe," said the Admiral pleasantly, "this is my dance!"

RAFE'S house is an English Norman affair swooping up a hillside in the gentlest fashion possible. A rather glorified bachelor's quarters, surrounded by sweeping lawns and trees that were young when the Spanish conquistadors arrived. A gray parrot, the gift of a sea-wandering friend, holds forth at the



Leo Carrillo, the likeable "bad man" of many pictures, proudly displays his honorary sheriff's badge, so we suppose the country's safe now

entrance. "Hello, darling!" he chirped as Heather entered.

"He's speaking for me!" said Rafe, coming to greet her.

It was good fun, that party. Sea stories were spun until you could fairly feel the spin-drift off the bow and the roll of the deck. Rafe made an exceptionally fine host—considering the fact that he kept his weather-eye constantly fixed on an Angel. And like all good angels, she led the singing. In the garden, that was, along about the pre-daybreak hours. No one thought of departing.

There were rollicking navy songs to be sung, three verses to a song, and the purple hills echoed with them. Laughter, clever toasts, a lusty chorus.

It was two o'clock the following afternoon that Rafe awakened. His man was peering around the door in a slightly perturbed state. "What shall I do, sir? There are two ladies

sitting out on the lawn." Forbes made a Nurmi-like leap for the window. There, calm and quite unconcernedly chatting, were Heather and her chum, Pat Paterson. "We're driving down to the beach," they told him when he put in a hurried appearance. "We thought Mr. Forbes might be lonesome for a breath of salt breeze."

Why, come to think of it, Mr. Forbes was!

Now Hollywood was still ruminating over the sudden Pat Paterson-Charles Boyer nuptials. And Pat was in that state of enthusiasm peculiar to brides, where she wanted to see the whole world happily married. Here was a chance to help the good cause along! Not that it needed helping.

In ecstatic mood, Heather reached for a flower on a nearby bush as they slowed up for a stop sign. It was a nice little flower—only it happened to have a hornet on it. He thoroughly resented being a captive in a slim white hand. It didn't take him long to make the fact known in drastic fashion. Heather screamed. She backed against Rafe's shoulder like a bruised child.

And Rafe—what does any young man do in a case like that? Anyone knows that the general first aid treatment includes considerable hand-holding.

"Oh," breathed Pat looking on, "it's just like something you read in a book!"

And, in truth, the next six weeks would have written a highly romantic chapter in any novel.

THE blessed part of it was—there were no rumors. For once, Hollywood failed to do its usual blaring about a budding love affair. Because Hollywood didn't know. No one suspected. Not even the columnists. It wasn't that Rafe and Heather were trying particularly to keep it a secret. It was just that columnists don't "cover" the Riviera polo field on off days.

"Great shot!" Rafe pulled up to watch. Heather was such an ethereal little thing to be racing so madly down the field, swinging a mallet. A celestial cherub in white whipcord breeches and a silk shirt, riding her mount like a gaucho. He didn't know then that she'd ridden a pony in Oxford almost before she could walk. That in India she'd been in the habit of getting up at five in the morning to exercise a friend's racing horses. But she was a wonder on the polo field.

She was a wonder anywhere. In the evening across candle-lit tables . . . on long rides through orange groves on up to the mountains. They appeared together only twice in public. And then the name-linkers of Filmtown were not around!

It was at her farewell supper for Boyer that Rafe told her:

"Heather, sweet, I'm leaving tomorrow for a fishing trip up in the Sierras. I—I think it's best."

He wanted to figure out this thing that had happened to him, to get a perspective. It's one thing to drift into a romance—and another to be caught in the glorious whirlpool of it that makes your senses reel, your heart pound.

TEN days later he was back. He knew exactly what he wanted of life. He wanted an angel with unfathomable dark eyes and an

adorable shyness and an eager wistful little face. But the Angel was difficult. You can't know an overwhelming love for the first time and be sure what you're about. She was cold and formal one minute, and appealingly warm and dear the next. It put a man on edge.

"I think," he said mournfully one morning, "it's going to take me two more months of steady concentration before I win her over."

That was the morning of August twenty-eighth. There was nothing about it to hint of what was to come.

Pat was giving a cocktail party for Chevalier that afternoon and Mlle. Angel was as remotely impersonal as a marble statue. Most people thought they hadn't met. He was to take her to dinner afterwards and Rafe scowled in bewilderment as he dressed for it. What made her act like that? The telephone jingled. It was Heather.

"I'm so tired tonight, Rafe. Would you mind dining here at Pat's with the two of us?" Was there a tremble in her voice? If he could have known!

Because the Angel had made up her mind! While *she* was dressing. A shaft of late sunlight had fallen across his picture. She stood there looking at it, wondering, and suddenly something went "click" in her heart.

"Heather has just told me something to ask you, Rafe, and I think she'd better ask you herself," Pat leaned across the table in a blaze of excitement. What was up? The girls had been acting queerly ever since he entered the room.

Heather pressed her hands together until the little knuckles showed white.

"How long," she asked, "does it take to get to Yuma?"

Simple words—and then the full meaning of them struck Rafe spellbound. He pushed back his soup . . . went, in a trance, to the other side of the table . . . Carolina, Pat's French cook, dropped a whole tray of plates and no one heard.

These Forbeses are a swift acting lot. Rafe called five airports in so many minutes. Not one plane available. He routed his secretary, Jane Grey, out of bed. She in turn routed Henry, the chauffeur.

"I thought so," said Henry sleepily. "I knew we'd be traveling to Yuma one of these days!"

It occurred to the pair that there were people who might rate being notified. His mother—her mother. "Will you come right up to Pat's apartment in the Sunset Towers," was their cryptic message. "We have something important to tell you!"

There was the little matter, too, of an engagement ring. Rafe searched through his pockets in a frenzy. He had to use something! He did—the slender chain of his watch! He wrapped it around Heather's finger and no ten-carat diamond ever was put on with more tenderness and feeling. There was a catch in her throat as his arms went around her. A love summed up, a question asked, an answer given in that one little phrase—"How long does it take to get to Yuma?"

Usually it takes something like six hours driving from Hollywood. It took them ten. There were delays at the start, of course. Heather had to find a frock of Pat's she could wear. People came. Rafe caught sight of the diamond and sapphire ring on his mother's finger. It had been his grandmother's. His mother was taking it off, giving it to him.

"This is better than the chain!" she smiled. "Funny, I haven't worn it for years. I don't know what possessed me to slip it on tonight."

Jane Grey contributed the wedding ring—one she had worn on her little finger. Everybody emptied their purses, for there's no place you can cash a check at midnight.

Finally they were off, at two-thirty in the morning. Dinnerless, sleepless and blissfully in love.

It was just past Indio that they threw a main bearing. Fortunately, in front of a garage. Hitch-hiking to your wedding . . . hailing busses at daybreak.

But all the busses were going in the wrong direction.

"I've got a 1922 car here," confided the garageman, "but it goes." It did. Just. It was held together by the grace of heaven and little else. There was no back seat.

Only a choice collection of antique farm implements. And in it Heather and Rafe rode to their marriage.

Only four minutes it took, with Judge Freeman reading the simple service. A hot, white sun streamed in.

A bluebottle fly swung in lazy circles. Funny, how Paradise can shift down into a dry little courtroom.

On the way home by train Rafe murmured, "Darling, do you know we have to begin all over again? I'll begin with a star sapphire engagement ring and then we'll get a link of Janey's ring put into a wedding ring of your own."

"It would be nice, dear," said the Angel, "if you'd begin with a proposal! You know you never have—officially—asked me to marry you."

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Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

reproduce truly, but photographed with an orangish-yellowish tinge.

Rich purples, lavenders, all shades of blue, and many lovely in between colors could not be recorded.

Now, however, the camera, by the new process, is able to "see" all three primary colors, and their combinations, of course, make up every color visible to the human eye.

You can understand the impossibility of getting true color pictures by the old process if you try to imagine yourself painting a water color picture, using only red, yellow, and green.

Under the old process, too, outlines were blurred, making the pictures not only displeasing but hard on the eyes.

THE failure of former Technicolor pictures, however, should not be blamed entirely on the camera's lack. Those who made the pictures were partly to blame. They were used to working in black and white. They did not realize that a production done in color had to be handled differently; that careful planning of color combinations and design were of paramount importance.

When Robert Edmond Jones worked out the color for "La Cucaracha," he made thousands of crayon sketches, designing the movie, scene by scene, from the script. Every scene, each tiny sequence, was then created from his crayon sketches, copying the color exactly. Thus each shot was a perfect picture so far as color and design were concerned, making a beautiful and artistic whole.

He is doing "Becky Sharp" with the same care and exactness.

Those working in color realize now that such careful design is necessary. They have learned, too, that in many other respects their picture-making must be treated differently. For example, the heavy make-up so effective in black and white photography is ugly and artificial in Technicolor. A light, natural make-up must be used. This, of course, makes it more difficult to cast a rôle. Skin defects cannot be hidden beneath a coat of grease-paint and powder. Freckles can't be powdered over.

Eyes that are too small can't be made to look large by tricky use of mascara and eye shadow. Colorless hair won't do, while artificial coloring or bleaching photographs badly.

IT'S putting an added demand on stars! Those that passed their voice tests several years ago, and have been breathing easy, ask nervously now, "How will I photograph in color?"

"It will change the standard of screen beauty," says Robert Edmond Jones. "It will bring naturalness into favor and toss artificiality into the discard. Beauty like Irene Dunne's, for example, will then become fully appreciated—rich reddish-brown hair, skin of lovely texture and color."

And, those stars who do survive the test are going to find themselves confronted with a more difficult job in movie-making.

The tedious business of wardrobe planning, for example, will be even more difficult than it is now.

Furthermore, according to stars who have appeared in color pictures, the intense lighting necessary for its photography makes working conditions trying and unpleasant.

Jeanette MacDonald, who appeared in the Technicolor sequence of "The Cat and the Fiddle," says, "It was terrible, trying to work under the lights. The heat was terrific; make-up was ruined after five minutes, and the intense light was so hard on our eyes, it was almost unbearable."

Miss MacDonald, incidentally, with her gold-red hair and gray-blue eyes, is one star who should certainly rate high before the color camera.

But if the players find themselves confronted with difficulties, what of the studios?

The studios have millions of dollars worth of equipment for making black and white pictures. It cannot be used for color movies. Are they going to be faced with junking all of this? Of course, when the tornado of sound hit Hollywood, almost overnight equipment that cost fortunes was thrown on the junk heap. And there is no doubt that, if the public demands color pictures, Hollywood must, and will, provide them.

But, aside from the high price of equipment, the actual cost of producing a color picture is enormous!

For example, it cost sixty-four thousand dollars for RKO-Radio to produce "La Cucaracha."

The average black and white picture of the same length costs around fifteen thousand.

ONE reason for the steep cost of color pictures is that the Technicolor camera uses three times as much film as the black and white camera. It carries one strip of negative film to record each of the three primary colors. Thus when the cameras grind, three photographs of the scene are actually being taken at once. It follows then that at each step in the handling of the film the work and cost is tripled.

The process itself is not as difficult or complicated as one might expect. Let us imagine that the color camera is photographing a holly wreath, hung on a blue door. Your eye sees the red berries, the green leaves, the blue door. A beam of light carries these three colors into the camera.

As the light enters the camera, it strikes a prism which splits it into three parts. In the camera are three filters made of gelatin—a green gelatin filter, a red one, a blue one. Each of the three parts of the light beam strikes one of these filters.

The green filter permits only the green in the light to pass through and hit the negative film.

The red filter lets only the red in the light through.

The blue filter carries through the blue in the light to the negative.

Now the actual color is not recorded on these negatives.

Looking at them, you see only shadow, as on an ordinary negative. The thing that is recorded here is the intensity of the light that has struck each negative.

These negatives must be printed now on a positive which will preserve these values of intensity and which can take dyes and print them.

The positive used is a gelatin-coated film. After the negative is printed on the positive, the positive is put through a chemical process which hardens the gelatin of the positive in

proportion to the light that strikes it. For example, the red berries were dark on the one negative behind the red filter, and those spots let little light through, so the gelatin there remains soft. On the same negative, the green leaves and blue door are not dark, and light hardens the gelatin in those spots. Each positive is now taken out and washed. Naturally the soft gelatin washes away, leaving little "valleys" where the red berries should be, and reliefs of hard gelatin for the door and leaves. These gelatin positives are known as matrices.

NOW these matrices must be dyed. Each is dyed with its opposite or complementary color. The red matrix is dipped in a green dye; the green matrix is dipped with red dye; the blue matrix is dipped in yellow dye. You now have three strips of film, one yellow, one green, one red. The dye, of course, is absorbed according to the thickness of the gelatin coating. Where there is no gelatin, no dye will "take." Consequently, the berries on the originally red matrix, having no gelatin covering, take none of the green dye. By the same token, on the originally green matrix these berries retained the gelatin, and so absorb the red dye.

The three matrices are now printed on the final positive film. First the red matrix (now dyed green, remember) is placed against the film. Since, on this matrix, the red berries retained no gelatin and consequently picked up no green dye, the spot where the berries should be simply remains blank on the film. Next, however, the green matrix (now dyed red) is placed against the film. Here the berries retained the gelatin, absorbed the red dye, and now print it on the film. However, on the third matrix (the one originally blue, now dyed yellow) the berries also retained the gelatin and took the yellow dye. When this is pressed against the film, then, yellow dye is placed over the red dye of the berries. The same is true of each impression: each is dyed twice.

But the light in the projection machine, striking the film as the picture is being shown, clears this up. The light contains red, green and blue elements—the three primary colors. As it shines through the film, the red element holds up the green, the green stops the red, the blue detains the yellow. Thus the holly berries, stained with red and stained with yellow, come onto the screen as red only, because the blue element in the light detains the yellow, and only the red is allowed to go through. On the screen, you see the colors now as accurately and truly as if you were looking at the original objects.

IF black and white movies are realistic to you, it is only because your imagination supplies the color. Technicolor, however, leaves nothing to the imagination. There is even a process which makes it possible to record such realistic touches as a blush, or a player's turning white with fright or crimson with anger. In "La Cucaracha" you may remember when Paul Porcas became angry at Steffi Duna in the restaurant, his face turned purplish red.

This is done with a machine which contains a variety of colored lights set on a pivot. The pivot is turned, shedding the desired light in front of the projector, and directing it to the spot in the scene where the effect is wanted.

The man who invented the machine says it

will increase the possibility of interesting effects immeasurably, permitting even such realistic touches as pale greenish tinges for seasick actors and pasty white effects for "hangovers," if desired.

Hollywood today is pretty much divided on the subject of color. Sam Goldwyn and Eddie Cantor recently leagued with the pro-colorists when they made the final sequence of "Kid Millions" in Technicolor. RKO-Radio signifies its belief in the future of color by tossing tall sums of money into "Becky Sharp."

But the fate of its future lies in the hands of the public.

If the public demands it, the expense to the industry, the discomfort to players will be considered of small consequence.

If the public wants it, Robert Edmond Jones' prophecy will be fulfilled—color will come to the screen, to stay.

Hollywood Holiday Follies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Mae agreed he might come down to see her sometime, so it was settled.

Dietrich and Von Sternberg were to walk into the Paramount dining-room, each with a shoe-box lunch under an arm and, selecting a table, were to calmly lay out their weinerschnitzels to their hearts' content and the waiters' astonishment.

This, too, would please and surprise Santa, they felt sure.

Joan Crawford begged to be allowed to twine gardenias in Santa's beard so he would smell in harmony when he came down her chimney.

Provided Franchot would stand for any such monkey business.

The only snag they ran up against, however, was that all the girls wanted to tickle the jolly old rascal; he being such a plump old lamb. In the end, they finally had to lay down "no tickling" rules which simply put Miriam Hopkins to bed with disappointment.

After lunch (at the Brown Derby) Santa was to view the Bus Berkeley girls in action. If Santa still lived, a simple little twenty-seven course supper was to be spread at the new Tropicadero. "And let's finish up with nuts," someone suggested.

"THAT settles it," everyone screamed, "if the Marx Brothers come, we won't. They'll finish it up all right."

Just to show that every little thing had been thought out, it was agreed, if a Turkish bath failed to bring Santa around after the evening's fun, Adrian was to stitch a bale of cotton around Guy Kibbee and with Santa's pack on his back, he was to finish up the job.

"But what if I get stuck in a chimney?" Guy whimpered.

"You've been stuck in worse things than chimneys, haven't you?" they argued. So it was agreed.

And with this last detail complete, joy broke loose all over everything and Gracie Allen had to clean it up. Cheers, huzzahs and three cheers for "Hollywood's Holiday Follies" rang out over the land.

And as Tiny Tim never in the world said, Merry Christmas to you all. And God help us, every one."

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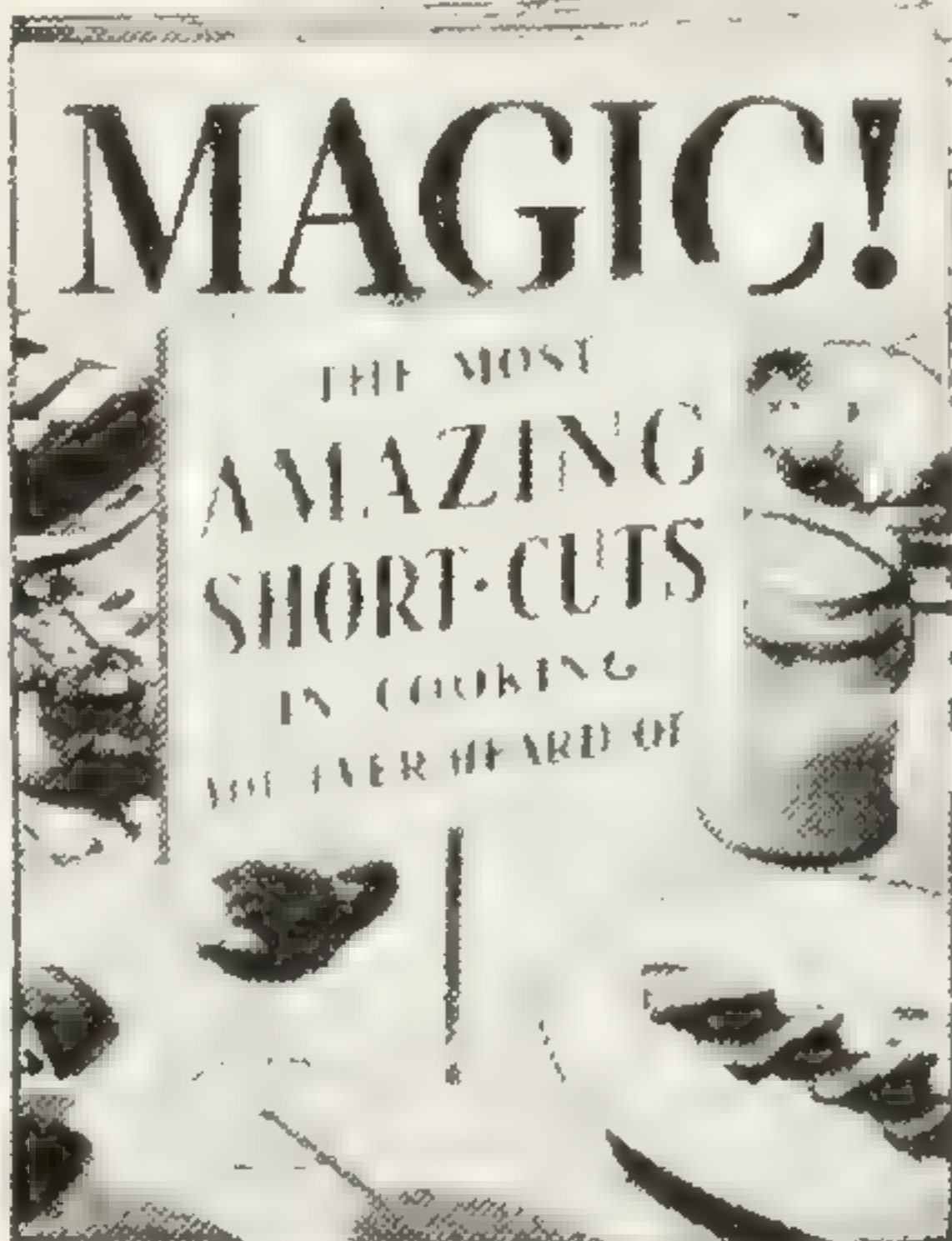
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MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! ● *But remember...* Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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It's Never Been Done Before

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

A producer, in London on business, sought relaxation at the theater with friends. The play was "The Ace," which had been a sensation in the English metropolis for several months.

Even so, tired from a day of conferences and checking reports, the producer leaned back in his chair, prepared to be bored.

But in the first five minutes, he not only was interested, he was sitting on the edge of his seat. A new personality—vibrant, intriguing, compelling—had flashed across his consciousness.

AN olive-skinned beauty with flax-blond hair and big blue-green eyes, she wore the simple costume of a French gamin stranded in Germany during the war. A scarlet hair-ribbon and sheer black silk stockings added a saucy pertness which was devastating.

It was easy to identify her from the program, as she was the only feminine member of the cast. Ketti Gallian! An intriguing name—one that would look well on theater marquees.

The producer, Winfield Sheehan, sighed deeply. For more than a year he had been searching the world over for the ideal girl to play the title rôle in "Marie Galante," the Prix de Rome novel by Jacques Deval which had caused a sensation in Europe and an equal one in America when it was published in English.

Here, if the gods were good, was the very girl he had been seeking. If she filmed well, his long search was at an end.

Through his London associates, he arranged for an interview at Miss Gallian's hotel. When he arrived to keep the appointment, her secretary was called in to interpret. Miss Gallian's English vocabulary embraced no more than "How do you do," "Thank you," and "Good-bye," despite her months in London.

She had no intention of remaining in England when she accepted the rôle of the French girl in "The Ace," and, as her lines were all in her native language, there was no necessity for her to learn English. She did the same as most Americans do who go to France for a visit—hired a bilingual secretary, and transacted all business through her, even to her shopping.

Mr. Sheehan found Miss Gallian delightful on acquaintance and speedily arranged for her to make a screen test. Language offered no complications, as she merely did a scene from "The Ace" before the camera.

She screened gorgeously, the searching eye of the camera recording many facets of her piquant personality that were lost over the footlights.

The producer found the little French actress more than eager to visit Hollywood. But there were several items to be settled first. That matter of language—*oui*, she would learn English within one hundred days. Screen training—she would submit herself to any instruction deemed necessary. Remodeling her figure—*Oo, la la!*

Famous artists had pronounced her figure *tres chic*.

Why must she change?

It was patiently pointed out that the camera magnifies, and that a person who may look perfect on the street or the stage, often will look too large on the screen.

Oui—Gallian would reduce, too, if it were necessary. And so the very unusual contract was signed.

On Christmas Eve, her birthday, incidentally, Ketti Gallian arrived at the Hollywood airport. A stranger in a strange land, her first impulse was to hop another plane for home.

She had been seasick on the rough ocean crossing aboard the Italian Rex. She was airsick following her speedy dash across the continent by plane, and heartsick and lonesome for her relatives and friends more than six thousand miles away in Europe.

AN additional provision of her contract required that, in order to insure her concentration on learning English, she must not associate with French or French-speaking people during the period of her training.

The only answer she knew to homesickness and discouragement was work, so the volatile, flaxen-haired starlet settled down to a period of intensive study and the bitter drudgery of lonely labor.

Margaret Knapp, who last year coached

Anna Sten, the Russian actress, in English so successfully, was retained to tutor the French girl. The young ladies shared an apartment, to obtain better results on the concentrated course of lessons.

Miss Gallian's only relaxation contributed to her education, too.

She listened to the radio and attended American movies to become accustomed to the proper enunciation of words.

TECHNICAL resources of Fox Movietone City were placed at Miss Gallian's disposal. She was coached in histrionics, she was drilled in poise and carriage.

In a hundred days she had learned English. She became sufficiently acquainted with the language to read her lines clearly and distinctly, with just the trace of accent which movie-goers find so delightful in foreign stars.

Through exercise—horseback riding, bicycling, tennis and swimming—and a balanced menu of wholesome foods, she reached her proper weight and the slender, sinuous silhouette her height and characteristics call for.

Miss Gallian was born in the south of France, but her coloring, features and figure are not typical of that region. She is a marked contrast to the small-statured brunette women of southern Europe.

Straight as an arrow, she is wide-shouldered, thin-hipped, with light tresses and blue-green eyes.

Perhaps this is due to the influence of her mother, whose family was of Nordic origin, though French for generations. Ketti's mother was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer on the English Channel. Ketti's father, Victor Galliano, is Italian born, from the Piedmont. A grape-grower, his vineyards extend up the

hillsides of the Maritime Alps, drinking in the sun from the warm southern exposure.

Victor Galliano became a French citizen before the war and was mobilized with the French army when hostilities broke out in 1914. He went to the trenches early in 1915, was slightly wounded, went back to the lines, then came down with pneumonia.

After a long siege in a hospital, he was finally invalided out of the service.

Ketti was a war baby. She was born during the dark days of the great struggle, far from the front, but a stone's throw from the Mediterranean Sea where enemy sea raiders frequently attempted to shell the ports—where enemy aircraft soared down the Rhone Valley to bomb distant cities.



Roger Pryor is proving a most attentive listener to Ann Sothern's reading. The romance between this couple, seen dining at the Brown Derby restaurant, is said to be growing

Addresses of the Stars

B R I G H T

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Iris Adrian
Max Baer
George Barbier
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Lorraine Bridges
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Allan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Elisha Cook, Jr.
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Diana Lewis

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Ean Arthur
Lucille Ball
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Jancy Carroll
Valter Connolly
Donald Cook
Aez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Hlyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Victor Jory

Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Lois Maybell
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tisbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Howard Wilson
Virginia Weidler
Toby Wing

June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Albert Shean
Berta Singerman
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall
Hugh Williams

Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Joel McCrea
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Fred Keating
Peter Lorre
Sheila Mannors
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Virginia Pine
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Billie Seward
Ann Southern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey

Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Rosilind Russell
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Sid Silvers
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Joseph Cawthorn
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Grace Ford
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins

Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Helen Morgan
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Winifred Shaw
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Helen Trenholme
Harry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

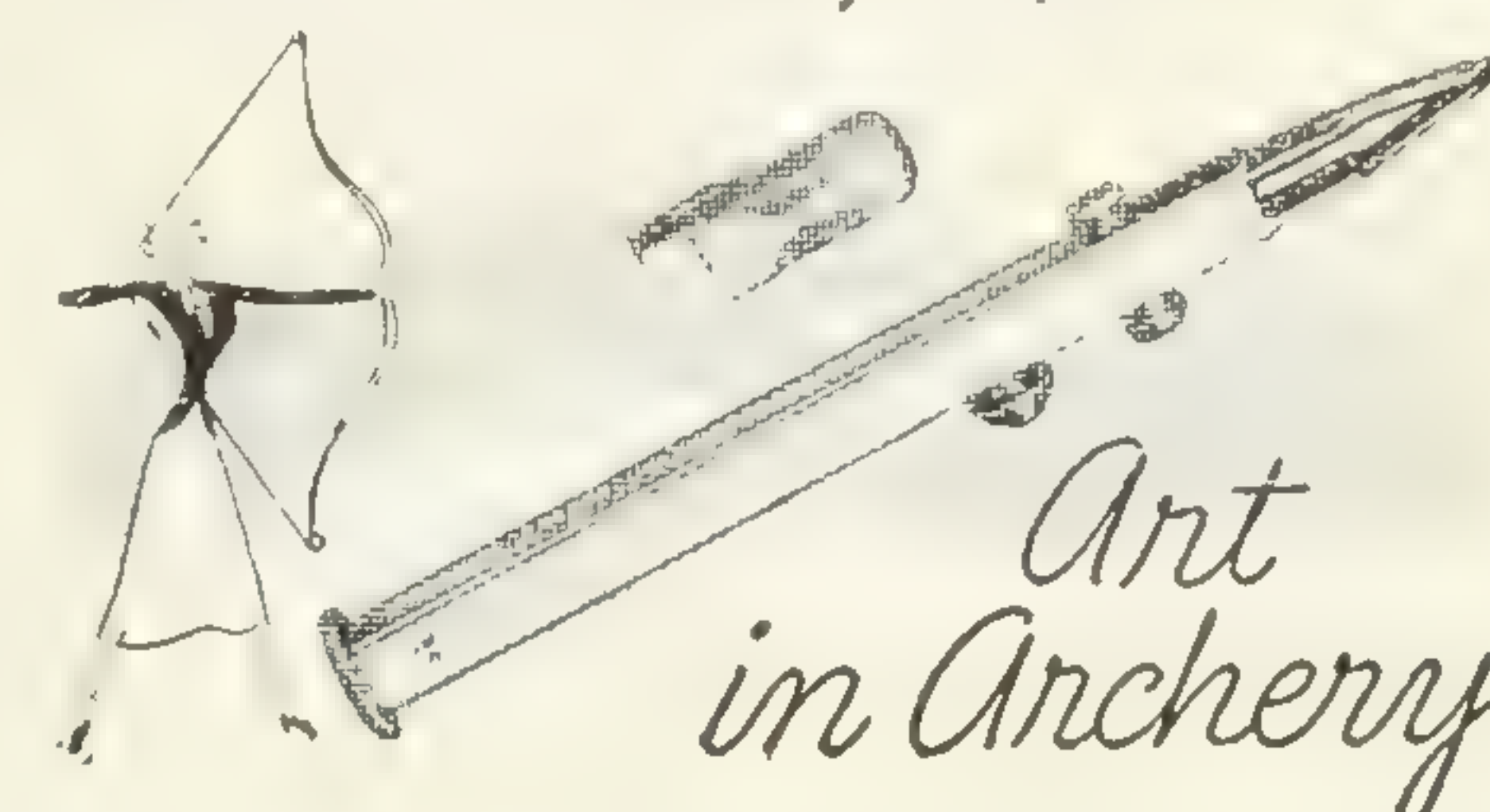
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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by
Jane
Heath

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in Archery

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All the World's His Stooge

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

eventually substituting rubber balls for the stones. Rapidly he became more adept, and finally was urged to present his "act" on amateur night at the neighborhood theater in the Bronx. Jimmy won first prize, and the manager offered the youngster a two-a-day contract.

As the years went on, Savo developed the most complicated of juggling routines. One intricate trick took him two years to perfect. Once, while presenting it in a vaudeville house, he missed and the audience laughed. Savo decided that he would never be laughed at again while trying to perform a difficult and serious act. So he went back to simple tricks, doing them with comedy pantomime. His comedy was so successful that gradually he dropped the juggling and emphasized the pantomime. Almost at once he became a headliner in vaudeville, featured comedian in Broadway shows, and a popular entertainer in New York's most famous night clubs.

It is surprising that until now movies paid little attention to him. For his *forte* is pantomime—always more effective on the screen than on the stage. He made some Sunshine comedy shorts for Fox back in the silent days, and they attracted no particular attention. Last Spring he made a movie, "The Girl in the Case," for Dr. Eugene Frenke, husband of Anna Sten. A private production, the picture was never released. However, picture men and critics who saw the movie by invitation, sang Savo's praises. And a few months later Hecht and MacArthur asked him to play the lead in their picture.

Maybe Hollywood shunned him because he once told a movie director that he would like to see his favorite book brought to the screen. It's

"The Dishonest Conductor," by Rob Nickels.

He makes everybody stooge for him. And they like it! He'll say to you merrily, "Come and go to the fair with me this afternoon."

You answer, "But, Jimmy, I didn't know there was a fair in town."

"Must be. I read it in the paper last night, 'Fair today and tomorrow.'"

He's the only comedian I've ever known who even makes stooges out of the writers who are interviewing him.

Ask him about his education and he'll say, "Sure I went to school. What did I take up? Space. No, seriously, I studied geography. I learned that the most important animal in Russia is a Mouse-cow."

ASK him about his film plans for the future—if he may go to Hollywood—and he answers, "Well, I bought an elephant so I'll have a trunk handy, just in case. And that reminds me, do you know whose baby is being fed on elephant's milk? The elephant's baby, of course."

You groan and try to bring him back to the subject of movies, his career, and ask him if he, like most comedians, wants some day to do dramatic rôles.

"No," he answers. "Once I wanted to write plays. But now I know I'd rather be Jimmy Savo than William Shakespeare. Because Shakespeare, you know, is dead."

You groan again and ask him what he would like to do if he should go to Hollywood, and he says, "I'd like to become a rhinoceros, so I can horn in everywhere. You know, I hear Hollywood is a tricky place. They even have a trap set for *Mickey Mouse*."

If Jimmy Savo does go to Hollywood it won't

be soon. That is, unless Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, now producing pictures for Paramount in New York, change their minds and agree to return to the Coast. For Jimmy is under contract to Hecht and MacArthur for six pictures to follow "Once in a Blue Moon." They are convinced that the Broadway comedian is going to be a screen sensation, a second Chaplin. They believe that his ill-fitting, patched-up clothes and his always handy bean-shooter will become as famous as Charlie's big shoes and cane.

And if his two directors are silent when Jimmy tells a joke, it's probably because they're afraid to open their mouths for fear Savo will make stooges out of them.

And he does, too. For example, they were ready to start work on the set when Savo rushed up to Hecht, saying, "Hey, do you know who is in the hospital?"

Hecht cast an anxious eye about the set. "No, who?"

"Sick people," Jimmy answered.

"Well, you oughta be there!" Hecht snarled.

"Oh, no. Not me, Ben. I just swallowed a mint and I feel like a million dollars! By the way, Ben. You're a great director, and I'm an actor, trying to learn how to speak lines. A guy last night told me it was possible to say 'What am I doing?' in five different ways, making five shades of meaning, just by accenting different words. But I don't believe that, do you?"

"Certainly, it is," the director answered. "I'll show you. *What* am I doing? *What* am I doing? *What* *am* I doing? *What* I am *doing*? *What* am I *doing*?"

"Making a sap of yourself, Ben! Well, call me when the camera's ready."

Margaret Sullavan Wants None of It!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

she was not and never would be happy making pictures. It wasn't just Hollywood. Margaret had preconceived ideas about Hollywood—playtime Hollywood—and stunningly ignored it. All during her debut picture she was "regular" enough about doing the extra-set tasks demanded of a star. The publicity gags, pictures, smiles, introductions. No one called her a "prima donna."

But she was terribly unhappy every minute of the time she spent within studio gates. And she still is. I happen to know that ever since "Only Yesterday," and its undreamed of result of lifting her to the small pinnacle of great screen stars, Margaret Sullavan has never been the same.

EVEN during the filming of "Little Man, What Now?" under the kindness and understanding of Frank Borzage, whom she liked, on a set where harmony and pleasantness ruled, Margaret suffered the same soul-twisting tortures.

Every picture has been a Hell for her to get through. Her attitude, which is genuine and uncontrollable, has not changed one iota

from the first discouraging week of her screen career to the day we talked at luncheon.

To completely understand it would be to completely understand Margaret Sullavan—and only the gods can dare boast such perception. For she is no ordinary person; on the contrary, she is one of the most intensely interesting and individual characters ever to visit Hollywood.

However, here is an attempt at least to penetrate the shell of a psychology which has provided Hollywood with an enigma rapidly becoming as classic as Garbo.

In the first place, all the rich rewards of movie stardom leave her as cold as a casting director's eye.

Money, movie money, big money simply has no lure for her. She doesn't want mink coats and town cars. Making good in a show world doesn't lend her the slightest desire to make a show.

Last year she drove a small, second-hand medium priced roadster; this year she doesn't even own a car, but rents a 1932 rattly, two-seater of one of the lowest priced makes.

Living in style, wearing sensational, expen-

sive clothes, putting it on in the grand manner is actually distasteful to her. Last year, again, she took a house in Coldwater Canyon, not a big house, but a nice house. This year she lives right in the heart of Hollywood, in a small apartment. The address is good, but not ultra-ultra. Fame, publicity, glamour, ballyhoo, they make her shudder. I doubt if she has read one one-hundredth of the stories written about her. She keeps none of her countless still portraits. She wasn't enjoying having luncheon with me, although we are friends, because she knew I was going to write about her. Anything attempted in the nature of an interview is actually painful to her. Talking about herself makes her weak inside. She made me promise not to quote her.

THE fact that millions of people all over the world are being entertained and made happy by her pictures, the fact that she is succeeding in what most people consider an immeasurably great career does not begin to compensate her for what she sincerely feels she is missing because of it.

To her any career—even the stage, which,

she loves almost reverently—isn't worth a snap of the fingers if it in any way bounds her freedom. If it keeps her from drinking to the fullest of life.

In some ways, Margaret Sullavan is a wise old woman; in others, I suspect that she is a naive child.

Because she eagerly wants, she insists on every worth while fruit in the world's Eden—not sometime, but *now*.

She wants a stage career (she wants to "learn how to act"!!) she wants to travel, she wants marriage, a home, children, she wants leisure—and all pretty much at once. The fact that all of these can come in a few years, after she has made herself independent for life, by a short prison "stretch" in Hollywood, cuts no figure whatever with her.

She thinks that now is the time to be free—not later.

OF course, most of us wouldn't consider the making of two pictures a year (even though each picture, being the most important on Universal's schedule, takes from two to three months to film) exactly the four walls of a prison—but to one so geared as Margaret Sullavan, it is more than a prison—it's a torture chamber.

Every day she spends on the set saps her energy to the last dregs and tires her to nervous exhaustion. She goes home in a state of mind which carries the conviction that her day's work has been futile—that she has given a miserable performance—that she has wasted a precious, irretrievable day of her life—for naught.

She can't bear to view the rushes of her day's work in the evening after the final "Cut" has sounded.

Director William Wyler asked her as a special favor to see them on her present picture, "The Good Fairy."

He thought it would help her.

She went for two evenings. She couldn't stand to see herself and begged off; she hasn't seen them since.

From all of it she wants to escape. Weary of the bargain which unsought, unexpected success has forced on her, Margaret Sullavan wants a way out.

Will the marriage that she contemplates help her find the freedom and the rich experience of life she demands, and which, being made as she is made, Hollywood denies her? Will it be the first step towards her eventually forsaking the screen?

OR will it change her whole psychology, revamp her unusual attitude towards screen stardom, give her enough of the extra-studio life she now lacks, and make what now seems dull torture an attractive career?

There is only one answer—

She will still be essentially Margaret Sullavan, no matter whom she marries—and so sincere is her unhappy dislike of a screen star's life, that no mere wedding ring can transform its aura from gray to golden.

Of course, marriage or no marriage, she can't just quit. She's a very valuable piece of screen property, whether she likes it or not—and Universal has a contract with her for two more years.

But she is just enough of a life loving, freedom seeking person to go in for this marriage with her whole soul, found a home and raise a family!

So take a good look, a long lingering look at Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy," for that picture and the one after it might be your last chance to see her for some time.



Vivacious little Toby Wing, Paramount feature player, and S. J. Perelman, famous humorist now writing for Paramount, both vote for the Hawaiian "Here's How" made with one-third of a glass of DOLE Pineapple Juice, a dash of cider and seltzer and ice.

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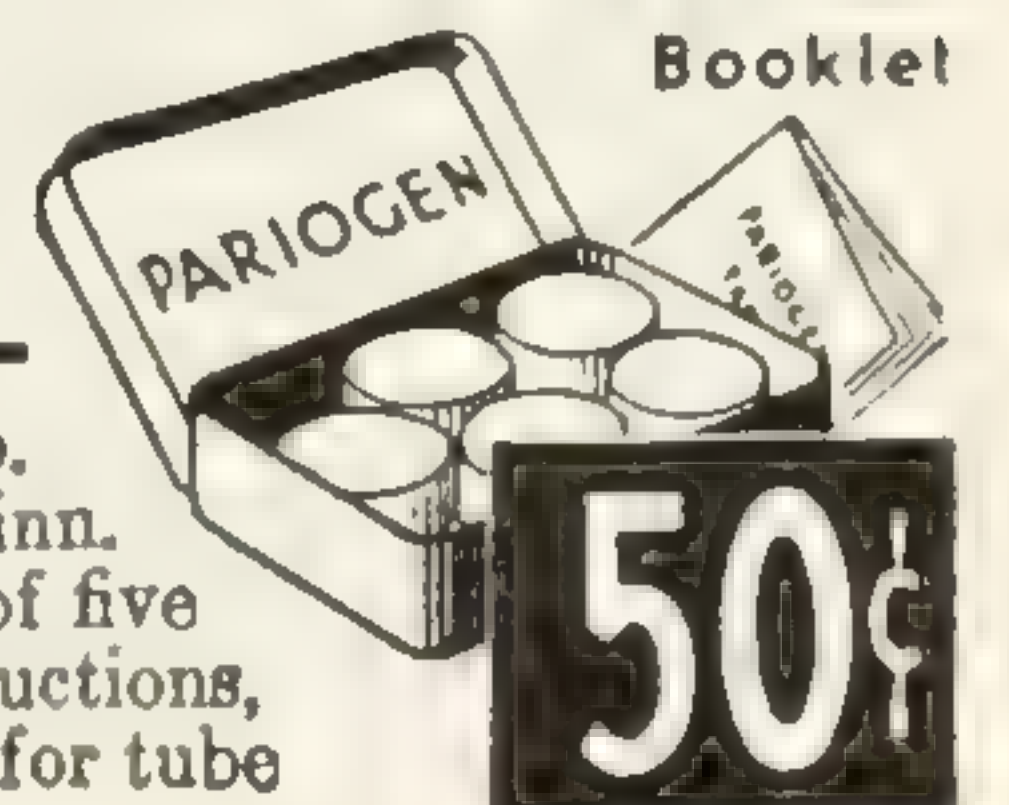
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, man threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (Dec.)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Opera striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (Oct.)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-ootiful ward. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (Dec.)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

★ **NOW AND FOREVER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife, Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for suavity robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—Crook melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telegraphed ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. (Nov.)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to eke out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing. (Dec.)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the innamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (Dec.)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (Dec.)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

★ **ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as Grand Duke Peter. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

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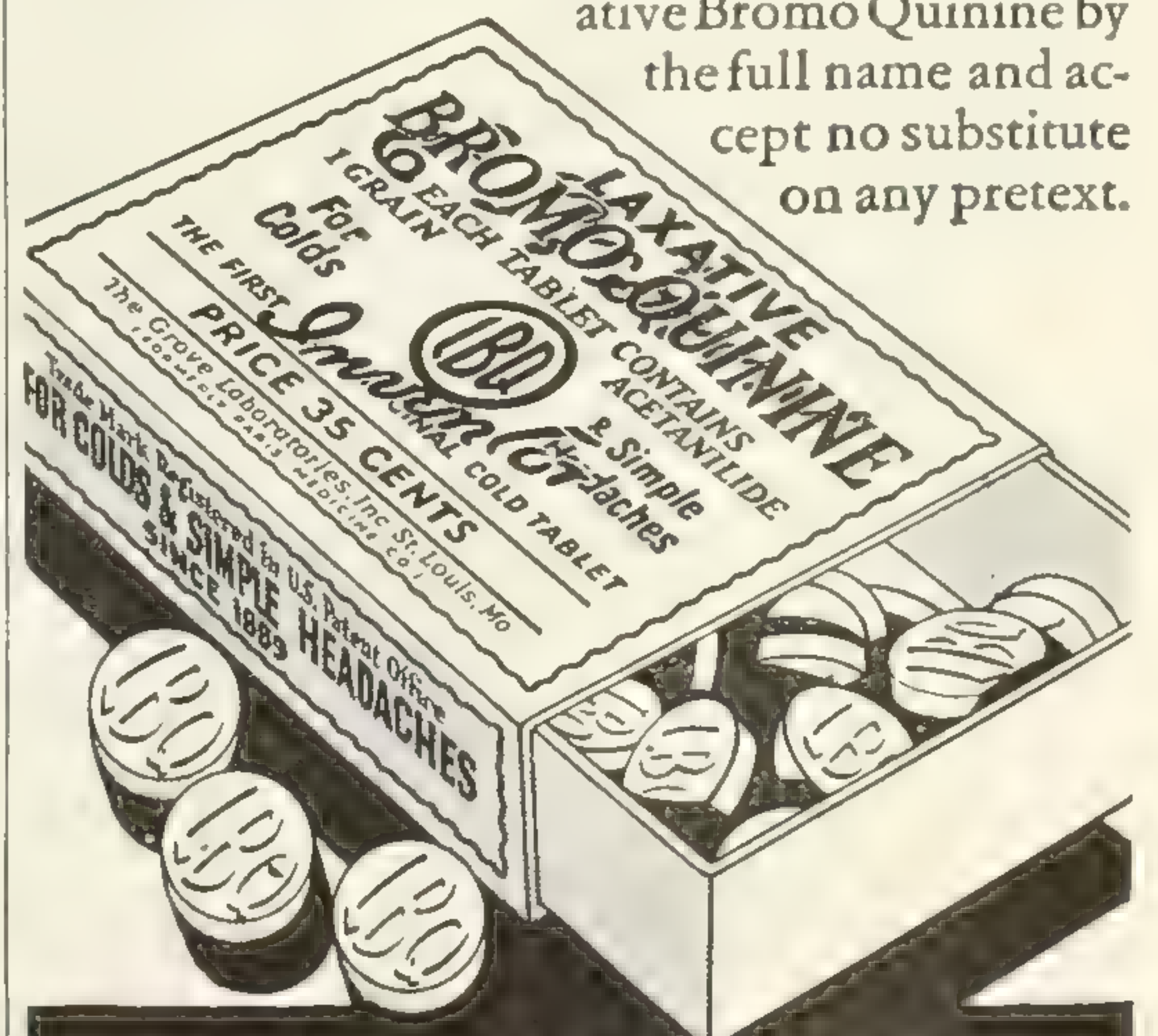
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SCARLET LETTER, THE—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS LIBERTY—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE** — Fox. — Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (Oct.)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an -1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE WAS A LADY—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (Oct.)

SHOCK—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwenllian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (Oct.)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS** — Paramount. — Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack LaRue and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. Slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deering's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. I. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsy, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST — M-G-M. — Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Earle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

★ **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchot Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A — Monogram. — William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skilfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE — Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (Oct.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH — Monogram.—Dull. Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Martha Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching. (Dec.)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but—Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND** — M-G-M. — A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW — Liberty. — Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)



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UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—A moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. But that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric March, and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)

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Salute May Robson!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

One—a beautiful ingénue, herself. One as *Tilly*, a slovenly servant girl.

The play, "The Hoop of Gold," opened on September 17, 1883, and in her very first performance May learned the most valuable lesson of her whole career.

THE audience took the beautiful ingénue for granted. But they shouted with laughter at *Tilly*. So May decided then and there to play characters, and only characters. The satisfaction of looking beautiful couldn't compare with the laughs and the applause one rated for being funny.

It was a smart decision.

Her husband died, and several years later she married Dr. A. H. Brown, who was then a young Harvard medical student. This was an ideally happy association. Always devoted and considerate, Dr. Brown never wished to interfere with his wife's career on the stage; rather, he encouraged it. He became a surgeon with an extensive practice, and May became a Frohman star. Dr. Brown died in 1923, after more than thirty years of an ideally happy marriage.

Long before this, May's friendship with Marie Dressler had been formed, and once they made a memorable trip to England on a storm-tossed old steamer, quite positive they would never reach the shore alive.

May played "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" over there and then for a four-year run without a break in New York. It is one of the theatrical successes that will go down in history. She never had a failure on the stage and never closed a play with less than a season's run.

In 1924, she starred in several silent pictures for Cecil B. DeMille.

Her first starring sound picture was "You Can't Buy Everything," but her greatest personal success was "Lady for a Day" made at Columbia by Frank Capra. She has just made another one there, "Lady By Choice," which almost tops the first.

She recently finished "Woman Aroused" at RKO, and she loved his story of an old-naid school-teacher whose life is wrapped up in her boys and girls.

She will do "The Mills of the Gods," for Columbia. This time a strong-willed and determined old lady.

Then she thinks it will be time to go to New York and take a long rest.

May's favorite characters are the inebriated old bats, as in the two "Lady" pictures.

"When I go out, I am not ashamed to ask for a glass of tomato or orange juice, when the others are drinking stronger things," she says. "I am an old lady, you see, so I have to be humored.

"But I have observed many inebriates in my day, and my characterizations are taken from them. The business with the hat, in 'Lady By Choice,' was a direct study of a woman I used to know who sometimes took a drink too many. She was never concerned about anything but her hat.

"Where's m' hat, oh dear, oh dear, what did I do with my hat?" she would moan. Nothing else ever concerned her.

"You have to love your work or you can't do it well. You have to be looking for ways to improve it, and my way is by watching people."

May has a poor memory for names, and she and Miss Harmer have developed a pretty

good system on this. Some one comes up to talk with them, and May can't remember his name.

She squeezes Miss Harmer's arm, and Miss Harmer says, "We were so delighted, Mr. Splivvits, to read of your daughter's success," or some such statement in which she can incorporate the name.

ONE recent evening when Miss Harmer wasn't near, May was certainly in a predicament.

She had been to a man's house where there is a perfectly remarkable parrot.

(May is very fond of birds and has hundreds of them.)

The parrot had a trick of standing on one's forefinger and saying "tickle, tickle."

One night at a theater, May thought she saw the owner of the parrot. In a panic, she tried to think of his name. That failing, she advanced and squeaked, "Tickle, tickle," thinking at least that would let the man know she remembered him. He looked at her with a

totally blank expression. She tried again. "Tickle, tickle," said May, coyly. A look of fear, amazement—acute discomfort spread over the man's face as he backed away and quickly disappeared.

Miss Harmer returned just in time to see his face, and May told her the episode. "But he wasn't the man," explained Miss Harmer.

Well, you can't expect to keep all the people straight, May laughs. She hopes the man, whoever he was, will see this and find out that she was not loony at the time.

MAY is, surprisingly, only five feet, two inches tall.

She weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, and is always beautifully and appropriately dressed and groomed.

She lives in a small, comfortable, unostentatious house, in a section of Hollywood where you seldom find picture people. The neighbors' youngsters run in to see the birds, and to hear a story as only May can tell it.

She swaps recipes with the neighboring housewives.

Dignity, activity, ability—the dominant factors in May Robson's life.

"Salute," then, to a grand old girl!



Florine McKinney, feminine lead of "Night Life of the Gods," the story of a museum full of statues on the loose, has a little fun with her plaster double in the Universal production

Mr. Broadway Gambles Against Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

had written forty plays himself—among them successes such as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," "The Miracle Man," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Song and Dance Man," "The Tavern," and many others. Whether Hollywood remembered or not, the script of "The Phantom President" was never given benefit of the Cohan touch!

IN the second place, when Cohan went to Hollywood he took his transposing piano along. But he never had a chance to use it. The whole world had marched to his "Over There," and his "Sidewalks of New York" had become a political anthem. "The Phantom President" would have been helped immeasurably by a stirring song.

And Cohan was hanging around the studio idle, anxious for something to do. But nobody seemed to want George M. Cohan to write music.

Added to these situations, Cohan was homesick for Broadway. It's been home sweet home to him most of his life.

So, if the nation's movie public is going to get well acquainted with the famous Song and Dance man, it looks like it will have to be in Eastern-made pictures.

Not that movie-making, even in the East, is looked upon gladly by Cohan. He isn't very enthusiastic about facing motion picture cameras anywhere. If he were, he'd be a big Hollywood star now instead of Mr. Broadway.

Even back in 1916-1917, when Cohan made his first excursion into picture-making, eventually filming six of his Broadway plays for Artcraft, he wasn't very enthusiastic. Well launched then in the first boom days of pictures, he dropped the work and scurried back to Broadway. He didn't look a camera in the eye until he was talked into the unhappy "Phantom President" experience in 1932.

Ask him now if he likes working in pictures and he'll answer slowly, "Well, I guess it's that I don't like getting up so early in the morning. Work over here at the studio, you know, starts at eight A.M. That means rising at six for me."

But watch him on the "Gambling" set and you suspect the six o'clock rising is a minor and superficial reason for his lack of enthusiasm.

Picture making is obviously a tedious business for Cohan. The stage is his element. He was born in it. He came to the Astoria studio with the applause of many audiences still ringing in his ears. His acting for the Theater Guild, in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness," probably was last season's most admired performance. He played his first big rôle forty-four years ago, as the juvenile lead in "Peck's Bad Boy." For nearly half a century since he has been working in the theater, and much of that time he has been his own boss. Before he went to Hollywood he was quoted as having said, "I haven't worked for anybody since I was twenty."

But in pictures—even if you're a pal of the producer's—you're working for several people. Pictures are closely directed. Working in a movie, Cohan must act on a chalk-mark. If he steps off the mark—"Cut! Cohan's out of camera range!" And the scene must be re-

taken. Yes, pictures are closely directed. Mr. Cohan must raise his hand just so high, he mustn't take a step on that line, he mustn't turn or the shot will be out of focus. Of course, he wrote the play, but Mr. Cohan must not ad lib. Lines must be followed precisely or the others miss their cues. But Mr. Cohan, accustomed to the freedom of the stage, ad libbed. The scene must be shot again. Over and over and over. On a narrow set, without an audience, directions to be exactly followed, lines to be memorized and repeated precisely.

COHAN usually has been his own author, director, often his own producer. Why, much of the time he even owned the theater he was playing in, for at one time he was landlord of a number of the legitimate houses on Broadway.

However, throughout the tedium of filming "Gambling," George M. Cohan retained his Irish good nature, his quiet sense of humor.

"I don't know whether I'll make another picture here or not," he said. "Wait till I see this one, then maybe I can tell. Just now I'm so worried about 'Gambling,' I can't be bothered with future picture plans."

It's undoubtedly important to Cohan that "Gambling" be a success. For many years he has been one of the most successful men in the show business. And the standards he sets for himself are high.

But more than that, Cohan undoubtedly wants to show Hollywood what he can do, making a movie in a friendly, sympathetic atmosphere. Probably it's more correct to say he wants to show Hollywood what he can do, making a movie in New York. For Cohan is a man of terrific loyalties and great patriotism.

He is Cohan, the flagwaver, Mr. Yankee Doodle. And his patriotism is pretty strong where Broadway is concerned. "Gambling" is a Broadway play; Franklin is a Broadway producer. The picture is being made twenty minutes from Broadway, on Long Island, New York.

Good? It's got to be good! It's Mr. Broadway's gamble against Hollywood. And, on home ground, he's never lost a bet yet!



A bicycle that was not built for two. And neither Jack Oakie nor Helen Mack appears to know quite what to do with it. The pair were cavorting around the Paramount lot when surprised by the cameraman

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Phyllis Haver

Miracle Man." Proof that motion pictures were beginning to be taken seriously was evidenced by an announcement that Columbia University had established a Department of Photoplay Composition for college students who wished to become scenario writers. It was revealed that Harold Lloyd's specs didn't contain any lenses. Another illusion smashed! The slow motion

camera, a new invention, was being used in treating crippled soldiers. The slow movement enabled physicians to detect the cause of faulty limb movements. Best movies included the Douglas MacLean comedy, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave"; "In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart; "Strictly Confidential," with Madge Kennedy; Dorothy Dalton in "L'Apache." Cover—Norma Talmadge.

10 Years Ago



Josef Von Sternberg

Lyon didn't keep his resolution to shoot every reporter who rumored him engaged. The rumors continued until his marriage to Bebe Daniels, five years later. Incidentally a story titled "Hollywood's New Heart-Breaker" meant Ben. Richard Dix, just starred by Paramount, wrote an article for this issue called "How It Feels to Become A Star." Gist was, it felt okay.

A current thriller was "The Lost World," with Bull Montana in a King-Kongish rôle. Favorite films of the month included Pola Negri and Adolphe Menjou in "Forbidden Paradise"; Lon Chaney's "He Who Gets Slapped"; Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"; Richard Dix in "Manhattan"; "The Siren of Seville," starring Priscilla Dean; and Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water." Cover—Betty Bronson.

5 Years Ago



Polly Moran

Louise, in half-socks and a school dress. Anita is now featured in grown-up rôles, and rumored engaged to Tom Brown. My, my! How time does fly! The issue carried a lovely picture of Ann Harding, husband Harry Bannister and their year-old daughter. The Bannisters were divorced in 1932. A chap named Don Jose Mojica was being hailed as the new Valentino.

Wonder if they'll ever find one? Films of the month included Ronald Colman, Ann Harding and Dudley Digges in "Condemned"; "Dulcy," with Marion Davies and Donald Ogden Stewart; Warner Baxter and Mona Maris in "Romance of the Rio Grande"; John Barrymore and Marian Nixon in "General Crack"; Constance Bennett and Eddie Lowe in "This Thing Called Love." Cover—Billie Dove.



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Movie Fill-in Contest Winners

THIRTY-NINE movie followers will soon be receiving checks to help them with their Christmas shopping—cash awards totalling \$500.00 for their prize-winning solutions in the PHOTOPLAY Movie Fill-in Contest, which appeared in the July, August and September issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Many thousands of solutions poured into the

offices of the Puzzle Contest Editors, at Chicago, from all over this country and foreign lands.

Weeks of work were necessary to carefully check each and every one for accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of Fill-ins in their proper solution ballots.

Neatness and simplicity in the contestants'

method of submitting the solution also was considered—one of the contest rules.

From this tremendous array of solutions, first, were selected what, in the belief of the judges, were the outstanding ones, under the rules of the contest. Then these were judged on their individual merits, and the prizes awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—\$125.00

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Box 115, Glenshaw, Penna.

GEORGE C. GLIDDEN
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DOROTHY DOREY SULLIVAN
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LUCRETIA MCALLISTER
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INEZ SCHACKEL
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YVONNE FRASER
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1266 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

The "Rediscovery" of Bill Frawley

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

MacLean were leading men with the old Morosco stock company; when Bill Hart founded the Round Table at the old Bohemian café, the Hoffman, run by Dorothy Arzner's dad; when Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, Bebe Daniels and Barbara La Marr might be seen at Vernon, the Ship, Sunset Inn, or the Tavern, with Mickey Neilan, Lew Cody, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Norman Kerry, Jack Mulhall or Rudolph Valentino.

Bill can even remember back to the days

when Santa Barbara, now the swankiest millionaire's playground in the West, threatened Hollywood as the film capital.

Bill Frawley can remember all these things because Bill was once a movie actor in the old American Film Company in Santa Barbara, and because he was once a song and dance man entertaining in Al Levy's Spring street café. Hollywood pioneers can never forget Bill Frawley and Louise. His partner was a beautiful red-headed girl, his wife. They rank in cherished Hollywood memories with Paul Whiteman, the Lyman boys, the Sennett bath-

ing beauties, the Keystone Kops, the wild West cowboy stars, and the above-mentioned hot spots.

Yes, indeed, folks, Bill Frawley knew Hollywood when motion pictures were just in their infancy. (Some say they are still in their infancy.)

During the last ten years that he has been building up a reputation on Broadway as a graduate from the song and dance men ranks, the Bill Frawley of the Hollywood pioneers has been forgotten. He is well known for his press-agent in the stage presentation of

"Twentieth Century," and for his performance with the late Jack Donahue, another song and dance star, in "Sons O' Guns."

I will admit that Bill has changed somewhat—but only in looks. He still has those Irish blue eyes, but he has widened out a bit, fore and aft.

He still talks out of the corner of his mouth and greets old pals with a warm grin and that rich baritone voice.

SPEAKING of that baritone voice, the new Hollywood picture producing moguls, who knew nothing of Bill's pioneer days, have just "discovered" that the character actor can warble like a baritone canary. If there is such a bird. Henceforth, William will be called upon to lend his distinguished vocal talents to pictures, even as Bing and the rest of the warblers.

"Bill," I asked, "how did you happen to come to California?"

"I was born in Iowa!"

Well, we certainly don't have to go any further into that.

A brief biographical revelation shows that he was born in Davenport, of a highly respected, substantial family.

The males of the family ran mostly to railroads. Work, I mean.

When Bill had managed to get through high school, he became a traffic inspector on the Burlington at the age of nineteen. And he used to entertain the boys on Saturday nights with those good old barroom ballads. The sobs in that baritone voice won Bill a pass on every railroad in the country.

One night in a Chicago cabaret, a vaudeville booker heard Bill playing on the customers' heart-strings. After he had enjoyed his cry, too, he crooned a siren song in the railroad man's ear.

What was he doing working on a railroad? Why, boy, across those footlights you'll panic them and lay them out in the aisles. You know those ten per centers!

Anyway, Bill left the luxury of the Pullmans lat.

How could he know that a few months later he would be riding the rods under the same cars where he once rolled in ease and comfort?

His boss predicted jail or worse. There was weeping and wailing in the Frawley homestead in Burlington.

His mother took on so that even after Bill had miraculously landed a singing rôle in a Chicago musical comedy, "The Flirting Princess," he quit the stage as abruptly as he had quit the railroad.

FOR nearly a year the broken-hearted baritone pored over musty books in his uncle's railroad office in East St. Louis. He saw only notes in the dry traffic words. Finally he grew indifferent that his uncle fired him. Within a few hours the escaped prisoner had fashioned a vaudeville act, persuaded his brother Paul to join him (Paul sang tenor), and jumped headlong into a precarious stage career. Eventually they played Burlington—for three days—and then Mother Frawley was persuaded to see and hear them in person on the third and last night—she broke down and cried right out loud in the theater.

The boys were delighted with their mother's reaction to their renditions—until she got back the dressing-room.

"Boys, I knew you were bad," she said between sobs, "but I never dreamed you were this bad. For the love of the saints, will you come back home and get a job on the railroad?"

Except to say that they didn't take mother's advice, we will pass very quietly over the next two years of hit and miss. Bill "pioneered" night club singing in such towns as Denver, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, where he became a favorite. He would send for Paul, and Paul would follow him right in. It was a swell brother act.

In Denver, Bill met a beautiful red-headed girl named Edna Louise Bloedt, and persuaded her to take a chance in marrying an itinerant troubadour.

Out of this marriage a famous vaudeville team was born—Frawley and Louise.

One time when Bill and his Louise were tramping through Texas, he found himself booked into Juarez, Mexico. Rather a quaint idea, too, even for a booker, as the Mexicans didn't understand English, and Bill couldn't speak Spanish.

IN less time than it takes to say "Adios, amigos," the Frawleys found themselves temporary residents of El Paso, without benefit of money.

Bill ran into an old pal, Jack Curley, who was then trying to promote the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson fight in Juarez, with the favor of Pancho Villa.

If you want to know why Bill Frawley scored a hit on the New York stage as the rough, tough, cynical press-agent in "Twentieth Century," I refer you to the days when he became press-agent for the fight and secretary to Jack Curley.

Only, the fight never came off—that is, in Juarez.

The promoters folded their tents, as it were, and faded away into the night, Havana-bound. They forgot to take Bill with them, so the budding p.a. was left holding the sack with the El Paso Chamber of Commerce.

So, Bill and the Chamber of Commerce head man got together and put on a whale of an Elks' benefit, which pleased the Elks so much that they presented Frawley and Louise with enough money to get to Santa Barbara. Why Santa Barbara, you say?

Oh, just another one of those optimistic vaudeville bookers.

At this point Bill got smart. He put his beautiful wife in the act, as the piano player had departed eastward.

Louise didn't know the wings from the flies, but she was game.

They opened in Santa Barbara and knocked them hotter than a Harlem dancing contest. Next day the movie gang from the American Film Company called in a body at their hotel. They had heard Bill sing and they had seen Louise.

BILL claims that all they really saw was Louise, but he rented a dress suit and became a movie actor, too. For a year the Frawleys acted with Frank Borzage, then a juvenile; the late William Russell, Harold Lockwood, May Allison, Roy Stewart, Neva Gerber, and other favorites.

But their fame as a song and dance team brought them so many more lucrative offers from Hollywood that they soon found themselves hobnobbing with the great and near-great in the favorite night spots of that pioneer day.

Many years later, in 1927 to be exact, the team of Frawley and Louise split for keeps. She went her way and he went his way.

Now that the new Hollywood has found Bill Frawley out, they can take it from another pioneer that he wears the same hat.

I knew *him* when!



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Kitty Crashes Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

as bubbly refreshing as Dry Monopole, he set about the baffling business of trying to convince a career-minded rich girl that she should hearken to the tap of opportunity, when she wanted to but was still afraid to.

Well, Kitty finally gave in, and when the show closed its run on Broadway, she made her first trip to California for a part in "Murder At The Vanities." But Hollywood dates her from the time she went to town with Bing in "Love in Bloom."

"THAT song seems like a child of mine or something," Kitty confessed in the privacy of her brand new and very fancy blue dressing-room, which still reeked of turpentine and white lead. "I mean, it keeps following me around." She nodded across the studio to the music department where Bing Crosby's recorded split-larynx was crooning: "Can it be the spring—"

A passing bicycle messenger joined in whistling the chorus, and the carpenters on a nearby set kept time tapping home nails.

But the strangest thing about Kitty's success and her songs, is that she has clicked rendering popular numbers, after devoting years to a study of classical music abroad.

After childhood schooling in Switzerland and her society debut in Rome, she deserted the gaiety of the Continental social whirl to devote herself seriously to becoming an opera singer. Cunnelli of Paris and Mme. Kaszowska of London groomed her for an European operatic career, and practically disowned her when she decided to come to America and get a job in a show.

Though Kitty was born in New Orleans, Catharine Carlisle ("there were fifteen 'Catharines' in the first school I ever attended, so

they had to call somebody 'Kitty',") grew up abroad, learned to speak French, Italian and German like a native, and probably would today be singing arias from "Rigoletto" in London if England hadn't gone off the gold standard.

"I don't know that that had anything to do with it," giggled Kitty, "but in order to sing in London, I had to get a labor permit. I asked for it the day England went off the gold standard, and they turned me down—said I'd be taking the money away from English singers—so I've always blamed it on the gold standard." That amazing, paralyzing, hypnotizing laugh again.

America, even for an expatriate, was still the land of opportunity—especially Hollywood, although at first Kitty was a bit wary of how she and the movies would hit it off.

"You know, I'm not beautiful," she insisted, "and I wasn't so sure I could act very well. At first my face twitched—every time I came anywhere near a camera it twitched. It's a little disconcerting trying to act with a twitching face. And when I finally got over that I started worrying about singing with Bing."

Doesn't she like Bing?

"I'm mad about him—I mean about working with him. But you know he simply won't rehearse songs. Not even *once*. Says he gets stale—and I'm just no good at all, at impromptu singing. So when we sing together, I start worrying. About everything. I worry about the harmony. I worry about the tempo. I worry about the key. I ask Bing if such and such a key is all right and he says, 'Oh, sure,' just like he isn't giving it a thought—so I *know* we'll be singing in entirely different keys when we start."

"Of course, everything comes out all right,

but at first it made me nervous just to walk right up to the camera and start singing without any rehearsals at all. The first few times I'm afraid we went goggling off in entirely different directions. But I've got used to it—I've had to, because Bing just won't rehearse."

Just at this point Bayard Veiller, the playwright, looked in on the elegant blue dressing room and after recovering from its splendor, the turpentine and white lead, and Kitty's electric charm, he wanted to know when "the beau" was coming out. "Soon," said Kitty, "any day now."

The beau?

"Don't tell a soul," said Kitty, *sotto voce*, after he had left, "but there *isn't* any beau! You know, everyone here at the studio believes I have a mysterious sweetheart in New York. He's always 'coming out.' Really it's a grand idea; it makes me very intriguing, and exciting. But really, I haven't any sweetheart."

What, no sweetheart?

"OH, I *have* had," admitted Kitty, dimpling her pretty brown eyes with a tremendous grin. "In Rome I fell in love with the son of the Brazilian ambassador, but 'Mummy' stopped that. He wasn't the right man."

"But right now I think I'm in love with my work. Honestly, I'm crazy about it. I get up at six in the morning and just can't wait to get started. I love every minute of it."

"Here Is Your Heart?" I asked.

"Here Is My Heart," smiled Pretty Kitty. "Perfect—but honestly, nobody's in love with me."

Of course, that's where Miss Kitty Carlisle is wrong.

Because everyone in Hollywood, including me, is simply crazy about her.

Tom Meighan Is Restless

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

delineator of character. But it is also more. It is an indication of the thoroughness of Thomas Meighan. Nothing but the best will do.

You see, first, Meighan has picked himself an original character. (This writer, when the name was whispered to him, breathed his amazement that it had been overlooked. It's what is called a natural.) Then, secondly, Thomas wants that character at his best advantage.

Thus the importance of the writer.

TOMMY MEIGHAN, above all, insists on his characters being themselves, natural.

And he has his reasons for all this.

"I can't," he said, "play anything unless it is believable. It causes me actual agony. I know. I've tried to do it. In addition, let me add, a part must not be merely believable, it's got to be interesting."

So much for the story Tom has in mind. For the success of the screen version, he rates a director as top man there. "I would rather," he said, "work on a second rate story with a first rate director, than on a first rate story with a second rate director. And yet," he quali-

fied, "no individual is wholly responsible for any particular picture."

Now, during all this discussion, there was nothing said by Thomas Meighan about Thomas Meighan's ability. Getting self-praise out of this man is like trying to turn a well inside out. It may be possible, but I have my doubts. Whoever coined the word "modesty" must have used Thomas Meighan for his model.

And Tommy will *like* that, should he read it, because he insists he's the most boring gabber on the subject of Meighan that ever came along the pike.

But it isn't necessary for Tommy to talk about himself. Others have done that very nicely, and with enjoyment.

For instance, here's one writer on Tommy's acting ability: "... as true in his depiction of emotion as Tellegen used to be when he played on the stage with Bernhardt." For good measure, here are a couple of other remarks culled at random from volumes of comment about him: "... second to no man in popularity," and "... career unparalleled in his profession."

Just to heap up that good measure on this

"boring" person, here are some of the names of producers, writers, actors and actresses, with whom he's been closely associated on and off-stage. This is not a full list, mind you, merely a few plucked here and there from the records: David Warfield, George M. Cohan, Henry W. Savage, William H. Crane, William Collier, Sr., Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Grace George, Pauline Frederick, Blanche Sweet, Billie Burke, Valeska Suratt, Laura Hope Crews, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford—Enough? One more. Frances Ring.

TO Miss Ring goes top billing, because she is still the leading lady. In fact, she has been since she and Mr. Meighan met in George Ade's first play, the first of a number the noted humorist has written for Tommy. The play was the well-known, three-seasons success, "The College Widow." It was during the run of that play Miss Ring became Mrs. Meighan, and theirs is still one of the few stage and screen romances with any permanence.

But, some more about the interview with Mr. Meighan. Naturally, I spoke of "Peck's

Bad Boy." And, after again trying unsuccessfully to get something out of him about himself, other than that he enjoyed the part and the company, I asked about Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl.

Then he flashed the Meighan smile and talked.

Suffice it to say that Tom sees them both as grand fellows, both real boys.

He also praised them right up to here as actors of definite ability—and their own ability, he emphasized.

FROM there, I went somewhat reminiscent.

I mentioned "The Miracle Man." Who wouldn't talk about that great picture with Thomas Meighan? In fact, that was probably Tom's *greatest* picture. Julian Johnson, writing in PHOTOPLAY Magazine at the time, said of "The Miracle Man" and of Lillian Gish's "Broken Blossoms" "... the screen has not only failed to furnish their equals, but nothing which in any way compares with them."

Also I mentioned another great picture of his, based on "The Admirable Crichton," which came out under the title of "Male and Female." Gloria Swanson was the feminine lead.

I asked Tommy if he'd like to do again either of these two.

The answer was another insight into the character of the man Meighan.

"I never," he said, "try to play anything younger than I feel. Those two pictures were done some years ago. Also, I don't like to go back to anything."

Yet, in how "The Miracle Man" came to life as a movie at all serves as an illustration of Mr. Meighan's ever-present determination to carry out a particular idea as he sees it.

It is typical of his present directed restlessness.

HE read "The Miracle Man" as a magazine story. He saw in it a perfect movie. But he was alone in this thought. But that was no drawback to Tommy Meighan. He was convinced he was right.

So, he organized an independent company and produced the picture.

What happened is glorious history. And, the possibilities are strong that history is just about due to repeat itself.

Because Tommy Meighan is restless with an idea he knows is good. And, he's gone to Hollywood with it.

The Fan Club Corner

MEMBER clubs of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, attention! All fan club correspondence, and matters pertaining to the Association, should be addressed to the New York offices of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Club secretaries should, hereafter, send all reports, inquiries and news bulletins to the above address.

FANS everywhere will be happy to learn that the international Francis Lederer Fan Club is now a member of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. The purpose of the club, as stated by the president, is "To put thinking people all over the world in touch with one another so that they may exchange ideas, broaden their views, and improve their knowledge of how the rest of the world thinks, acts and lives." The club paper is called "Czechago" and appears monthly. Headquarters of this fine organization are at 4341 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill. Miss Beatrice Kramer is acting secretary. She will be glad to answer all inquiries from fans regarding the club. Foreign inquiries may be sent to their British representative at 67 Hodford Road, Golders Green, N. W. 11, London, England.

Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., reports that the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies have received some beautiful new photographs of Miss Stanwyck. Many out of town "Buddies" have visited president Bonnie lately, she writes.

THE Billie Dove club celebrated its sixth birthday at a party in the home of president Lenore Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, on Nov. 4th. Many plans for future activities of the club were discussed at the meeting.

Lillian Conrad, busy president of the Ruth Roland club, won the contest for naming the club news bulletin of the Ginger Rogers club. She was rewarded with a gorgeous personally

autographed portrait of Miss Rogers. Those interested in joining the Ginger Rogers fan club should write to Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

A report of the activities of the Ramon Novarro Service League for the past year shows the wonderful progress this group is making. All inquiries regarding this progressive organization should be addressed to Ethel Musgrave, general secretary, 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Foreign inquiries may go to L. Margiocchi, 3, Allington Road, Hendon Central, London, England.

THE Lanny Ross League, Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Del., president, announces that the club will begin a big membership drive around Christmas. There will be special prizes to the winners. Fans interested in Lanny Ross should write Miss Macadam.

The news bulletin of the Gloria Stuart club is filled with interesting items and member gossip again this month. "The Gloria-ous News" is its name, and it goes to all members of Miss Stuart's club. Estelle Nowak, 3223 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago, is president.

FANS interested in the newly formed Pat Paterson club are invited to write the club's headquarters at 955 N. Central Ave., Chicago, for information.

Neil Hamilton's host of fans will be glad to read of his fan club organization, The Hamiltonians, 4254 Normal Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Those wanting more information are invited to write John G. Whidding, president, at the above address.

Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Franchot Tone club, invites all interested fans to write to her at Portland, Maine.

Irene G. Rourke, 7908 S. Ridgeland Ave., is president of the Douglass Montgomery club.

The Movie Club Guild, of Chicago, held another penny social sale, a big success, late in November.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

ENTER MADAME—Paramount

IN spite of a brilliantly vital performance by Elissa Landi, and some rollicking comedy, this is spotty entertainment. It's well worth seeing, however, for Landi, as a capricious prima donna, is at her best. Cary Grant, as her bewildered spouse who escapes briefly to the arms of a quieter lady love, is fascinating in both his comedy and romantic moments. Frank Albertson, Lynne Overman and Sharon Lynne top the support.

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia

STAGE star Florence Rice makes a successful film debut in this picture. It's the story of a woman who is sentenced to the penitentiary after being double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook). A melodramatic train wreck results in a case of mistaken identity that puts her in the rôle of the estranged wife of another man (Neil Hamilton). Plenty of action, a fair story, good direction. Florence Rice will go far on the screen.

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal

ACTION and suspense, aided and abetted by comedy and gags, guarantee this to please if you like the mystery and crook type of picture. Complications arise when two gangs of crooks bent on the same mission, cross one another. Fay Wray is convincing as a girl crook, and Henry Armetta and Hugh O'Connell provide the comedy, while the snapper twist that made this a stage success adds zest to the entertainment.

THE GAY BRIDE—M-G-M

GOLD digger de luxe goes on a rampage! Carole Lombard, chorus girl out to get a husband, becomes involved with a crowd of racketeers who obligingly kill off each other in order to please her. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy and Leo Carrillo pay; while Chester Morris, who behaved himself, wins the prize. A good story loaded with plot complications and blurry character drawings. Even ZaSu Pitts seems more bewildered than usual.

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty

THERE'S lots of heart appeal and some grand family scenes in this picture, but the plot is antiquated and the acting too often unconvincing. Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a fascinating siren break up their happy home. Then their kids grow up, go flaming youth, and eventually bring about a reunion. Dorothy Lee and William Janney as the scorching youngsters, and Dickie Moore and Cora Sue Collins as the tots, steal the show.

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD— Scott-Merrick Prod.

AN HOUR of howls with the old movie plush-bound album. It's a weak story, but priceless when Mae Busch, as the star, shows a collection of old pictures with Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor, and other veterans, emoting in scenes from the nickelodeon days. The modern part is unimportant. But you won't want to miss those museum flashbacks. The "secrets" is just a come-on.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO- ROUND—United Artists

ITS galaxy of stars is this picture's chief drawing power. The story, beginning with a murder on ship board, is none too intriguing. But radio entertainers Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, and the Boswell Sisters are good. Dramatic load is carried by Nancy Carroll, Gene Raymond and Sidney Blackmer, with Gene way out in front. Mitzi Green helps the entertainment. Picture has its moments, but not many.

THE RETURN OF CHANDU— Principal

SPOOKY music, ghost drums, and thrills! A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) as a sacrifice to their god. And it's all *Chandu* (Bela Lugosi) can do to foil them—even with genii, magic charms and self-steering automobiles to help him. It's good entertainment for the kids. And if adults leave their credulity at home and go to hiss the turbanned villain, they'll have fun, too.

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE— Monogram

A STORY with a good idea that went rather weak. Eddie Nugent and William Cagney, air service pals, differ for the first time over June Collyer, Eddie's girl who William swipes. Enemies now, the two boys are sent up together on a stratosphere flight. Fourteen miles up the balloon goes haywire. Pauline Garon and Lona Andre appear briefly. Edmund Breese is a good commanding officer. This is one for the kids.

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.

AN adaptation of John Galsworthy's play of the same name, this is a story of a wealthy Jew robbed by a British Army captain at a house party. Class and racial prejudice enter into subsequent justice for the Jew, over-played by Basil Rathbone. An all British cast, the accent is practically unintelligible for American audiences. With clearer dialogue it might have been more entertaining.

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram

LOTS of rah-rah and collegiate confusion centering about a campus election and fraternity pin engagements. In spite of the devastating humor of Sterling Holloway and breezy, refreshing student characterizations by Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent, Arthur Lake and Creighton Chaney, you'll find this an old story. Better decide how much collegiate atmosphere you can stand before seeing this one.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE— RKO-Radio

IF YOU can be entertained by a mystery built on a murder that didn't happen, intermixed with mistaken identities, you'll be amused. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are funny as the befuddled young men-about-town, and Pert Kelton is good as the fan dancer. Laura Hope Crews, John Hale and Thelma Todd also turn in able performances. But the cast can't surmount the weak and incoherent story.

I SELL ANYTHING— First National

YOU'LL be talked to death in this gabby monologue delivered by Pat O'Brien, an auctioneer out to gyp the public. Spurred on by a Park Avenue gold digger, Claire Dodd, Pat moves into society and the shady business of selling faked antiques. But when Miss Park Avenue walks off with the money, Pat goes back to Second Avenue and Ann Dvorak, sadder and gabrier. Fair comedy in spots, it's mostly dull and heavy.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount

SINISTER business in this one, with lurking Chinese, thugs, dopes, and Scotland Yard inspectors. George Raft tilts his eyebrows as a half caste Oriental, and desires Jean Parker who loves Kent Taylor. Somehow the chills and thrills fall flat. It's a bit gruesome for the kiddies, and old stuff for the grown ups. Anna May Wong is fascinating in her Hollywood return rôle.

ELINOR NORTON—Fox

THIS attempt to photograph the strange quirks of a diseased mind is hopeless from the start. It is an unbelievably dull picture. Taken from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "The State Versus Elinor Norton," there is nothing left of "The State" and very little of the audience after the first reel. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland, Norman Foster and Henrietta Crosman can't lift it from complete boredom.

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures

HERE is a picture as quiet and leisurely as a walk in the country. To the soft accompaniment of Tyrolian folk music unfolds the story of the schoolmistress (Fay Compton) who, touring the Alps, falls in love with the young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he is married. Adapted from the stage success, this is beautifully photographed, but rather slowly paced for the average movie-goer.

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.

IRELAND'S Abbey Players, justly famous on the stage, fail dismally in their first movie. Handicapped by a seeming lack of direction and with a trite, unconvincing story, they do not bring to the screen any of the spontaneity and charm which has endeared them to playgoers. Shots of the Irish country-side and village scenes featuring folk dances and Irish music are the only bright spots in the film.

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield

JUST another murder mystery—the usual stereotyped story, with killings, false clues and suicides. An old man is murdered at a masquerade party and suspicion is instantly thrown upon his granddaughter and her young sweetheart; it's the writer of detective stories, Charles Starrett, who outwits the cops and solves the mystery. Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray and Dorothy Revier are all adequate.

Copperfield in Quest of His Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

its own expense, a camera crew in every principal point throughout the whole of the United States. Men who waited for a word to dash into a neighboring state, a nearby city or an obscure hamlet and test a *David*.

A writer from the studio, who was planning a trip to Europe, was detoured through Canada by M-G-M to see what he could find in the way of a *Copperfield*. He found nothing.

All this time, remember, would-be *David*s were pouring through the gates of the studio in Hollywood. Testing went merrily on. Well, no, not merrily, for by this time everyone was pretty well convinced that no *David* existed, or ever had existed, and they might as well give up and jump in the ocean. And one or two actually did, so it's hinted. August loomed. Letters by the ton poured into the studio. From every country in the world they came.

And letters, everyone of them, had to be answered or helpful mothers might accept silence for consent and bring on their offspring. And goodness knows, things were bad enough.

When enclosed photographs looked at all promising, scouts were immediately sent to investigate. Not one bet was overlooked. But alas, all these *David*s proved to be false alarms and August, sad as I am to say, was drawing to a close.

"Let's try California again and not leave a single stone unturned," was suggested. Advertisements appeared in every newspaper throughout the state of California. Announcements were made in every theater. Arrangements were made with a local broadcasting station which, every hour of the day beginning at twelve o'clock midnight, sent out calls for a *David*.

"Do you have a *David Copperfield* in your home?" "Do you know of a *David Copperfield*?" The plea rang out over the air again and again. Startled groups of young folk paused in their dancing to listen. Lonely visitors in hotel rooms looked up in amazement at the plea. The ill, in hospital rooms, pondered over the quest.

"*David*." "*David*." "*David*." Up and down the land, the cry rang out. A writer at the studio tells of going home that evening and being met at the door by her father who was more than a little deaf. "Well, them kidnapers have been at it again," he said excitedly. They've been yelling for the boy on the radio all day. '*David*,' they said his name was." And the writer practically swooned to the floor.

As many as three thousand boys were seen in

the north and south of the state in one day. Talent scouts all over the state sent back to the studio a total of sixty or seventy prospects. But none qualified.

It looked absolutely hopeless and the studio knew it. And they were ready to admit defeat. David Selznick, the producer, was ready to give up as he sat at his desk. Nervously, he whirled about in his chair to speak. And then sat motionless. Frozen. Unable to say a word.

For, in the doorway stood *David*! The little boy. The lad for whom they had searched so long and faithfully for almost a year.

"You've come," the producer said.

"Yes," the lad said simply and that was all. Without a test of any kind, Mr. Selznick knew that here, indeed, was his *David*.

Little Freddie Bartholomew had traveled seven thousand miles in answer to the plea of a great studio in far off Hollywood. At the time the director and producer had been in England conducting their search, he had been unable to get to them. But so sure was his aunt that Freddie was the one and only *David*, she packed up and, with Freddie in tow, boarded the ship for America for the first time.

THE New York offices of the studio weren't so sure about Freddie as *David*, so at the aunt's expense, the two traveled over the vast and strange land of these United States to Hollywood. And to "*David Copperfield*."

A bit of a lad is Freddie, with the same ethereal sweetness in his face that belonged to the youthful Philippe DeLacy. The "*David Copperfield*" crew, happy and working at last, look after the lad as if he were the long lost brother. As, indeed, he is. Freddie must have his milk at a certain time. Freddie must have his rest. Freddie must be watched every minute, every second, lest he disappear before their eyes and they're right back where they were all those long, hectic months. And above all, Freddie must be protected from American children and their American twang. That precious English accent must be guarded carefully.

The day Freddie announced to his director, "Gee, ain't it a hot-diggedy day," practically threw the studio into a breaking out all over. After all, the search was too long and fraught with too much bitterness to be spoiled now. So, until after "*David*," little English Freddie, is being just one person. And that is *Master Copperfield*.

Could You Love, Honor and Obey These Men?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

hurt no one. And if you tried to dominate him, you might be disappointed in him and in yourself. So if you're one of those women who are determined to have their own way, there's a problem to ponder. Tenderness and thoughtfulness about little things, birthday presents, anniversary gifts, flowers, perfumes, the things that make married life a continuation of two lovers' dreams, would come from a man.

You could depend on that.

So here we have them. The most fascinating men on the screen.

The men who have lived at some time in every girl's heart. Here they are—sweethearts by proxy.

Look them over, girls, make your choice, and then answer to yourself this question:

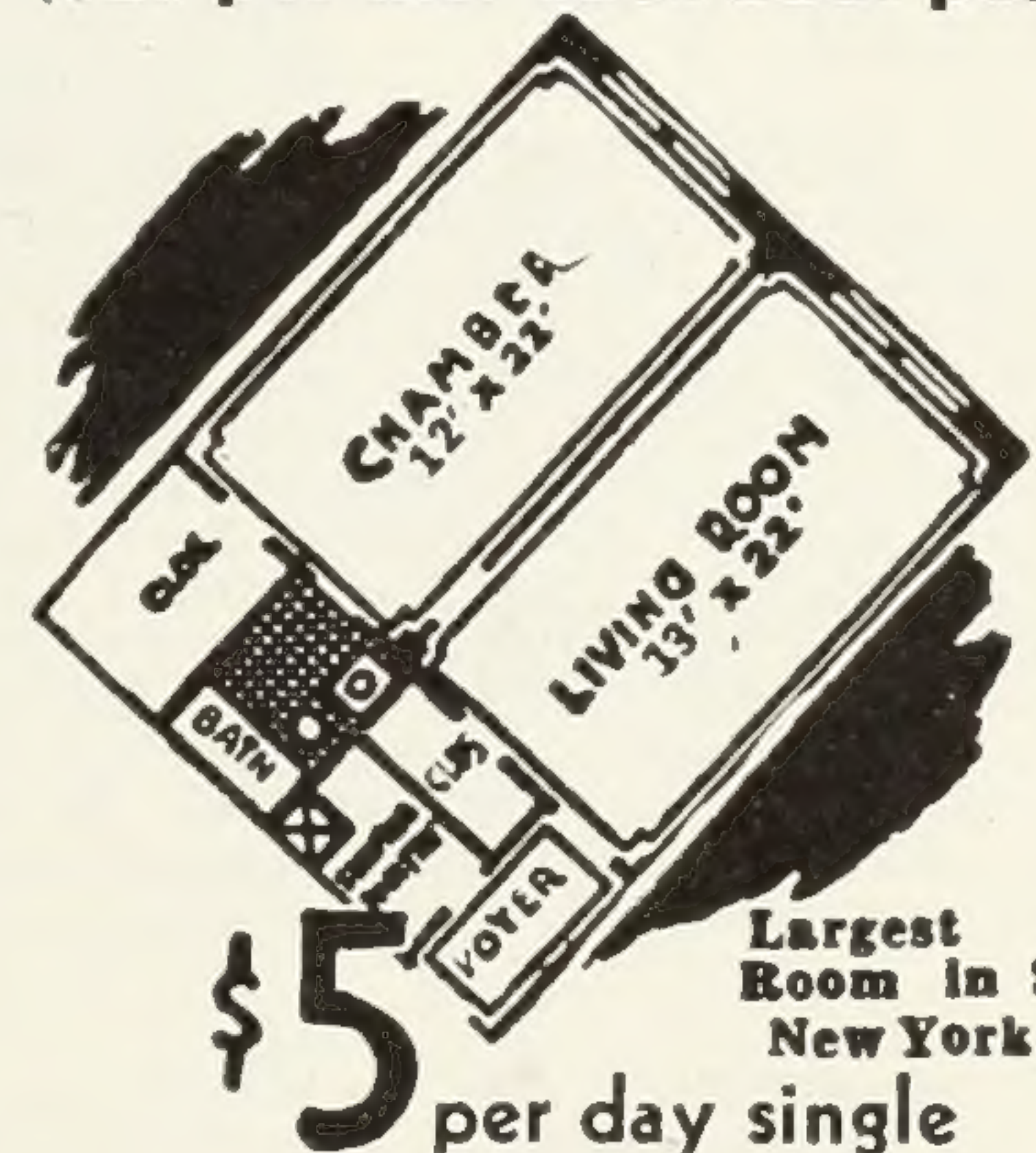
"Could I love him, honor him and obey him through sickness or health, through poverty or wealth, through success or failure until death do us part?"



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the book by L. M. Montgomery. Screen play by Sam Mintz. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: Anne, Anne Shirley; Gilbert, Tom Brown; Matthew, O. P. Heggie; Marilla, Helen Westley; Mrs. Barry, Sara Haden; Mr. Phillips, Murray Kinnell; Diana, Gertrude Messinger; Mrs. Bluet's daughter, June Preston; Dr. Tatum, Charley Grapewin; Mrs. Bluet, Hilda Vaughn.

"AUTUMN CROCUS"—ASSOCIATED TALKING PICTURES.—From the story by C. L. Anthony. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: Andreas Steiner, Ivor Novello; Jonny Gray, Fay Compton; Miss Mayne, Muriel Ake; Edith, Esme Church; Herr Feldmann, Frederick Ranalow; Alaric, Jack Hawking; Audrey, Diana Beaumont; Frau Feldmann, Mignon O'Doherty; Reverend Mayne, George Zucco; Frau Steiner, Gertrude Gould; Minna, Alice Fandor; Lenchen, Pamela Blake.

"BROADWAY BILL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Mark Hellinger. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Dan Brooks, Warner Baxter; Alice, Myrna Loy; J. L. Higgins, Walter Connolly; Margaret, Helen Vinson; Eddie Morgan, Douglas Dumbrille; Colonel Pettigrew, Raymond Walburn; Happy McGuire, Lynne Overman; Whitey, Clarence Muse; Edna, Margaret Hamilton; Ted Williams, Frankie Darro; Collins, Charles C. Wilson; Pop Jones, Harry Todd; Morgan's henchmen, Ward Bond, Charles Levison; Joe, George Cooper; Henry Early, George Meeker; Arthur Winslow, Jason Robards; Mrs. Early, Helen Flint; Mrs. Winslow, Helene Millard; Jimmy Baker, Ed Tucker; Presiding Judge, Edmund Breese; Whitehall's Jockey, Bob Tansill; Mrs. Peterson, Clara Blandick; Mae, Inez Courtney; Chase, Claude Gillingwater; James Whitehall, Paul Harvey; Interne, James Blakely; Orchestra Leader, Alan Hale.

"CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Wallace Smith. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: Schulte, Victor McLaglen; Mrs. Jeddock, Wynne Gibson; Mrs. Magruder, Alison Skipworth; Steve Bramley, John Gilbert; Janet Grayson, Helen Vinson; Danny Checkett, Fred Keating; Captain Helquist, Walter Connolly; Gerta Klärgi, Tala Birell; Orchestra, Jerry Howard, Moe Howard and Larry Fine; Layton, Leon Errol; Joe Silvers, Walter Catlett; Judge Griswold, Claude Gillingwater; Mrs. Griswold, Emily Fitzroy; Miss Hackson, Geneva Mitchell; Mr. Jeddock, John Wray; Josephus Bushmills, Donald Meek; Juan Gilboa, Luis Alberni; Salazaro, Akim Tamiroff; Major Waringforth, Arthur Treacher; Flo, Inez Courtney.

"CHEATING CHEATERS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Max Marcin. Screen play by Gladys Unger and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Nan Brockton, Fay Wray; Tom Palmer, Cesar Romero; Mrs. Brockton, Minna Gombell; Steve, Hugh O'Connell; Tony, Henry Armetta; Dr. Brockton, Francis L. Sullivan; Mr. Palmer, Wallis Clark; Ira Lazarre, John T. Murray; Holmes, Morgan Wallace; Phil, George Barraud; Finelli, Harold Huber; Police Capt., Reginald Barlow.

"COLLEGE RHYTHM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Walter DeLeon, John McDermott and Francis Martin. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Joe, Joe Penner; Larry Stacey, Lanny Ross; Finnegan, Jack Oakie; June Cort, Helen Mack; Mimi, Lyda Roberti; Gloria Van Dayham, Mary Brian; J. P. Stacey, George Barbier; Peabody, Franklin Pangborn; Peggy Small, Mary Wallace; Coach, Dean Jagger; Spud Miller, Joseph Sauters; Jimmy Pool, Julian Madison; Whimple, Robert McWade; Whimple's Secretary, Harold Minjir; Sonny Whimple, Bradley Metcalfe; Timekeeper, Lee Phelps; Stacey Quarterback, Eric Alden; 1st Substitute, Alfred Delcambre; Colton End, Howard Wilson.

"ELINOR NORTON"—FOX.—From the novel "The State Versus Elinor Norton" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Screen play by Rose Franken and Philip Klein. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Elinor Norton, Claire Trevor; Rene Alba, Gilbert Roland; Christine Somers, Henrietta Crosman; Tony Norton, Hugh Williams; Bill Carroll, Norman Foster.

"ENTER MADAME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gilda Varesi Archibald and Dorothea Donn-Byrne. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: Lisa Della Robbia, Elissa Landi; Gerald Fitzgerald, Cary Grant; Mr. Farnum, Lynne Overman; Flora Preston, Sharon Lynne; Bice, Michele Burani; Archimede, Paul Porcasi; The Doctor, Adrian Rosley; Aline Chalmers, Cecilia Parker; John Fitzgerald, Frank Albertson; Tamamoto, Wilfred Hari; Carlson, Torben Meyer; Bjorgenson, Harold Berquist; Operator, Diana Lewis; Scarpia, (on stage), Richard Bonnell.

"EVELYN PRENTICE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by W. E. Woodward. Screen play by Howard

Emmett Rogers and Lenore Coffee. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: John Prentice, William Powell; Evelyn Prentice, Myrna Loy; Amy Drexel, Una Merkel; Mrs. Harrison, Rosalind Russell; Lawrence Kennard, Harvey Stephens; Judith Wilson, Isabel Jewell; Delaney, Edward Brophy; Chester Wylie, Henry Wadsworth; Dorothy Prentice, Cora Sue Collins; Mrs. Blake, Jessie Ralph.

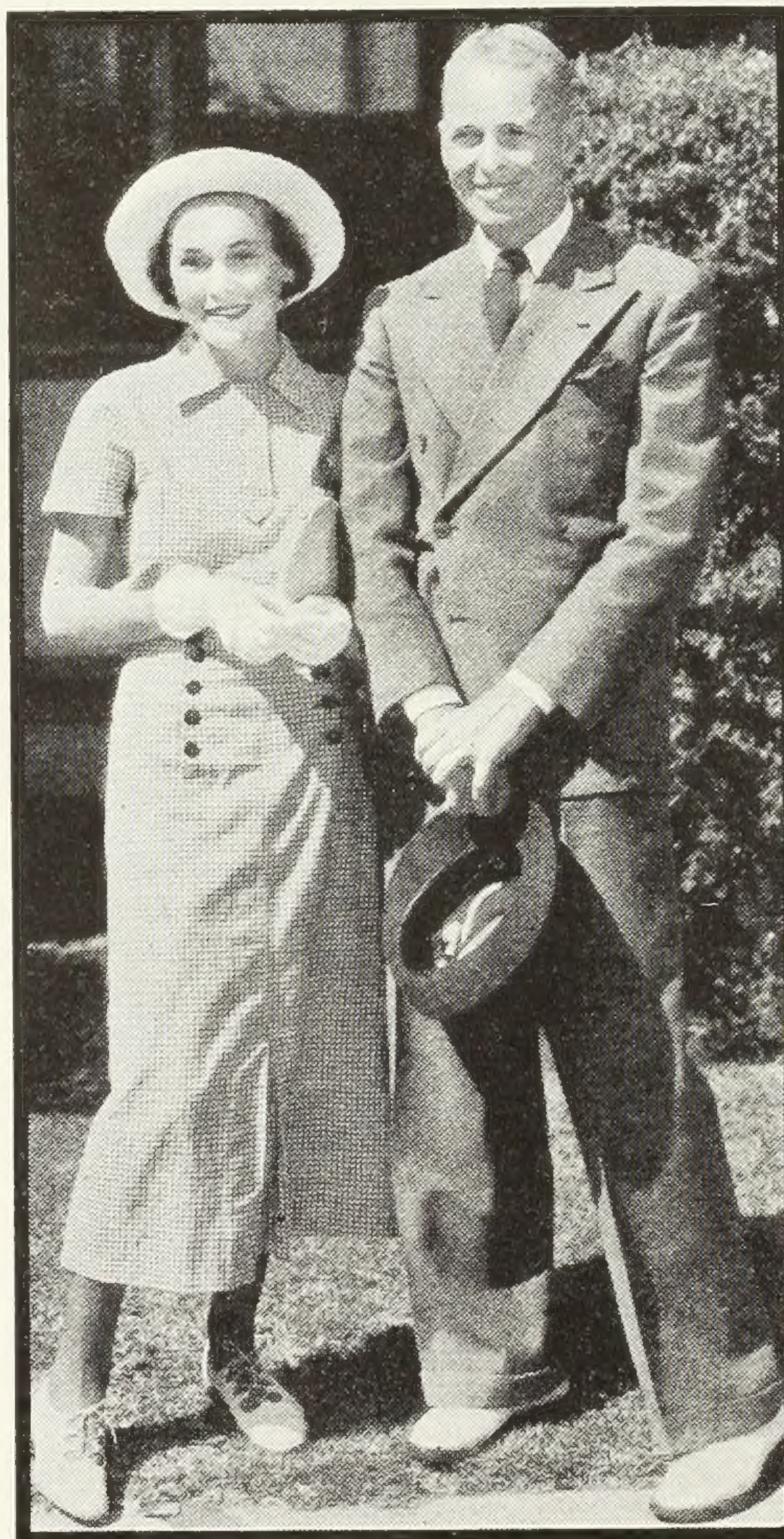
"FIREBIRD, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Lajos Zilahy. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: Carola Pointer, Verree Teasdale; Herman Brandt, Ricardo Cortez; John Pointer, Lionel Atwill; Marietta, Anita Louise; Police Inspector, C. Aubrey Smith; Joan, Dorothy Tree; Mlle. Mousquet, Helen Trenholme; Emile, Hobart Cavanaugh; Halasz, Robert Barrat; Asst. State Manager, Hal K. Dawson; Stage Manager, Russell Hicks; Max, Spencer Charters; Professor Peterson, Etienne Girardot; Thelma, Florence Fair; Alice Von Attern, Nan Gray.

"FLIRTATION WALK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Delmar Daves and Lou Edelman. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Dick "Canary" Dorcy, Dick Powell; Kit Fitts, Ruby Keeler; Sgt. Scraper, Pat O'Brien; Oskie Berry, Ross Alexander; General Fitts, Henry O'Neill; 2nd Lieut. Biddle, John Eldridge; Sleepy, Guinn Williams; Eight Ball, Glen Boles; Spike, John Arledge.

"FUGITIVE LADY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Herbert Asbury and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Donald Brooks, Neil Hamilton; Ann Duncan, Florence Rice; Jack Howard, Donald Cook; Aunt Margaret, Clara Blandick; Mrs. Brooks, Nella Walker; Steve Rogers, William Demarest; Rudy Davis, Wade Boteler; Joe Nelson, Ernest Wood; Sylvia Brooks, Rita LeRoy; Mrs. Clifford, Rita Gould.

"GAY BRIDE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles Francis Coe. Screen play by Bell and Sam Spewack. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Carole Lombard, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Nat Pendleton, Leo Carrillo, Arthur Jarrett, ZaSu Pitts, Louis Natheau, Walter Walker, Ray Mayer, Garry Owen and Norman Ainsley.

"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Robert Lee Johnson.



With plans for a Christmas wedding, Maureen O'Sullivan should be Mrs. John Farrow when you read this. But we're not betting

Screen play by Eugent Solow and Robert Lee Johnson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Bob Bailey, Franchot Tone; Tom Martin, Ross Alexander; Joan Harper, Margaret Lindsay; Susan Merrill, Ann Dvorak; Trudy, Jean Muir; Fred Harper, Jr., Robert Light; Fred Harper, Sr., Henry O'Neill; Smudge, Nick Foran; Stephen Hornblow, Charles Starrett; Mrs. Harper, Marjorie Gateson; Al, Bradley Paige.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the novel by Charles Dickens. Screen play by Gladys Unger. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Magwitch, Henry Hull; Pip, Phillips Holmes; Estella, Jane Wyatt; Miss Havisham, Florence Reed; Joe Gargery, Alan Hale; Mrs. Joe, Rafaela Ottiano; Herbert Pocket, Walter Armitage; Young Herbert, Jackie Searl; Sarah Pocket, Eily Malyon; Molly, Virginia Hammond; Young Estella, Ann Howard; Young Pip, George Breakston; Uncle Pumblechook, Forrester Harvey; Orlick, Harry Cording; Compeyson, Douglas Wood; Drummle, Philip Dakin.

"GIRL O' MY DREAMS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Waggner. Directed by Ray McCary. The cast: Gwen, Mary Carlisle; Larry, Eddie Nugent; Don, Creighton Chaney; Bobby, Arthur Lake; Spec, Sterling Holloway; Mary, Gigi Parrish; Kittens, Jeanie Roberts; Smiley, Tommy Dugan; Coach, Lee Shumway; Nip, Beverly Crane; Tuck, Bettymae Crane.

"GREEN EYES"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the novel "The Murder of Stephen Kester" by H. Ashbrook. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Jean Kester, Shirley Grey; Bill Tracy, Charles Starrett; Stephen Kester, Claude Gillingwater; Inspector Crofton, John Wray; Cliff, William Bakewell; Mrs. Pritchard, Dorothy Revier; Mr. Pritchard, Alden Chase.

"HELL IN THE HEAVENS"—FOX.—Based on the play "The Ace" by Hermann Rossmann. Screen play by Bryon Morgan and Ted Parsons. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Lieut. Steve Warner, Warner Baxter; Aimee, Conchita Montenegro; 2nd Lieut. Hartley, Russell Hardie; "Granny" Biggs, Herbert Mundin; Sergeant "Ham" Davis, Andy Devine; Corporal Teddy May, William Stelling; Lieut. "Pop" Roget, Ralph Morgan; Ace McGurk, Vince Barnett; Captain Andre DeLaage, William Stack; Sergeant Chevalier, J. Carrol Naish; Clarence Perkins, Johnny Arthur; Baron Kurt Von Hagen, Arno Frey; Lieut. Schroeder, Rudolf Amendt; Sergeant Cortez, Vincent Carato.

"I SELL ANYTHING"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Albert Cohen and Robert T. Shannon. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: "Spot Cash," Pat O'Brien; Barbara, Ann Dvorak; Millicent, Claire Dodd; Monk, Roscoe Karns; Three Stooges, Hobart Cavanaugh, Harry Tyler, Gus Shy; Pertwee, Leonard Carey; Smiley, Russell Hopton; Barouche, Ferdinand Gottschalk; McPherson, Robert Barrat; Peter Vangruen, Clay Clement.

"KENTUCKY KERNELS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: Willie, Bert Wheeler; Elmer, Robert Woolsey; Gloria, Mary Carlisle; Spanky, Spanky McFarland; Colonel Wakefield, Noah Beery; Hannah Milford, Lucille LaVerne; Buckshot, Sleep 'n' Eat; John Wakefield, William Pawley; Colonel Ezra Milford, Louis Mason; Jess Wakefield, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Hank Wakefield, Richard Alexander; Jerry Bronson, Paul Page.

"KID MILLIONS"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Story and dialogue by Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perrin and Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Eddie, Eddie Cantor; Jane Larrabee, Ann Sothorn; Dot, Ethel Merman; Jerry Lane, George Murphy; Ben Ali, Jesse Block; Fanya, Eve Sully; Colonel Larrabee, Berton Churchill; Louie the Lug, Warren Hymer; Sheik Mulhulla, Paul Harvey; Khoot, Otto Hoffman; Toots, Doris Davenport; Herman, Ed Kennedy; Oscar, Stanley Fields; Adolph, John Kelly; Pop, Jack Kennedy; Stymie, Stymie Beard; Tommy, Tommy Bond; Leonard, Leonard Kibrick; Slade, Guy Usher.

"LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ben Holmes and Marion Dix. Directed by Ben Holmes. The cast: Stephen Brewster, Ben Lyon; Wally Richards, Skeets Gallagher; Marty Hicks, Chick Chandler; Fay, Pert Kelton; Delia, Margaret Armstrong; Judy Nelson, Thelma Todd; Gus, Walter Catlett; Captain Nelson, U. S. N., John Hale; Aunt Jane, Laura Hope Crews; Phillips, John Davidson; Dugan, Fred Kelsey; Police Lieut. Foster, Ed Deering; Casey, Roger Grey; A Policeman, Walter Long.

"LIMEHOUSE BLUES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Arthur Phillips. Screen play by Arthur Phillips and Cyril Hume. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: Harry Young, George Raft; Toni, Jean Parker; Tu Tuan, Anna May Wong; Eric Benton, Kent Taylor; Pug Talbot, Montagu Love; Herb,

Billy Bevan; Rhama, Louis Vincenot; Ching Lee, E. Alyn Warren; Inspector Sheridan, Robert Lorraine; McDonald, Forrester Harvey; Smokey, John Rogers; Ass't Commissioner Kenyon, Wyndham Standing; Alfred, Robert Adair; Policeman, Keith Kenneth; Davis, Colin Kenny; Slummer, Eric Blore; Constable, Desmond Roberts; Maggie, Tempe Pigott; Man, Colin Tapley; Wife, Rita Carlyle; Woman, Eily Malyon.

"LITTLE FRIEND"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Margaret Kennedy and Christopher Isherwood. Adapted by Berthold Viertel. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: John Hughes, Matheson Lang; Helen Hughes, Lydia Sherwood; Felicity Hughes, Nova Pilbeam; Hilliard, Arthur Margetson; Miss Drew, Jean Cadell; Leonard Parry, Jimmy Hanley; Thomson, Gibb McLaughlin; Maud, Diana Cotton; Mason, Cecil Parker; French Governor, Marcell Rogez; Mrs. Parry, Clare Greet; Jeffries, Jack Raine; Grove, Finlay Currie; Colonel Amberley, Allan Aynesworth; Hal, Robert Kay; Peggy, Joan Davis; Judge, Lewis Casson; Dot, Veronica Vanderlyn; Mrs. Amberley, Margare Halstan; Uncle Ned, Robert Nainby; Shepherd, Atholl Fleming; Doctor, Basil Goth; Solicitor, Charles Childerstone; Butler, Gerald Kent; Boy at party, Hughie Green; Cab Driver, Malcolm Rignold; Policeman, Horace Hunter.

"LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Tristram Tupper. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Lieut. Cooper, William Cagney; Lieut. Wood, Edward Nugent; Evelyn, June Collyer; Sophie, Lona Andre; Col. Brooks, Edmund Breese; Worthington, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Hilda, Pauline Garon; O'Toole, Matt McHugh; Enfield, Russ Clark; Sgt. Byer, Jack Mack; Gretchen, June Gittleston; Ida Johnson, Hattie McDaniels.

"LOYALTIES"—HAROLD AUTEN PROD.—From the play by John Galsworthy. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: Ferdinand de Levis, Basil Rathbone; Margaret Orme, Heather Thatcher; Captain Dancy, Miles Mander; Mabel Dancy, Joan Wyndham; Major Colford, Philip Strange; General Canynge, Alan Nair; Charles Winsor, Algernon West; Lady Adela, Cecily Byrne; Lord St. Erth, Athole Stewart; Sir Frederick Blair, Patric Curwen; Lord Chief Justice, Iarcus Barron; Gilman, Ben Field.

"MAN OF ARAN"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Editor and scenarist, John Goldman. Directed by Robert Laherty. The cast: A Man of Aran, "Tiger" King; His Wife, Maggie Durrane; Their Son, Michael Dillane; Shark Hunting Crew, Pau Mullin, Patch Ruadh, Patchen Faherty, Tommy O'Rourke; Canoe Men, Big Patchen, Conneely; Stephen Durrane and Pat McDonough.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR"—FOX.—From the opera by Oscar Hammerstein, II, and Jerome Kern. Screen play by Robert Leibmann, Howard I. Young and Billie Wilder. Directed by Jerome Kern. The cast: Frieda, Gloria Swanson; Bruno, John Boles; Carl, Douglass Montgomery; Sieglinde, June Lang; Dr. Lessing, Al Shean; Weber, Reginald Owen; Uppmann, Joseph Cawthorn; Cornelius, Hobart Bosworth; Martha, Sara Haden; Anna, Marjorie Main; Burgomaster, Roger Imhof; Kirschnier, Jed Prouty; Zipfel, Christian Rub, Nick, Fuzzy Knight.

"NORAH O'NEALE"—CLIFTON-HURST PROD.—Adapted from the novel "Night Nurse" by J. Johnston Abraham. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. The cast: Filtz, Lester Matthews; Norah, Nancy

Burne; Otway, Molly Lamont; Pip, Patrick Knowles; Hackey, Torren Thatcher.

"PAINTED VEIL, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by John Meehan, Salka Viertel and Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Katrin, Greta Garbo; Walter Fane, Herbert Marshall; Jack Townsend, George Brent; General Yu, Warner Oland; Herr Koerber, Jean Hersholt; Frau Koerber, Bodil Rosing; Mrs. Townsend, Katherine Alexander; Olga, Cecilia Parker; Amah, Soo Yong; Waddington, Forrester Harvey.

"RETURN OF CHANDU, THE"—PRINCIPAL.—From the story by Harry Earnshaw, Vera Oldham and R. R. Morgan. Adapted by Barry Barringer. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: Chandu, Bela Lugosi; Princess Nadja, Maria Alba; Mrs. Dorothy Regent, Clara Kimball Young; Bob Regent, Dean Benton; Betty Regent, Phyllis Ludwig; Vindhyan, Lucien Prival; Bara, Cyril Armbrister; Voice, Murdock McQuarrie; Captain Wilson, Wilfred Lucas; Tyba, Joseph Swickard.

"ST. LOUIS KID, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Screen play by Warren Duff and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Eddie Kennedy, James Cagney; Ann Reid, Patricia Ellis; Buck, Allen Jenkins; Farmer Benson, Robert Barrat; Judge Jones, Arthur Aylesworth; Muzzledopp, Spencer Charters; Farmer Brown, Addison Richards; Louie, Harry Woods; Joe Hunter, Wm. Davidson; Gracie, Dorothy Dare; Other Girl, Gertrude Short; Richardson, Hobart Cavanaugh; Harris, Charles Wilson; Pete, Eddie Schubert.

"SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD"—SCOTT-MERRICK PROD.—From the story by Betty Burbridge. Directed by George M. Merrick. The cast: Mae Busch, June Walters, Wally Wales, George Cowl, Norbert Myles, David Callis, Ernie Adams and Tom Francis.

"TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Leon Gordon. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: Jimmy Brett, Gene Raymond; Sally Marsh, Nancy Carroll; Chad Denby, Jack Benny; Dan Campbell, Sydney Howard; Mitzi, Mitzi Green; Shortie, Sid Silvers; Lee Lother, Sidney Blackmer; Herbert Rosson, Ralph Morgan; Anya Rosson, Shirley Grey; Jack Summers, Sam Hardy; Joe Saunders, William Boyd; Inspector McKinney, Robert Elliott; Frank, Frank Parker; Ned Marsh, Carlyle Moore; Jean, Jean Sargent.

"WHITE PARADE, THE"—FOX.—From the novel by Rian James. Adapted by Sonya Levien and Ernest Pascal. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: June Arden, Loretta Young; Ronald Hall, III, John Boles; Zita Scofield, Dorothy Wilson; Glenda Farley, Muriel Kirkland; Gertrude Mack, Astrid Allwyn; Doctor Thorne, Frank Conroy; Sailor, Jane Darwell; Doctor Barnes, Frank Melton; Doctor Moore, Walter Johnson; Miss Harrington, Sara Haden; Una Mellon, Joyce Compton; Pudgy Stebbins, June Gittleston.

"WITHOUT CHILDREN"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's "Eyes of Youth." Screen play by Gertrude Orr. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: David, Bruce Cabot; Sue, Marguerite Churchill; Shirley, Evelyn Brent; Phil, Reginald Denny; Baby Carol, Cora Sue Collins; Sonny, as child, Dickie Moore; Carol, Dorothy Lee; Sonny, William Janney; Mr. Carr, George Cleveland; Frieda, Lillian Harmer.



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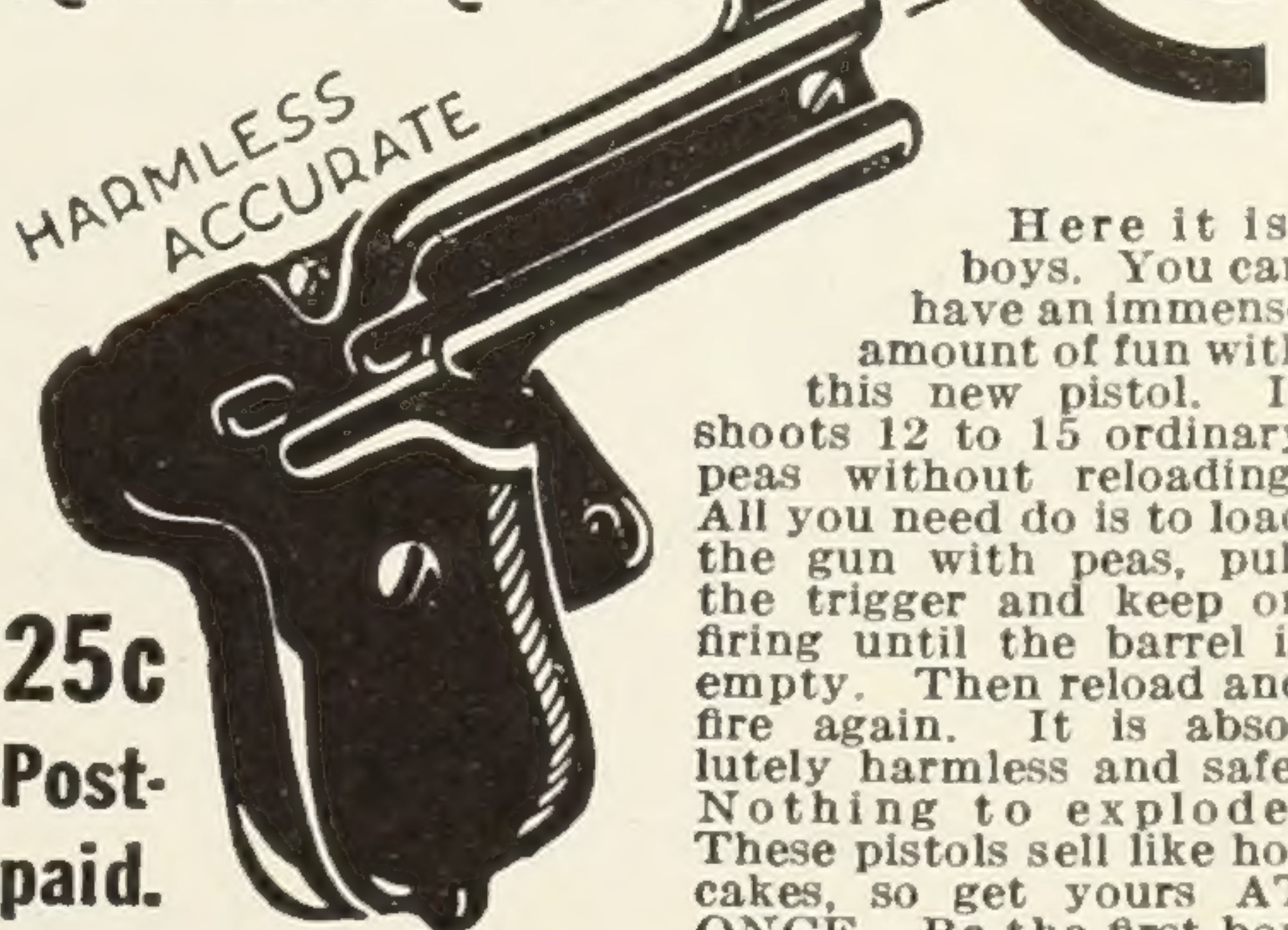
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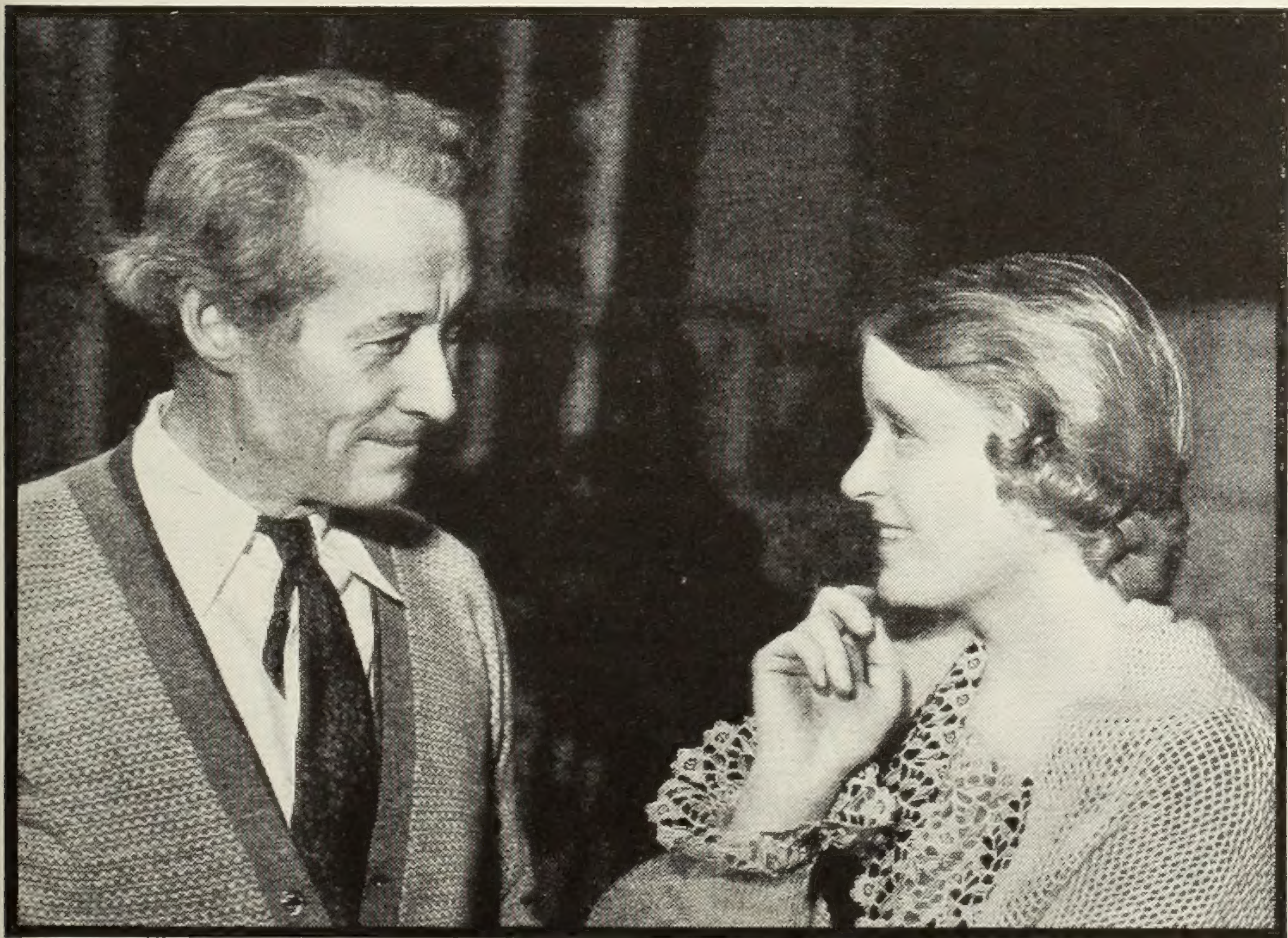
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